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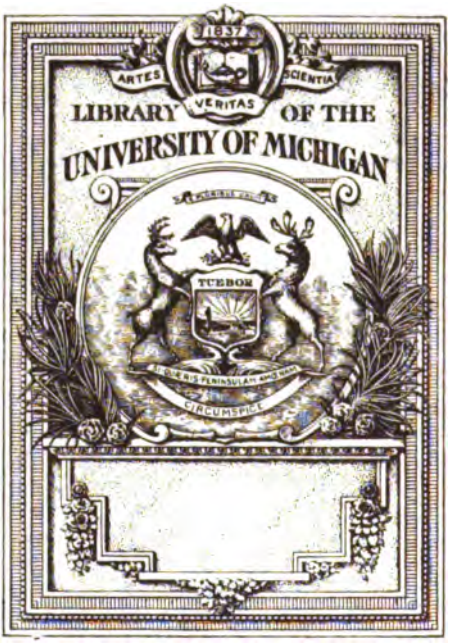
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THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW

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The Unpopular Review

No. 15 JULY — SEPTEMBER, 1917 Vol. VIII

LET US FINISH UP OUR JOB

GERMANY and the United States are engaged in one common cause — in establishing democracy. We have been establishing it at home by overcoming the efforts of our proletariat to destroy it with clubs and dynamite; of our demagogues by vitiating the currency and all property rights, and offering the proletariat lawlessness as the price of votes; and of our politicians by wasting our taxes and selling our resources to venal interests; and now we are about to help establish it away from home. Germany is establishing it by demonstrating that the evils attending it with us are as nothing compared with the horrors that have resulted from absolutism with her, and that inevitably result from the lust of power — a lust which always grows with the absolute possession of it. And now the champions of democracy and the champions of absolutism have at last reached the inevitable struggle which, it may be hoped, will bring the world-old question its settlement. It seems to rest mainly with us to make that settlement final. It has come to us to throw the final weight into the scale.

Mill or Spencer — we forget which, probably both, and probably many other wise men, have called attention to the fact that if you want to turn a scale, unless you put on the final needed trifle all you put on is wasted. That will be the case with all the blood and treasure put into this war by the losing side. The United States does not propose to be on that side.

As bearing on the nature of our task — on the sort of war we are in, there has been a great deal of discussion

over who or what started it. It is impossible to determine beyond cavil what started anything, but some things in the endless chain of events, or perhaps it would be better to say some strands in the infinite web, are more prominent in any given relation than others. We have generally found the most practicable point of view to be that the war started with the rape of Belgium. But among the thousand such points, the best for our present purpose is that it was started by Frederick the Great, who was virtually the originator of the Prussian religion of expansion by force.

In the fifteenth century the Hohenzollerns, whose very name marks them as plunderers, came from South Germany into Brandenburg, and began developing the country, but the idea of expanding it at the expense of its neighbors does not seem to have been very active before Frederick's father, early in the eighteenth century, got together a treasury and an army. Frederick apparently did not see any sense in having such things unless he used them. His first great enterprise was to rob a woman, when he took Silesia from Maria Teresa; and probably his next in importance was to let another woman, Catharine of Russia, lead him, with her and Austria, to conquer and divide up Poland. There may have been some shadow of an excuse for Frederick, in Poland's having long lorded it over Brandenburg until the Great Elector, Frederick's great-grandfather, released his country. But excuse or not, these accessions and some minor ones under Frederick made specially strong in Prussia the appetite then pervading all the petty German states for growing less petty at the expense of their neighbors; and that appetite has become part of the religion which Prussia associates with the name of Frederick. He, though a brigand, was a brigand on a large scale, and like his friend Voltaire was far from lacking in philosophical grasp or religious emotion — of his own kind — the kind for which other brigands, in Italy, have long been famous. The state was his god —

nothing for the good of the state could be wrong, and everything for the good of the state must be right. From him down, the idea has grown in Prussia until it has overcome all conflicting and modifying ideas — even the somewhat obvious one that there are other states, who, if not possessed by the divine impulse to grow, have at least a desire to hold their own.

When the present Kaiser was a boy, the victory over France threw a dazzling radiance over this Prussian religion of the state; and long before he came to the throne, he announced everywhere that his religion — his mission — was that of Frederick the Great. It was never because of France alone that he kept rolling up the great army that was always the first object of his interest. His ambition rolled up with his army until it embraced the world and became an insanity. Within a few years of his accession even so careful a journalist as Godkin freely wrote of him as a madman, and although he calmed down for a while, his destructive course of late recalls his earlier vagaries. His madness was contagious, especially, like contagions generally, among the young, and in time all Germany became infected. An expansion of the state of the Hohenzollern mind, which attracted the attention of the world, was given in 1900 by Prince Henry at the farewell banquet at Kiel when the German Boxer expedition sailed. His words cast a baleful light on Hohenzollern history all the way from when the children were mangled the other day in the air raid on the London schoolroom, back over the corpses floating from the *Lusitania*. The uncanny gleam wavers from the eagle on the helmet of William the Madman and the epaulette over his withered arm, way back to the lace on the cocked hat and the gold knob on the long cane of Frederick the Great. When Prince Henry diffused that corpse light, he gave out a superstition — one of those that have most cursed the human race, and one which the Hohenzollerns alone in Christian Europe have brought from the mouldy past to blight the

present. Of course his language was magniloquent, and yet Nature had marked the object of the magniloquence with a blemish which gave to the words that peculiar ridiculousness against which the German sense of humor affords no protection. All this — the terrible history, the blighting superstition, and the ridiculousness of it all, were in the prince's words when he closed his toast to his brother with a reverent allusion to "Your Majesty's sacred person."

The divine right of kings embraced that over the territory of their weaker neighbors. It is an idea of the eighteenth century come into the twentieth, and imposing upon it the terrible task of convincing the Germans that the exercise of such a right is too late — that now such a thing "isn't done."

Many people say that human nature does not change — even Lord Bryce said it in his two recent lectures before the English Academy. But without a change in human nature how could the human nature of the twentieth century now be united in war upon what remains of the human nature of the eighteenth?

Expansion by violence at the expense of civilized people is now sought only by despots, and even the proverbial despotism with an ideal despot is no longer the ideal government; and if it were, it would be as hard to realize as socialism and philosophical anarchy. As concerned the industrial and commercial interests of Germany, the present Kaiser was not a bad despot, but as soon as they were well built up, and he thought himself strong enough to apply the principles of Frederick the Great, the fatal weakness of despotism asserted itself, and he proceeded to ruin his own work — so far as it was his. He was simply two hundred years behind the times. Perhaps the best demonstration is that he could not go on without at last coming in conflict with the nation which, America's youth may justify our suggesting, is most typical of the times.

So much for the idea of this war, and its chief apostle. Now as to the people trying to carry it out. In the first place, they are more attached to their dynasty than the Russians were. Before it ruined them (and they do not yet realize that it has), under its lead they had grown from a lot of petty poor and weak states into a great rich and mighty empire. The dynasty got more credit for this than it ever deserved. The virtues of the people have been proverbial from the time of Tacitus down to their recent period of madness; and their prosperity was due to those virtues; and not as much to the guidance of the Hohenzollerns — who have not amounted to much since Frederick the Great — as to the guidance of Bismarck. When that pilot was sent over the side, there is now much reason to believe, real progress began to slow up, but the people have not yet realized it: for superficial progress went on; but all the while they were rushing onto — this! Much less have they realized that the harm was due to the Hohenzollerns. So despite the havoc wrought by the present Kaiser and his son and their entourage, he is still popular, though apparently the war has at last begun to tell against him. The promenade to Paris is taking longer and costing more than he led his people to expect.

Then the intellectual processes of this people are "peculiar." Perhaps there may yet arise an analyst who can explain German humor. That there is such a thing is proved by the existence of *Fliegende Blaetter* and *Kladderadatsch;* and a literature of very respectable comedy, though comedy did not abound in Goethe as it did in Shakspere. But all this humor is fictitious, and when we look for humor in Germany's practical affairs, we don't find it, even enough of it to prevent such ridiculous utterances being listened to as, for instance, those of Herr Kaempf at the opening of the Reichstag last May when he called the least inhumane of all wars and one always endorsed by international law — the war of starva-

tion, a violation of all human and international rights; said Wilson had lost his senses, because he did not permit Germany to dictate where our boats could go in safety; and showed the well-known delusion of persecution (which may partly explain the lack of humor) in speaking of Germany's "long years of encirclement and machinations against her" (during which she grew rich and powerful faster than any nation ever did before); and took the pains to declare that the German Reichstag is elected on the freest franchise in the world, when it can do little worth being elected for. But even all this is surpassed by the recent ingenuous confessions that Germany will demand no indemnities from the people she attacked; and who are whipping her.

Was there ever shown a more conspicuous lack of humor than in the Germans claiming to lead the world in culture (not merely *Kultur:* they are welcome to the monopoly of that), and regarding themselves as heaven-ordained missionaries to spread it even by the sword — and over France and England?

We think the analyst will find one trait of German humor that would explain a great deal: it is a rare German who can see the joke when it's on himself. Generally they are simply puzzled, and sit in dumb perplexity while the rest of the company laughs. They know something is wrong, but if a logical process leads them to a ridiculous conclusion, they can't see that it is ridiculous, and so be led to examine it again. If *Schrecklichkeit* is logical, they will at once proceed to be *schrecklich*, even with tears in their eyes, as it is reported that in Belgium some really did.

The Germans' continuance of this war is the biggest absurdity the world has seen since the finger of scorn was pointed at Noah, but they can't see it. It is so absurd that when Bethmann-Hollweg promised in May to tell what they were after, he couldn't do it. Is it possible that he was ashamed — that when it came down to the

scratch, he at last realized that the world's sense of right was so against Germany's plans that they were too absurd or too barbaric to state?

The climax is capped by an idea current from Treitschke to Bernhardi without perceptible contradiction. Bernhardi expresses it: "A nation respects the rules of right only if they are to its advantage." A nation, then, assumes to be a prophet. What mortal man knows what, outside of the rules of right, may be to his advantage? A great artist told the writer many years ago that he had just painted the face of the most apparently successful scoundrel of that day, and that the face was the most miserable he had ever seen. Of what advantage had success counter to the rules of right been to that man? The meagre means of guessing what is to the advantage of a man or a state, that experience has so far given us, are embodied in those same rules of right that Bernhardi intimates may only sometimes be to a state's advantage. Who is to tell when they are not? Who was to tell in Belgium — Bernhardi's coward master, or Belgium's heroic king? The question is not settled at this writing; and it will not be until it is settled in one way, though it may take as long as it has taken to settle whether following the "rules of right" would have been to the advantage of England and France when, in spite of those rules, they kept the Turk in Europe by the Crimean war.

But beside Germany's lop-sided humor and morals, there's another tough element that we have to deal with. Most Germans obeyed their orders in Belgium and against the *Lusitania*, the *Sussex* and the hospital ships, not because they thought the orders logical, but merely because they were so commanded. The Germans have been drilled into that habit of following orders, as probably no people, certainly no civilized people, ever was before.

Such a people is beyond the reach of reason. The only logic for them is in events. So we and our allies have got to make that logic final.

So much for the idea and the people. Now as to the present situation.

However close may have been the unity of Germany at the beginning of the war, and whatever claims may be made that she is a unit still, the Chancellor's non-committal speech in May proved that the unity no longer exists. The opposition is so strong that he dared not provoke it, and his own side is so weak that he dared not depend upon it. The opposition and its freedom of utterance have lately grown at a rate that is astonishing. They have, with their queer sense of humor, been counting on the help here in America of their countrymen who had left Germany to avoid the very things those at home are now enduring and inflicting. And instead of getting that help in carrying out the Hohenzollerns' plans, they find the Germans here organizing for the Hohenzollerns' overthrow! It is a situation to make the gods laugh — but not the Germans. The capacity to laugh at it might have saved them.

They can no longer expect any expansion of territory through this war. They are fighting for no purpose under heaven but to keep the Hohenzollerns on the throne, though they do not yet realize it. And yet they can hardly be really fighting for even that: for if the Emperor William were to die, of any of the disorders he is known to have inherited or any of those lately ascribed to him, it is hardly conceivable that Germany, even in blinders and with a ring in her nose, should follow any such master as that ridiculous specimen of a crown prince with his medal for his "victory" at Verdun. How long, then, can the people be made to pour out their blood and treasure before the opposition becomes overwhelming? If they wake up and throw off the Hohenzollerns, the whole horrible business is at an end.

Americans familiar with Germany a generation ago, often said, with sympathetic admiration: "What a people to make a republic!" This remark, we think, was oftenest

made in Hanover and Saxony, perhaps in Brunswick, but not so often in Prussia or Bavaria. But since that time Germany as a whole has grown rich and proud and grasping and vastly less honest than she was. The scraps of paper have worked their way down into commerce. But even in her lowered estate, nobody doubts but that without the malign influence of her present governing class, she would find her old self, and could govern herself, and would stop her attempted career of robbery.

With Germany a republic, Austria would probably fall to pieces and the fragments, probably with the Balkan states would follow their racial attractions into the German and Russian and probably the Grecian republics, and there would probably be a restored Poland and an independent Hungary.

But suppose that manifest destiny fails to manifest, and the German people do not learn enough from their sufferings to redeem themselves. Then there would be nothing for us and our allies but to fight on until we had cleaned out the Hohenzollerns and all they represent. There is no place for them in the modern world.

All the civilized world but Germany and Austria has outgrown the idea of expansion by violence. We can no longer associate it even with Russia. If Germany can be brought to do her own surgery, so much the better; but if she won't, we must — we have got to cut it out, burn it out, shell it out; and we have got to take out just as much of Germany as is necessary to get it out, and, if it were only possible, not an ounce more. But it's got to be done sooner or later, if not in this war, in some other. The only merciful way, for Germany even more than for the rest of the world, is to get it out now.

The idea of stopping to treat with the Hohenzollern gang is too absurd: it has already been repudiated by France, England and ourselves. It has been reiterated until we are tired that the gang has itself declared that

they respect the rules of right only when seeming to their own advantage, and that their treaties are but scraps of paper, and they have proved these things with a vengeance. All they would propose in answer to President Wilson's suggestion that both sides name their terms, was to "get around a table and talk things over." This was as impudent as it was petty. Who were they, on their own showing, that honest people should sit at any table with them? What could any conclusions at such a table conclude? What would be the use of making treaties with people to whom treaties mean nothing?

Their rapacity is on a par with their dishonesty, and it covers the world. Their international morality is over three centuries behind civilization — back to the time when Raleigh, without any declaration of war, made his piratical raid on the coast of Spain. There is evidence that, even before the war began, their scheme of world conquest included a similar raid upon us. They are simply a nest of pirates, and we have got to clean them out.

The only way with such people is to force them to the point where you can tell them what to do, and make them do it. That point is the point of Waterloo, Appomattox and Sedan — Unconditional Surrender.

If the Germans don't settle their own case, we have got to fight until a Waterloo or an Appomattox or a Sedan, unless indeed it is settled by the more merciful weapon of starvation, which, when England first tried it on the Germans, they surpassed their own ridiculousness by calling the less merciful, and exhausted vituperation over England's barbarity. Now they are trying it themselves.

They propose that the starvation shall be that of our allies. We don't.

THE CLASS CONFLICT AND THE WAR

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

EVERY custom or institution has the defects of its qualities, and its well-being may be imperilled by internal corruption as well as by outward assault. So it is with democracy, which, at the outbreak of this war, was beset by perils from within and without. The outward peril is discussed everywhere, but of the internal disorder and the probable healing effect of this great conflict upon it, little has been said. War has many by-products which, though they do not justify its horrors, may be welcomed as partial compensations, and among those we are about to enjoy is at least a temporary relief from the class conflict which is the great internal danger of democracy. Whether an industrial democracy can cope with the class conflict is the same question as "whether any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

The salient dangers of the class conflict prior to the war were the outgrowth of political and economic adjustments and a mental attitude in direct conflict with some forces that the war is evoking, and the result portends a not unwholesome battle of ideas. The closed shop will find universal service a queer bedfellow; weakness in suppressing lawlessness will be scarcely congenial to an armed state; class selfishness and attacks on our institutions will wither under the burning heat of patriotism. Here are new forces to fight an old disease. What then will be the result of the germicidal spirit of nationalism which war develops?

Selfishness of class interests and a lack of respect for authority are among the foremost pitfalls of democracy. As we severed diplomatic relations with Germany, these

pitfalls were yawning as they had never yawned since the Civil War, and democracy was crawling painfully and cautiously around them. Disrespect for law had grown apace, unchallenged defiance was abroad with blatant speech; organized labor had laid its hands on the government to make it a tool for class purposes, believing it was well justified by the example of capital. The propagandist who disapproved our form of government was all too busy. The literature that was fed to the workers through the publications of the American Federation of Labor and a thousand other labor periodicals, was invidious and misleading, careless of truth, unsound in doctrine, and calculated to inspire hatred of property rights, employers and government. The spokesmen of discontent were incandescent with the zeal of reformers: for he who would conduct a campaign of militancy must inflame at whatever cost and by whatever means. There was little manifestation of authority against which they did not preach — from the courts to the militia, from the police to the state constabulary; there was little form of civil responsibility, from criminal prosecution to injunction and damage suits. Bills to establish a state constabulary were boldly opposed on the ground that such officers might be used to maintain law and order in industrial disputes. Much of this propaganda was falling on fertile ground, and germinating something far worse than social unrest, — social hate, the potentiality of which no man could measure. You might cry: Watchman, what of the night? but you would get no answer. When controversies grow as intense as the labor controversy had grown, reason is often dethroned, emotions are in the saddle, and there develops an exaggerated credulity and prejudice which harbor every malicious attack. Such was the state of mind of the working classes when the country was called to arms.

Through the weekly journal of the United Mine Workers for the last few years a membership of three or four

hundred thousand has been informed that every one of its important industrial conflicts, wherever its theatre, whatever the issue, whoever the employer, involved repeated collisions with the police, the constabulary, the troops, or the courts, and that in every case the authorities were wrong and oppressors of the poor. In this influential periodical I doubt if you will find a single instance where any officer or member of the union was disciplined or even censured for the lawlessness portrayed, or a single recommendation that lawbreaking by union officials should be checked by union discipline. Their point of view is clear — the government is the common enemy as much as the employer: for it is the pliant and corrupt tool of capital; our institutions and laws are unjust and rightly to be resisted; force alone is the remedy. Here is a characteristic expression:

> Why should we dodge the issue and rant about law and order and rights of citizens, when Law and Order Leagues, and Citizens' Alliances are murdering our brothers, desecrating our homes, burning our wives and children and are defended in their dastardly deeds by the powers of the state governments?

Numerous other periodicals have sung the same song of hate, and as effectively nourished the spirit of resistance to law. In *The Federationist*, the official organ of two million workers, you will find that all courts and the military and police, are the tools of plutocracy, and in some cases defiance of law is counselled. Any fair-minded man who considers this literature will find it the most far-reaching propaganda of pernicious statements that the world has ever known.

The persistent teaching of the ignorant that the government is always wrong — that the workers are always right — brings an alarming portion of citizens to believe that the government is in league with capital to maintain a system of oppression and wrong-doing. "Don't run away with patriotism for your country," says one leader, "for it has been in hock to Rockefeller and Morgan."

The I. W. W. has been permitted publicly to parade and prosecute purposes as lawless as the Molly Maguires, the Ku Klux Klan and the Mafia. "The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use," writes one of its leaders. Dynamite is officially advocated and "militant direct action" is urged: "for the going to jail en masse causes expense to the taxpayers." Its publications urging violence and revolution have been distributed through the mails without restraint. "No God, no Master," is the proud slogan of its banner. In prose and verse, in many ingenious forms, its official journal urges sabotage:

> Soap stops water from making steam in boilers,
> Asafetida keeps patrons from struck theatres,
> Oil containing emery makes machinery strike,
> Accidents often are an aid in winning strikes.
> Guerilla warfare always gets the Boss's Goat.
> Ends that are revolutionary justify the means.

Yet the unarrested publishers of these utterances complain of restrictions on free speech! They make war on existing society and invoke the protection of that society in so doing.

With this preaching against authority came a dangerous collapse of government in the treatment of industrial lawlessness. Labor, with its just resentment against industrial ills, employed the strong-arm method until some employers and even responsible communities adopted drastic measures of repression. As one evil begets another, the abandonment of employers and non-union men to the outbreaks of labor unions resulted in defensive methods, equally dangerous to society. He who is not defended will resort to the primitive art of self-defense. Necessity, the mother of invention, invented professional strikebreakers and private guards. The results were satisfactory to no one. Leaving the enforcement of law and order to private citizens, invariably leads to recriminations, reprisals, and other ugly results. In some localities, particularly in the

West, armed committees of vigilantes, established by indignant communities, were careless of the ordinary forms of civil authority, which they found inadequate; and taking their lesson from the disturbers proceeded recklessly in the work of repression. They too discovered that ends justify means. If I. W. W. leaders by freedom of speech arouse angry mobs to violence, then restrictions will be placed on the right of free speech and on the right of the entrance of such agitators into a law-abiding community. Free speech and free assembly will not be tolerated for lawless purposes, and he who carries the red flag cannot appeal to the Stars and Stripes. The persistent abuse of rights means curtailment of those rights and a drifting toward a military form of government. Such has been the experience of many cities. With the successful resort to direct action, even the defenders of public order abandoned the tortuous processes of law and the habit of lawlessness thrived and waxed fat on the weakness of the state, until in some communities civil rights were tossed overboard, and martial law declared. When drastic measures gained the upper hand, things turned a somersault, and those who had been the lawbreakers began to invoke the law. By what warrant were they deported, under what law were highways guarded to prevent their entrance to a city? Was it not contrary to the constitution to repress their soap-box exhortations? And so it was again proven, as statesmen had often declared, that the guaranties of civil liberty are more important to the workers than the employers, and the breakdown of these guaranties became a boomerang.

When war with Germany was declared, the labor conflict had become to such an extent a question of law and order, that the struggle between public authorities and the union often overtowered the dispute with the employer, and we witnessed frequent contests between the union and the community, with the latter defending the

good name and prosperity of the city. Paterson did not want to be the refuge of the I. W. W. The pride, not to say self-interest, of Indianapolis was hurt on seeing its streets decorated by pickets carrying unfair banners: for travelers would think it a city of unrest. Another city pasted on the backs of all letters gay-colored stamps: "Stockton, the Open Shop City." Such are the products of interurban competition. An appeal is made to civic pride, and the fight is on between the community and the labor leaders. Neither side misses the significance of the battle, for, says Mr. Gompers, "police administration is often the determining force in the struggles of the workers."

The events which took place in Everett, Washington, during the last year were as illuminating as they were deplorable. Trouble with the shingle weavers had been brewing for some time, and the I. W. W., at first employed to do violence, finally organized a fight against the city. Physical combats followed, the authorities indulging in brutal attacks. When the city commissioners prohibited soap-box orations on the most congested corners where women and children passed to and fro, the I. W. W. defiantly sought the restricted places, and challenged interference.

"We propose to have free speech on this corner," said one speaker, "no matter what we have to do to gain it. To gain it we propose to use direct action. Direct action means what the scabs got in Los Angeles when twenty-seven of them were blown to hell. Direct action means sabotage, arson, murder, or anything else that will gain our ends, and we propose to use it if we are not permitted free speech here."

The speaker was arrested, and that night the jail in which he was placed was surrounded until rumor of unpleasant action by the Fire Department scattered the crowd. Members of the I. W. W. then flocked to the city, and many were met at the outskirts and turned back. To avoid the deputies some disembarked at Snohomish, ten miles to the east, and walked down the tracks to the city.

One group hired a launch, which was intercepted two miles from shore, and the men, after some resistance, were temporarily placed under arrest. The real climax came when hundreds of them organized an expeditionary force in Seattle, and after marching through that city fully armed and singing their war cries to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" prepared to embark for Everett on the steamer *Verona*. In Everett that night some improvised deputies gathered at the Commercial Club, and were advised that the I. W. W. were coming two thousand strong to burn and kill and, in their own words, "make Everett look like Verdun." Preparations were made for armed defense. When news of the embarkation should be received, a long blast was to be blown on the fire whistle, and only those prepared to risk their lives for the protection of their city should respond. When the tocsin was sounded, over one hundred and thirty deputies flew to the rescue. When they reached the wharf, the *Verona* was in the harbor, and the invaders, massed on its deck, immediately opened fire on the dazed deputies, who fell back, leaving their friends wounded on the wharves. The firing was soon returned, and the proprietors of hardware stores hurriedly loaded their automobiles with rifles and ammunition for more extended resistance, when the ship's engine was reversed and she moved away. Some seventy-two of the disturbers were afterwards indicted for murder, but an acquittal in the first test case resulted in many releases.

Another example of hurried defense was in a city in one of the Dakotas, where the citizens sawed up billiard cues into billies, and proceeded to knock on the head and drag off to prison the street orators who persisted in violating the city ordinance. Many of these men, as one of the deputies later told me, were arrested without evidence, and the public authorities thereafter felt it necessary to convict them by any means whatsoever, in order to justify their imprisonment.

In San Diego, men speaking on forbidden corners were

seized by vigilance committees of masked citizens, and deported to the desert, where they were all ill-treated and warned never to return.

These methods of border justice menace the rights of all. But who is to blame — the apostles of revolution or the lawless defenders of the peace?

Not only the I. W. W., but legitimate trade unions have provoked such disorders. The strike in the Calumet & Hecla mines, fomented by the Western Federation of Miners in 1913, became a battle between law and anarchy — between the union and society. Violence openly ruled until the troops came, and guerilla methods followed. A deputy sheriff was slain on the highway, dynamite was exploded, and three non-union men were murdered in bed on a Sunday morning. The restoration of civil order became a necessity. Only a hundred soldiers were present in the district at this time. Government had collapsed and a private society must be rushed to its assistance. Of this necessity was born a Citizens' Alliance some thirty thousand strong, and with its advent disorder rapidly diminished. Then came a great calamity. In Calumet a Christmas Tree party was being given for the children of the workers, when some one started a false cry of fire, and about eighty people, chiefly children, were killed in the panic which followed. Moyer, the president of the union, wired rumors through the country that the mad rush was deliberately inspired by the Citizens' Alliance, and commanded the families of the victims not to accept a penny of the thirty thousand dollar relief fund which was promptly raised. This capitalization of such a calamity first stunned the people, and then so incensed them that Moyer was summarily deported to Chicago without regard to law. There is no secrecy about this deportation. People boast of it to-day. "There may come a time in any community when the machinery of the law is too cumbersome to meet exigencies," explained a Detroit newspaper, which

finds that "the proceeding differed in no particular from that which is followed in handling undesirables the country over."

San Francisco, that notorious closed shop city, had long been waiting for "Der Tag," and last summer it came. Even its markets had been closed to some open shop products, and so restrictive were union rules that industries stood stagnant while those of other cities leaped ahead. A certain percentage on all brick contracts had to be paid into the union treasury. Policemen had turned their backs when the scab was assaulted. But the unions at last threw the proverbial straw on the already overburdened back of the community. In May, 1916, the Longshoremen's Union, which to a large extent controlled the commerce of the port, announced a strike for June first, in violation of its written agreement. A telegram of protest from William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor and former president of the United Mine Workers of North America, was of no avail, and the strike took place. Violence reigned, and commerce was throttled. In June alone, it is estimated, two and one-half million dollars of imports were held up, and in about the same time nearly fifty men were sent to the hospitals because of injuries from assaults. Only those who received permits from the Union were permitted to pass the picket line, to the wharves; and when the United States government desired to obtain its treasury funds, it was necessary to secure such a permit, signed by the Union president. In total disregard of federal laws the union boldly proposed to interfere with the shipping of commodities which were classed as non-union or unfair, in order to fasten closed shop conditions not only upon the port of San Francisco but the entire Pacific Coast. Sugar landed on the docks was refused unloading, because somewhere on its journey it had been handled by non-union men. A shipment of shingles was embargoed because made in an open shop. Although information as to this illegal scheme was form-

ally transmitted to two members of the cabinet at Washington, and although the situation was legally identical with that which President Cleveland so promptly met in '94, nothing was done by the government.

At this point the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco determined to take a hand, and adopted resolutions declaring for the obligation of contracts, the maintenance of law and order, and the open shop. Again a private society must rush to the assistance of tottering authority. Within a short time the Chamber added five thousand new members, making it the largest Chamber of Commerce in the United States, and established a million dollar fund for the fight. On July 22nd the Preparedness Parade was interrupted by the explosion of a bomb which killed ten and injured fifty people, most of whom were guests of the city. Men connected with organized labor were held responsible. This was a bugle call. Under the auspices of the Law and Order Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, six thousand men and women met at the Civic Auditorium to take part in the reestablishment of law and decency. Events followed rapidly. Eighty-seven injunction suits started at one time swept disorderly picketing from the streets, and damage suits and criminal prosecutions taught the primary lesson of law and order. Then came the political campaign for the enactment of an anti-picketing ordinance to be voted on at the November elections. Four hundred telephone girls were employed in a single office to telephone every man and woman in the city who could be so reached, to vote for this ordinance, and the correspondence and circulation of propaganda surpasses belief. When the vote was counted, it was found that the city which favored President Wilson had declared against picketing by a majority of five thousand.

Struggles like that of San Francisco, political, social and industrial, kept alive by the agitators of organizations and counter organizations, have played a large part in

the life of many cities, and each would make a thrilling chapter of Industrial History.

This poison of class conflict, this exaggeration of class interests and its selfish rivalry for municipal and state control invaded the question of National Preparedness. Some of our military companies were treated as private clubs, and this excited the suspicions of organized labor. The *Labor Review*, which was the official organ of the Trades and Labor Assembly and the Building Trades Council of Minneapolis, announced in April, 1916, that "the Assembly has not been misled into entering the preparedness campaign of the few millionaires who own this country," and that it was organizing "a union labor citizen army" to resist the companies formed by the property-owning classes. A week later the same paper continued: "They seem to realize that no one could tell how soon the class struggle would become a matter of guns in the United States, as it already has in Ireland." The *Review* then told of Labor's plans for organizing an army, its steps toward the purchase of a thousand rifles and a thousand rounds of ammunition, and proceeded thereafter to advertise evening drills. This step was called "The beginning of Labor's third trench in Minneapolis."

Mr. Maurer, president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, speaking in a public school in New York City, referred slightingly to the flag, and declared:

> I will never shed a drop of my blood, nor will I counsel the representatives of labor to shed theirs unless I am certain that by so doing they are shedding their blood in the battles of their own classes.

The Washington *Socialist* publishes this:

> It is very evident that capital, drunk with power and control, intends to exterminate those who have begun to think and deplore the misery, poverty and ill treatment of the masses. . . The proletariat will not allow itself and families to be slaughtered like sheep. It will be certainly necessary, as Victor Berger

suggests, to procure arms and ammunition. . . If we of the rabble make these preparations now, the money powers and their hired assassins may pause and consider.

This article was called to the attention of the postal authorities but without result.

While this gospel of violence was being preached and to some extent practiced, a milder phase of the class conflict had reached a dangerous climax. For twenty-five years organized labor had been knocking at the doors of Congress for some law giving it unrestricted freedom to use its combined economic power in any way that it saw fit, as long as it did not commit a breach of the peace. During this same period the most significant trend of legislation had been an ever-increasing restriction on the economic power of capital. The double standard of regulated capital and unregulated labor seemed about to prevail. In 1914 Congress faced both ways at once; it placed severe and unprecedented restrictions on the economic power of capital, and at the same time aimed at the exemption of labor. The Clayton Act of that year, according to labor's contention, gives full authorization to strikes and boycotts, secondary or sympathetic, in private industries or on public utilities; and while we dissent from that interpretation, it is beyond dispute that this contention represents the aims and demands of organized labor. Other articles in this REVIEW have portrayed what this means.

These legislative demands and the combinations they were supposed to sanction, sought the unobstructed elimination of the non-union man, in order that the monopoly of organized labor might be made doubly sure. The non-union man must be made an outlaw — union men must refuse to work with him, and his products must be driven from the public markets. The closed shop, that obsession of unionism, will brook no opposition.

But there are serious obstacles to the accomplishment of

this end. The laborer's right to earn a livelihood — to acquire, use and possess property — is a property right, and it is around this right that the legal and political battle of the labor question has been waging. As long as this property right exists, the boycotted workman can call upon the courts for his protection, and until confiscated by government, the right remains an obstruction to union aggression. Both Congress and the state legislatures have therefore been besieged by organized labor to try a bit of legerdemain and declare by law that this property right of a workman is not a property right; and in the year 1914 Congress and the State of Massachusetts yielded to these importunities. Shortly thereafter members of the Industrial Workers of the World, the assailants of the courts, sought to enjoin the Hodcarriers' Union from calling strikes of different trades on building operations in Boston where I. W. W. men were employed. Under such a regime the Hodcarriers' Union, aided by the affiliated trades, was in absolute control, and the I. W. W. were helpless unless the courts intervened. If the right to work were no longer a property right, as newly declared by statute, the plaintiffs were helpless, but if the right to work were still property, an injunction should issue according to the rulings of Massachusetts. The court held that the law was unconstitutional; that "the right to make contracts and to earn money by labor is at least as essential to the laborer as is any property right to other members of society," and if as much protection is not given to it as to other property rights, "the laborer stands on a plane inferior to that of other property owners."

This decision created an uproar in the ranks of labor. Years of persistent propaganda had gone for naught. The model bill which had been urged by organized labor in many different states, and perhaps the legislation of Congress, was worthless paper. Mr. Gompers, in an editorial, reviewed this decision which protected the right to labor, and declared with a sad lack of humor that the Massachusetts Court "filches" the workers of their rights.

Another article in the *Federationist* asked: "What shall be done with the judges who violate the constitutional rights of labor?" and still another, entitled "Americans, Wake Up!" declared the decision to be the baldest usurpation.

When the delegates of the American Federation of Labor met in convention at Baltimore in November, 1916, their minds were surcharged with this subject. The solution which presented itself was an obvious one. If mere legislation could not by some precious alchemy transmute that which was a property right into something which was not a property right, they must try a more potent chemical, and alter the constitution. The convention therefore went on record in favor of a constitutional amendment declaring "that the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce, and the legislature shall not pass a law, nor the courts construe any law of the state, contrary to this declaration."

The delegates did not halt there. It was unanimously resolved that all judges who issued injunctions to protect labor should be impeached, and that their orders should be defied and wholly disregarded, "let the consequences be what they may." Thus judges were to be impeached unless they violated their sworn duty to declare the law as it existed; if the legislators would not change the law, and the people would not amend their constitution, the people's courts were to be defied. Here was something to give us pause. This was no secret meeting, no action of a few mad anarchists. Here were several hundred men, representing two million skilled and high-class workers, publicly and deliberately adopting a program of concerted resistance to law. Here was an organization planted in the midst of our society, the like of which the world has never known, exercising greater power for good or evil than any other private institution except the church, — officially defying the state. Behold the most conspicuous fruit of that persistent propaganda of hostility to law!

The threatened railroad strike of last summer is another example of the overreaching of this powerful class, and its disregard of the rights of others. Such a strike as was contemplated is literally a death-dealing blow, yet the railroad unions, supported by the American Federation of Labor, declined arbitration, and declared for a general suspension. They said that in all society it was not possible "to get neutral arbitrators," and that they preferred "to trust their claims to the results of economic action." Such was their political and economic power that a panic-stricken Congress rewarded their wrongdoing and punished the railroads which only demanded a fair trial and the protection of society through arbitration. But the Brotherhoods remained shameless. Even after the crisis had passed, and an indignant public had expressed its disapproval, a representative of the trainmen before a committee of Congress declared: "I wish to God that I never had recalled the strike order." Mr. Gompers, speaking for the Federation upon proposed legislation restricting strikes on public utilities, declared that "Law or no law, President or no President, such a law would not be obeyed." And so again organized labor declared its program of open defiance of law, and its utter disregard of the interests of society, and again the country yielded. Under conditions such as these, is it strange that President Wilson should have felt the necessity of saying: "The business of government is to see that no other organization is as strong as itself; to see that no body or group of men, no matter what their private interest is, may come into competition with the authority of society."

Here were perils which beset democracy — resistance to law, the ebb of authority, internal dissensions, class greed, and a labor monopoly akin to the guild system — all with some promise of legal sanction. The Great War is now wiping out the very basis of these evils. In these days of a new national consciousness, the pertinacity of labor in

its closed shop program already seems strange. The idea of universal service clashes with the notion that any citizen or group of citizens should attempt to dictate who shall work and whose products shall reach the public market. When under pressure of war, the country is in need of bread or shoes, it cannot permit an embargo on goods which do not bear the union label; when in such an emergency the country needs labor, it cannot tolerate discrimination against non-union men. The primary idea of anti-monopoly laws is based on the same conception, and so far is this true that general agreements to abandon a trade are decided by the courts to be against public policy. Anti-monopoly laws and universal service declare that the disbarment from trade of any group of workers whether by voluntary agreement or organized discrimination is an injury to the state and not to be tolerated. Perhaps the idea of universal service may lead democracy to a new attitude upon this question.

Tolerance of the closed shop aggression has been due to the very industrial abuses which it was designed to remedy. The most that can be said in its defense is that it is the less of two evils. Now all this is changing. As the war opened, we had embarked on a system of regulation by the state which should cure the most conspicuous abuses, and of late the courts have largely surrendered the principle that there are constitutional barriers to regulations of this kind. It may be made a penal offense for a woman to work for less than a minimum wage, and, if the state cares so to provide, men may be sent to jail for working over ten hours. Courts which once nullified laws limiting the hours of women's labor have reversed themselves. The Supreme Court of the United States, which in 1905 declared unconstitutional a New York law limiting hours of employment in bakeries to eight, now upholds a ten-hour law without a reference to the former case. Its decision on the Adamson Law declares that Congress may enforce compulsory arbitration on railroads.

Already we have child and women's labor laws in almost every state, and by the year 1916 the movement for minimum wage legislation, which anxiously awaited the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, had secured such laws in twelve states. Congress too is endeavoring to impose its ideas upon the different states by forbidding the transportation in interstate commerce of any merchandise produced in a factory where children are employed under certain prohibited conditions. When the war struck us, the country was generously experimenting with laws of this kind. We were passing through a transitional stage, and the quickened sympathies of our people demanded the correction by law of those abuses which union monopoly hailed as its justification.

The war will forward this socialization, even though working standards be temporarily lowered. Government regulation, the very opposite of private monopoly and union militancy, will leap forward by bounds. Already the right to strike has been curtailed. As I write, the papers report that military authorities informed a union leader about to foment a strike in the Bliss Torpedo Works, that such action would result in charges of treason. Anti-strike laws have been enacted in some sections of the country, and, according to report, the government has taken over the operation of certain coal mines in Pennsylvania because of labor difficulties. This is but a harbinger of what will follow if England's experience be our guide: there over four thousand industrial establishments are controlled by the Minister of Munitions. In these government-controlled plants hiring and discharging are severely restricted, profits are limited, the surplus goes to the nation, and strikes and lockouts are forbidden. Disputes over working conditions are settled by district tribunals or ultimately carried to the minister, who has full authority to determine what proportion of skilled, semi-skilled or female labor, or what proportion of non-union labor in union shops will best promote the service.

Rules and practices presumed to interfere with this national plan are forbidden under severe fines enforceable through special tribunals created for that purpose.

Such government regulation and its recognition of the need of universal service must have its effect upon the closed shop propaganda, and a reversion to conditions existing before the war is hardly to be expected. If government abolishes starvation wages and child labor, and in other ways lays down a minimum standard of decency or fair play in industry, will it permit combinations to obstruct those who meet these standards? Will it permit organized labor to dictate who shall work and whose goods shall reach the markets? The best interests of a country require the service of all, in war or peace, in the factory or in the field, and the emphasis of this idea under the exigencies of war may make itself felt against future attempts to exclude non-union men. Perhaps the organized campaign to drive out the nonconformist will diminish under the spirit of national unity, and surely legislative efforts to deprive him of legal protection must fail.

Unfortunate opposition to efficiency and scientific management was also developing before the war. Improved machinery had been shut out from some occupations, with the sanction of those high in labor circles. The year 1916 witnessed national legislation forbidding the use of time-measuring devices or the payment of a bonus or premium to employees in our arsenals or navy yards. The Secretary of War had warned Congress that such legislation "would be a grave misfortune to the public service and to the employees of the government there engaged," and four hundred employees of the Frandford Arsenal petitioned against it. But Congress heeded them not, and the law, after the skulking and dishonest fashion of much legislation, went through as a rider to an appropriation. A year has not yet elapsed and the results of this shameful law are already apparent. General Crozier, chief of the

ordnance bureau, reports that it takes 2.2 times as long to do the average job in the machine shop as it did under the bonus system; 1.6 times as long in the foundry; 2.1 times as long in the smith shop.

In England at the outbreak of the war, conditions were even worse. Improved machinery had been opposed; semi-skilled help and non-union men were debarred. Men working in munition factories, because they found it easy to perform work in a quarter of the time prescribed by the union, were fined or their fellow-workers were invited to gaze on them with contumely. Lloyd George bears testimony that some men took a week to do what an Egyptian would do in a day at a quarter of the pay, and in other cases their efficiency was only a tenth, a twentieth, or even a thirtieth of what it should be. Now England has emerged from these restrictions, to meet the exigencies of war, and has enacted a law making it an offense for any person to induce another to comply with any rule or practice "which tends to restrict production or employment." Would anything short of a cataclysm have accomplished this result? Probably not, for even under these conditions the government has been compelled to pledge a restoration of pre-war restrictions, and those employers who operated union shops prior to the war are obliged after its termination to return to the same régime. But isn't this requirement about as impotent as the old song "Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight"? Will not the necessities of international competition and the principles of national regulation and coöperation prove too strong for the fulfilment of such a retrogressive pledge? In this country, opposition to machinery, and limitation of output should certainly be withdrawn, and even some protective labor legislation desirable in times of peace must be temporarily suspended, as was recommended by the Council of National Defense. Whatever is gained from this conflict in the way of national and industrial efficiency must be safeguarded by

educating the workers to an understanding that human happiness lies in this direction.

The war will bring other changes. Weakness and vacillation of government will cease. Authority, the great need of democracy, will grow to huge proportions. The whole relation of the state to the subject has been transformed — transfigured — in the passing of a night. There is nothing which the state may not command; there is nothing which the subject will not give. Our property, our liberty, yes, our lives, are heaped upon the altar. The slacker, and even those who ask for time to think, or wish the light of debate before accepting this staggering change, are pilloried in the public press, stigmatized as Prussian gentlemen, and accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

The mighty Republic stirs, its half dazed eyes are open, a new light enters, a vision has been seen. Slowly it tries its muscles; they are strong; and then it stands upon its feet, the full embodiment of authority. If it were to apostrophize itself, it would be thus: Am I that being who feared to maintain law and order in times of peace? Were they my soldiers who were distrusted and maligned? Now they have become the venerated heroes of democracy. Did I rightly hear the representatives of two million men announce resistance to my law? Am I that being who begged a permit that I might possess my money on the wharves of San Francisco? It cannot be that those whose lives and money I now commandeer have dared so to resist me.

This changed psychology will not at once relapse; this increase of authority will not at once disappear. If the war lasts until our youth are in the trenches, the reciprocal relation between subject and state will for a generation at least bear some impress of this spiritual awakening. Obedience, loyalty, and respect for authority will become the habit of our people, and the exercise of great power the habit of the state. Mr. Gompers fears that this may

be overdone — that if we teach "our youth merely to respect constituted authority" it will "result in subservience and facile obedience." Would there were no worse dangers to apprehend!

Will the world ever turn back? Will the government again permit great interests to defy it and perhaps get beyond its control? Having once socialized the instruments of commerce and industry, will the old order of self-seeking swing back to its former extreme? These are questions not only for the seer but for the statesman.

The possibilities of the future are glorious. Will a nation which has had justice and reason and sacredness of contract burned into its consciousness by the sacrifices of war, abandon those ideals in its treatment of domestic problems? Surely it will not leave its industrial conflicts to be settled by the arbitrament of force, sabotage, "direct action," and the flouting of contracts. Surely it will not follow the recommendations of the Federal Industrial Commission that employers and employees mobilize into opposing camps for economic warfare; that the economic power of each be unrestricted, regardless of public or private wrongs; and that labor agreements have no legal status before the law. Perhaps when the pressure of the labor problem has been temporarily removed by the necessities of our international crisis, we will return to it with calmer and wiser vision and a new sense of proportion. Perhaps we will then be strong enough to enforce the axiom that private rights cease where public wrongs begin.

This war may have postponed the real industrial crisis a generation, and has forever changed the form in which it will ultimately be met. There can be no crisis without opposition to the state, and opposition to the state for the moment is gone. Nations have been known to invoke external wars to avoid internal conflicts. Family quarrels are cured by great troubles. Not alone in the downfall of the Romanoffs, but in the reassertion of authority in democracy, must we see the divine good that flows from

this struggle. It is not enough to save democracy from outward perils: for it must be preserved against itself, and saved from its greatest enemies, — weakness and anarchy, class selfishness and internal dissension.

These evils are bound to decrease. This is no time for class hatred. Those who stir up conflicts in a crisis like this, whether they be the representatives of labor or of capital, are guilty of disloyalty. Muckraking by one class against another must cease. We must think and act in terms of America: for there is grim work ahead. Already this blessed leaven of unity is sweeping through the land. A few years ago Mr. John Mitchell was expelled from the United Mine Workers because he was associated with the Civic Federation, and a short time ago the American Federation of Labor and the National Association of Manufacturers had only words of vituperation for each other. Now, Mr. Gompers and one official of the Manufacturers' Association are on the same committee for national defense, and even the *New York Sun* writes of this "First of American labor leaders," whose "words command respect in this country because they are known to be few and carefully chosen." Industrial unrest has slackened. Examine the daily papers for the May-day strikes of 1916, and down through the summer months of that same year, and behold the contrast with the spring of 1917. Men who proposed to resist our government are prepared to fight for it; those who assailed our free institutions will die for them; employer and employee may serve in the same trench, fall in the same charge. Class consciousness, that homage to some group, melts away in allegiance to the state; class antagonism, the bitter pitting of one group against another, yields to the necessity of supporting a common and greater cause. Oh, for some measure of this devotion in time of peace! Will it not, after this dreadful war has passed, leave some lasting benefits to strengthen this republic and bless its people? Let peace have her spirit of service, and democracy is made.

NEW RUSSIA

INFORMATION concerning recent developments in Russia is still scant. Press cablegrams from there are not always reliable. Many a correspondent seems to have no clear insight into affairs, and many more seem to have in mind political ends rather than to give information. Russian newspapers of the post-revolutionary period have reached this country only in a very limited number. All this makes it difficult to form an adequate idea of the situation in the new republic. Therefore the following, though the work of a Russian, must be considered a mere charcoal sketch of the situation, scarcely outlining the contours. Nothing more can be expected where everything is blurred and confused and rapidly changing.

How did it happen? What is the secret of the magic transformation?

It started in a manner hardly unusual in Russia. Large masses gathered in the streets, held meetings, protested against the government. This was nothing new. Shops and factories closed, students left their schools, a general strike spread like wildfire. This was serious, very serious, but nothing unusual as compared with 1905. The police were mounting guns on top of buildings, and the minister of the interior Protopopov gave out the cheerful news that he was ready "to flood Russia with blood." This, of course, was of great importance, but in no way surprising. The revolutionary movement was in the ascendant. One expected events. One looked forward to grave days. But one knew that this was only one link in the long chain of revolutionary upheavals. The masses revolted, the government suppressed the revolt. Was not this the history of Russia for the last twenty years?

On March 10, however, something happened. A monster-meeting was being held on the Znamenskaya Place. A group of policemen, headed by a commissioner, attacked the crowd, killing and wounding. The commander of a detachment of cossacks on guard in the same place, ordered his men to attack the police. The cossacks obeyed. The police were beaten. The commissioner lost his life in the skirmish.

This was new. It soon became known that these cossacks were no exception. The majority of the army in Petrograd was on the side of the people. The army in other cities joined the revolution. Soon another piece of news went through the country like an electric current: The Duma had put itself on the side of the revolution, and had formed a provisional government.

These two momentous events, the support of the revolution by the army, and the readiness of the Duma to overthrow the old administration, distinguished the recent revolution from that of 1905–6. True, twelve years ago, the army and navy were restless: many revolts took place; several battle-ships raised the red flag; but the bulk of the soldiers remained loyal. They were too ignorant, too afraid, too humble, to oppose the rulers. In 1917, the army was of a totally different spirit. Twelve years of new political life after the establishment of the Duma; twelve years of comparatively free press finding its way to remote villages and towns; twelve years of activity of the Duma itself, where the progressive parties were launching one severe attack after another on the old administration,—all this could not be without influence on the masses of the peasants and their sons the soldiers. The war came. The army suffered one defeat after another. The soldiers had an opportunity to see the rotten administration in action. Cruelty, stupidity and greed characterized the officers. It was an open secret that the head of the nation was friendly to the foe. In every trench, in every battery, the word "treason" was

whispered. The soldiers were fighting bravely, but their efforts were of no use. Blind could see and deaf hear under such circumstances. Yet still the soldiers remained silent, — till the day they were ordered to shoot their own brothers and sisters.

This was the last drop. It must not be forgotten that the human material of the army is now far different from what it was at the beginning of the war. In 1914, the army consisted of regular soldiers or young reservists who had spent years in the barracks, and had become imbued with the spirit of rigid unthinking discipline. In 1917, the army consists mainly of boys and middle-aged men. The boys grew up after 1905, enjoyed school education and acquired ideas of political freedom. The middle-aged were torn away from their peaceful occupations, and hated the uniform and the commanders. Neither class had time to become stupefied by the drill and dullness of the barracks. When the crucial moment came they were simply unable to use their rifles against the people.

The old régime automatically ceased to exist. The "living corpse" fell into an abyss. The Duma had only to complete the change in war time.

The Duma, in its turn, had had to learn hard lessons. In 1914, the majority was still supporting the administration. In 1917, the majority was bitterly attacking the ministers and the "star-chamber" in terms hitherto used only by socialists and revolutionists. Party differences had to be put aside in view of the grave danger confronting the country. The shameful and humiliating crimes of the government and the Tzar were too conspicuous. The indignation among the respectable, peaceful and loyal leaders of the Duma rose to the highest pitch.

One instance may be mentioned. Colonel Myasoyedov, occupying a high position in the staff of the army, was accused of treason, convicted and hanged. Before the

court-martial he pleaded guilty, but asked no mercy. In his speech he said: "Yes, I was in the service of the German government; I organized a net of spies; I delivered to the German military authorities documents of the highest importance. I did it in full consciousness of what I was doing. I knew that a revolutionary movement was threatening the monarchy and our beloved Tzar. Victorious Russia would inevitably become a republic. The only way of preventing it was to help Germany win the war. A powerful German emperor is a guarantee for the monarchy in Russia: he would send an army to suppress revolutions in our country."

Colonel Myasoyedov was no exception among the highest officers of the army.

The alternative for the Duma was clear: either remain loyal to the dynasty, and see the fatherland succumb to the Germans; or remain loyal to the country, and declare the Tzar and his clique enemies of the people.

And yet the Duma was patient, much too patient. Not until the entire population of Petrograd revolted, not until the entire city was aflame with revolutionary zeal, and the army was battering the remnants of the old stronghold of despotism, did the Duma step to the front and declare itself the new executive power.

It instantly found the support not only of the revolutionary masses, but also of industry and commerce and of the representatives of the Zemstvo. The Zemstvos, bodies for local self-government, created to provide for local needs, formed in time of war a central organization for feeding and clothing the army. This and another organization of representatives of industry and commerce, created to aid in the production and transportation of munitions, came in close contact with the military machinery of the government, and saw its criminal negligence and unfitness. When the overthrow came, both organizations gave their heartiest support to the revolutionary Duma.

On March 21, 1917, the war minister Alexander Gutchkov, former president of the Central Industrial Committee for Military Aid, addressed a meeting of the heads of the leading industrial organizations. He asked if there was not a contradiction between the patriotic aims of industry — which created the Central Committee for Military Aid and spread a large net of several hundred local committees all over the country — and the support of the revolution? And he answered his own question, that there was no contradiction. "Two years of close co-operation with the government and its organs have ultimately convinced us — all the leaders of our organization and all its active members — that while this government is in power no victory can be obtained — that in our program of military aid, we must include overthrowing the existing order. Thus, our organization, a businesslike, peaceful, industrial organization, pursuing the modest, loyal, honest end of co-operating with the government, turned into a militant power resorting to arms and civil disturbance. We had to do it, or else we had to give up our primary, fundamental purpose of achieving victory over the foe."

Gutchkov's speech was greeted with a storm of applause. Industry and commerce expressed their approval of the accomplished fact. All classes of the population, with the sole exception of the large land-owners and those who formed the elaborate machinery of the old régime, united around the new order. The revolution was a popular revolution in the true sense. It was initiated by the working class, it was supported by the masses of the city population, it was backed up by the army, and recognized by the wealthier groups of the country. It accomplished the change in a comparatively short time, and with comparatively few victims. This was because it had at hand a new public organization, elected by the people and enjoying their confidence, an organization at once authoritative and very well acquainted with administrative affairs, — the Duma. War pressure only hastened

the process. What in normal times would have taken years, was accomplished in a few days.

As a matter of fact, the actual revolution was accomplished twelve years ago, when the new popular representation was created out of nothing. The turning point was 1905. Theoretically, no absolutism had existed in Russia since the establishment of the Duma. The revolution of 1917 turned theory into practice. The abdication of the Tzar was only an incident. It gave the change a very picturesque aspect. Nicholas Romanov could have remained as head of a constitutional government, had he not turned traitor.

But is the change a complete one? Is there no danger of a restoration?

There were classes in Russia unequivocally hostile to the old order; there were classes inclined to compromise with the old order under certain conditions; and there were classes and groups which could be induced by deception to serve the old order. The workmen of the cities, the intellectuals of all sorts, and the more enlightened among the peasant population belonged to the first. The middle-class world of commerce and industry belonged to the second. The ignorant half-barbaric villagers cherishing faith in their "little Father" the Tzar, belonged to the last. For twenty years the old régime had been in constant war with the workmen and revolutionary peasants headed by intellectuals of various party-affiliations. The wealthy classes were dissatisfied and demanding reforms, but time and again would be quieted down by concessions. And ignorance and vice and narrow selfishness were the only supporters of the administration.

Nobody had any respect for the old government. Nobody loved it. Even those among the peasants who felt a religious awe for the name of the Tzar, hated the Tzar's officials, and had to resort to a theory that the Tzar was *deceived* by his own servants.

Such was the situation while the machinery of administration, — a tremendous, centralized, subtle apparatus capable of great adaptation under conditions of self-defense, was still in the hands of the Romanovs. The government did its best to divert the attention of the masses from their vital problems, to stimulate dissension among groups, races and classes, to glorify the administration, and to create a halo over the head of the God-anointed ruler.

The administrative apparatus is now completely broken up. With a marvellous unanimity, as if moved by an irresistible instinct, the people hastened to discharge all those who formed the main parts of the old machine. From the Tzar down to the last constable in a remote village, not one retains his position. The positions themselves were abandoned. There are no centrally appointed governors now in the various provinces; the administrative duties are performed by the heads of the Zemstvos, men enjoying the unlimited confidence of the population. There are no commissioners in the cities; there are joint executive committees of the various popular organizations. There are no centrally appointed constabulary, gendarmes, political detectives, secret police, or rural police. All were replaced by men elected by the people. The old machinery went to the scrap-heap. The more dangerous men were imprisoned. The others are under popular surveillance.

The country is rapidly, feverishly organizing. A tremendous energy is being displayed, an unprecedented amount of social activity and social aggregation. Conventions are being held everywhere; innumerable leagues, unions, associations have sprung into existence. The soldiers have their company and regimental associations; the workmen unite with the soldiers in Councils of Workmen and Soldier Deputies; the army officers organize in Councils of Officer Deputies; the peasants of various provinces send representatives from each village to large

provincial conventions; in many places they form Councils of Peasant Deputies. Industry and commerce have long had their local and central organizations, but now they too have awakened to new life. Mechanics and shopkeepers unite in defense of their class-interests; co-operative organizations have called a national convention; city-employees, teachers and other professionals have organized into local and national bodies. The press is free; hundreds of newspapers and magazines have sprung up everywhere. The work of political enlightening is being conducted on a large scale. The city-councils establish courses for lecturers to be sent all over the country. Emissaries of the Provisional Government visit the various provinces, and keep the people in contact with the Government and its plans.

All this is going on, however, not quite with idyllic smoothness. Revolution is revolution. Excesses are inevitable. You cannot expect people arresting an official who flogged them yesterday, to be over-polite. And you cannot demand representatives assembled in a convention for the first time in their lives, to abide strictly by parliamentary rules. But in the midst of all the noise and confusion, a great work is being done: the organization of a free nation.

Whence can the danger of reaction come? Who is interested in restoring the absolutist order? The number of those elements must be exceedingly small. There are large land-owners who are afraid of losing their estates without compensation: many peasant communities did not wait for the solution of the agrarian problem by the Constituent Assembly, but took hold of the land at once. There are high church officials who lost their positions and who hate the new order, but the average clergyman in Russia is of a liberal mind, and is rather glad to be relieved from the fierce rule of the reactionary bishops. There are the former administrators, the aristocracy, at

least that part of it which did not reconcile itself to the new order of things. There is the royal family. All these elements, when their present fright is over, can and will probably unite in a royalist party. They can recruit adherents among the rich peasants who may begin to fear the revolutionary tendencies of their poor neighbors. They can appeal to some of the poor peasants who still may love their "little Father," although the number of those will rapidly dwindle. The scum of the cities, the ex-convicts and other "dark forces," formerly in the ranks of the "Black Hundreds," can also be at the disposal, by purchase, of the royalist party. All these reactionaries could be dangerous while the administrative apparatus was in the hands of the old régime. Their power, however, bids fair to be ridiculously small when the people govern themselves.

For the time being, it seems that the reaction concentrated its efforts on creating disturbances, agrarian revolts, robberies and all sorts of excesses. Here and there spies of the old régime have been arrested while trying to provoke riots. In the rural districts former policemen agitated in favor of setting on fire the estates of the rich. There are spies of a higher rank who steal into the Councils of Workmen and Soldiers and preach a separate peace with Germany. In the province of Vyatka was unearthed a spy named Merzlakov who was a member of the Workmen's Council. The day before his arrest he urged the Council to "join hands with the German people and stop the war." In Kishenev the spies were still clumsier; they issued a proclamation ending with "Long live Germany!" The plague of spies seems to be widespread. In many instances servants of the old régime were found agitating among the criminals and arming them for a pogrom. All this may create great annoyance to the new government, but in a country where popular control is active, and where all social functions are before the public eye, this danger can be easily disposed of. In

fact, the "black" press has already disappeared. Meetings of the former pogrom organizations are forbidden. The population is on its guard everywhere, and the last convulsions of the dying order will, seemingly, stop before long.

Another and more serious problem is the relation between the revolutionary forces themselves. Is there no danger that an excess of freedom may be the destruction of freedom? Is it not possible that a civil war may result from the too radical demands of the extreme parties? There has been much comment on this question in the American press, and many a disturbing news item (such as that the workmen demanded a four-hours workday) has been printed. The writer of these lines, however, is glad to testify that careful reading of the Russian newspapers has given him a rather reassuring impression.

It must be borne in mind that the present revolutionary front consists of heterogeneous forces. The history of the revolution is a long one, and in the course of years the progressive groups have learned to know each other. The radical parties have had many grievances against the representatives of the more moderate opinions. When the great overthrow came, and the moderate elements turned out revolutionary and republican, the mistrust on the part of the radicals was not dispelled. They remembered things. They knew that in December, 1905, when the old régime was shattered but not yet destroyed by the revolution, Alexander Gutchkov declared that the revolution was "a return to moral savagery" and that "a victory of the revolution or even a recurrence of the revolutionary crisis would destroy both our political liberty and the remnants of our wealth and culture." They knew that several years ago, after the defeat of the revolution of 1905–6, Professor Paul Milukov declared in the Duma that the red flag was a "red rag." They knew that both the Constitutional Democratic party under the leadership

of Milukov and the Octobrist party under Gutchkov, were staunch adherents of the monarchy. They remembered how often both those parties were ready for compromises with the government of the Romanovs. When the great event came, the radical groups, therefore, did not completely identify themselves with the Provisional Government consisting of Constitutional Democrats and Octobrists. They formed the Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies "with the aim of organizing the people's forces for a final establishment of political freedom and popular government in Russia." They recognized the Provisional Government and promised their support, but they kept up a "watchful waiting." They wanted to live up to the situation. They wanted to be organized as an independent force. In case of any undemocratic action on the part of the Provisional Government, they wanted to exert their influence in the proper direction.

It may be argued whether this policy was expedient under the circumstances, and whether there was no better way of making freedom secure, but there can be no doubt that all this was far from "anarchy" and "destructive ideas." On the contrary, the radical elements showed a keen spirit of responsibility and a statesmanlike moderation.

Here are some facts.

The first step of the Petrograd Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies was to issue a proclamation against disturbances of peace and order. "We must immediately stop," the appeal says, "all riots, robberies, attacks on private houses, looting and destroying property, seizing public institutions. The collapse of discipline, and anarchy, are detrimental to the revolution and people's freedom."

In an appeal to the army, the Council urges unity and accord between officers and soldiers. "Hostilities in the ranks of the army," the Council declares, "lack of unity between officers and soldiers, may hamper the defense of

freedom. We appeal to the officers to respect, on duty and elsewhere, the personality of the citizen-soldiers. And we appeal to the soldiers to strictly perform their military duties on the front and in all other service."

In an appeal to the workingmen, the Council warns against strikes for exorbitant raises in wages. The Council declares that a minimum scale of wages should be established. Simultaneously it declares that "unorganized economic policies may disorganize the ranks of labor."

In an appeal to the population and to the soldiers, the Council requests everybody to curtail consumption of bread and other foodstuffs, so as to prevent a shortage. At the same time the Council takes active part in the committees and boards engaged in solving the problem of food-supplies.

As to labor legislation, the Council did not resort to violent measures. According to the newspapers, the eight-hour day, collective bargaining and boards of conciliation and arbitration were established by the Council after it reached an agreement with the National Manufacturers' Association.

The Moscow Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies introduced the eight-hour day for all factories except those making war-supplies, foodstuffs and heating materials.

All these measures seem very far from "anarchy" and "destruction."

If we turn now to other radical organizations, we are pleasantly surprised to find the same attitude of moderation and care for order. The Socialist-Revolutionary party, with its program of political terrorism and socialization of all landed property, was undoubtedly the most extreme among the Russian political parties. Yet at its national convention, shortly after the revolution, it appealed to the peasants to refrain from seizing landed property, pending the decision of the Constituent Assembly.

The local Committees of the various Socialist factions

(excluding the faction headed by Lenin, which seems to have very little influence) repeatedly urged the people to refrain from acts of violence, and to keep order. Russian newspapers bear witness that the existence of the Councils of Workmen and Soldiers was highly serviceable to peace and order. The name of the Council worked like magic on the excited masses. In many instances the appearance of a delegate of the Council sufficed to quiet the most dangerous riot.

As already intimated, the Council kept "watchful waiting." From watching, it often turned to action. It discharged officials without consulting the Provisional Government. It sent appeals to the army directly, not through the legal authorities. The local Councils insisted on having their representatives in the city administrations. All this may be incompatible with an established political order. One must not forget, however, that in Russia after the revolution there was no established order. Everything was mixed and confused, and the jurisdiction of the various branches of the administration was by no means clearly fixed.

There was one point wrought with difficulty from the beginning: the attitude towards the army and aims of the war. The radical elements had no great confidence in the loyalty of the commanders to the cause of liberty, and they wanted no war of expansion. They knew very well that many high officers yielded only reluctantly to the new order, and it was an open secret that professor Milukov, the Constitutional Democratic party and the party of Octobrists were in favor of seizing Constantinople, the Dardanelles and portions of the Balkans.

The Councils of Workmen and Soldiers, the Socialist factions, the radical organizations, the leading men of letters, all were against a separate peace with Germany. This is clearly shown in their statements. "Soldiers and comrades," says an appeal of the Council to the army, "don't forget that the regiments of Emperor William are

ready to destroy revolutionary Russia. The workmen and peasants desire peace, but it must be a peace of all nations. A separate peace is impossible. Germany, victorious in war with our allies, would thrust herself with all her might upon us, seize our land and enslave our people." "The war must be continued," declared the national convention of the People's Socialist Party, "until the German menace shall be averted, and until Germany will give up her plans of annexation, political hegemony and enrichment at the expense of other nations. At the same time the Party demands the Provisional Government to declare categorically that in the present war it does not pursue the aims of conquest." "Our freedom is endangered by the foreign foe," states an appeal of the organization of republican soldiers; "a victory of Germany would be a victory of the old order; in our war with Germany we fight for the freedom of our people."

Hundreds of declarations of a similar character were published at a time when the press correspondents bombarded America with alarming cablegrams affirming a general tendency towards a separate peace.

The radical groups wanted no separate peace, but they wanted the aims of the war to be clearly stated; they wanted to induce the Provisional Government to take steps in this direction, and they mistrusted Mr. Milukov who is known as one of the strongest imperialists in Russia.

This resulted in the recent conflict and the following compromise in which the radicals agreed to abandon their policy of watchful waiting, which practically meant a duplication of the executive power, and to take a part of the government's burden on their own shoulders.

This line of division between the radical elements headed by Socialists, and the more moderate factions representing property, industry and commerce, is going

to be a permanent feature of Russia's new political life. Clashes are inevitable. Crises must be not infrequent, In a country with a newly acquired political freedom, mass movements in favor of one or the other policy must be recurrent. But it is not extravagant to hope that in Russia the struggle will be conducted within lawful limits. Then division of opinions, and even political struggles, need not provoke apprehension.

Still one other question may become of momentous importance. Will the masses follow their organizations? Political passions sometimes overstep the limits desired by party-organizations. Russia will hardly be an exception. The only remedy against such excesses is education of the masses. We have seen that new Russia does not neglect this momentous problem of her free existence.

Perhaps if we were as well informed as our contributor regarding Russia we could let our printing this article convey the usual implication of our complete indorsement. But while we most earnestly hope that his optimistic opinions are well founded, we look for more trouble than he seems to, although we by no means regard as impossible the permanence of the democracy and the successful prosecution of the war. — Editor (June 8, 1907).

THE SQUAW HABIT OF MIND

EVER since Prof. O. T. Mason emphasized in his *Woman's Share in Primitive Culture*, the genius of woman, we have known that women have been from the first ingeniously inventive and inventively receptive. The fact that a "typical" woman can retrieve an apparently hopeless situation has become a test theme in modern sex literature. Precisely! It is because women are skillful at makeshift. They are really unskilled in anything else; as the child is conceived to be among the Zuni Indians, even mature women are "unfinished, unripe, pliable." So among primitive peoples (with very important exceptions) the finished, professional aspects of cultural inventions belong always to males, — or to individuals who scorn the makeshift. It is the makeshift that characterizes the squaw, and the reactions built up therefrom may be described in general as the squaw habit of mind.

Recently I cruised about the island of Santa Catalina, off the California coast, in a row-boat equipped with a small gasolene motor. My companion was a brisk young scientist. No cell in this scientific brain even once had exploded in the interests of domesticity, a brain whose youth had been spent directing the whittling of toy ships, and the collecting of marsh larvæ. Vigorous, lanky, tall, absorbed, assertive, tactless, my young scientist was removed as far as possibile from the squaw habit of mind. I myself have a marked case of it.

Sometimes a simple incident will rehearse the entire race-story of our institutions, our cultural traits. It seemed to me that I had never before seen so freshly the whole problem of sex-difference and its meaning for the acquisition of skill and knowledge, as I saw it on this cruise. And my envisagement was the more human because, as it happened, my scientist too, is a woman.

We camped out. All day our tiny craft, cargoed with bacon, with flapjack flour and coffee, with blankets, fishing tackle and submarine gazing-box, nosed its way through the indigo and pearl-shell tinted water, and came to rest at night, after a gallant dash through the surf, on the gravel beaches that run out from the cañons of the island. We trimmed our ship and beached her, high on the jade-colored rocks. We lashed her down while the half-tropic dusk fell swift, and the moon, that pale hunter, threw her shield up over the shoulders of the mountain.

We camped where we could. The culture-hero who created this island (his name is omitted, in the diary of Torquemada, "spiritual adviser" to the little Spanish fleet which three hundred and fourteen years ago came to anchor here), made the soil covering very thin. Sometimes we slept on the rocks. Sometimes the dried spears of wild oat-grass made our bed. In any case there was no time to lose choosing. Wood must be got. In this matter too, the culture-hero must have been unfriendly to the natives for he left the crags and ravines sparsely wooded. Even the sea brings little drift to this wild place.

I gather a few chips; when the cargo is systematically unpacked I kindle a little fire and swiftly cook our night meal. My companion is ranging up the cañon, crashing through the brush, she clings to its sides, dislodging showers of loose stones.

"You can see the very Philippines from here," she shouts. "Well, dinner is ready," I answer. "I am getting some wood," calls the scientist. In a few minutes she crashes down again, breathless, covered with scratches, dragging a dead tree which somehow she has managed to wrench from the mountain-side. We eat our bacon, crisped over the embers, and toast, delicately scented with chaparral wood-smoke which is as pungent as incense. The scientist begins to pile on her wood.

"O, only a little fire!" I plead, "we ought to get to bed, you know, for an early start." "No," my companion

insists, "let's have a regular blaze. No one could sleep a night like this." Yellow flames begin to rise. Shadows dance on the face of the cliffs. No one indeed could sleep on such a night. The surf thunders on far-off promontories like the roar of artillery, now retreating, now menacing. We stare out over the vast, black sea, close sheltered as we are in our tiny cove, where the French and English pirates wintered, and otter-hunters from Russia came down the coast and ravaged the natives. The tide runs in, brimming the slope of the beach. Something is out there swimming toward us; its round head catches a gleam from the fire. We sit intently still. More heads bob in the swells, — the scientist makes them out to be seals. Dozens of them swim close, drawn by our fire, and as long as its light spreads over the sea, they tack and dive and keep their small eyes fixed on us. Constellations wheel and set. We do not sleep. I lie on my back, while the scientist, with one eye to the seals, reads aloud the story of another great adventure and *Les Trois Mousquetaires* stride across the sky-line. Memorable night! . . . In the morning I find that my chips, thriftily set aside, have been burned up by the scientist. We eat our breakfast cold.

But at last we are off. Our ship rises to the swells though they are half her length. She shakes aside the spray, shoving the foam that creams her bow. The roar of our engine is rhythmic sweet, thudding out the miles as they pass. Lorenzo's Camp! Ram's Point! Headlands rise out of the sea like somnolent idols carved in rock, and the heat quivers like flame before their old faces. We round Land's End. The swell of the open sea takes us; mysterious forces tug at our keel, now dragging her, now tossing her aloft as if in some terrible jest. Breakers thunder up the cliffs that line the coast as far as one can see. The wind is dead calm, — should it blow ever so little these waves would become hissing mountains. . . Our craft gamely buckles down to her task though she creaks in every board.

"Cooks, you know, are poor swimmers," I shout to the scientist. She is silent. Something has gone wrong with the engine. The scientist is on her knees in the stern with a monkey-wrench and pliers. Suddenly all sound ceases. The engine has gasped its last, and the swells take us broadside, while the sea slops in, and all the duffle is awash. We woman the oars; (I had prudently disentangled them when we first set out). It is evident we can keep her head-on — if no wind blows and the current runs no faster than its four miles an hour.

But the scientist is impatient. Swearing horribly, she begins to tinker with the engine, while fumes of gasolene rise. Though I ask with remarkable tact, I cannot find out what "diagnosis" the scientist has finally made. As I crawl to stern, still grasping my oars, I see a slick streak along the side of a screw. "It is loose," explains the scientist very technically. "Why not wind some string around it?" I suggest. The scientist gazes at me with corroding scorn, then out over the heaving sea that stretches who knows what miles on miles. Suddenly an idea strikes her. "Wire!" she shouts, and in ten minutes our engine, very crippled, very asthmatic, begins again to labor through the swells.

To be sure it broke down again, and later we were rescued by chance fishermen, — still my practical suggestion of string hit the real difficulty, and the next day when the scientist sent to Avalon for "apparatus" which mended us as good as new, she was only following my original plan of using string, or something like it, to tighten up the screw.

We had further difficulties. Those who cruise the arid Channel Islands of Southern California carry their own water. Herders say that in summer the wild goats solve this problem by drinking the heavy dew from one another's fleeces. We took our water in bottles. Once we lost the corks. The scientist insisted that we should go up into the mountains to look for green wood and whittle stoppers.

We were just launching our boat, and in great haste because of the tide. I looked about for a makeshift; chancing to see four corn-cobs bleached white on the rocks I fitted them to a nicety into the necks of the bottles. The scientist was very glum, under that lack of skill she chafed as under a wound.

At night she did not stop to skin our rattlesnakes, or pick the cactus spines from her ankles, or even to explore for wood ticks while I was cooking dinner, but she tore off up a ravine, bowie knife in hand. Hours later she was back. Her face was radiant through its sweat.

"Do you know *this?*" she shouted, holding up a flowering branch of some dull rich red-wood, barked in delicate gray, "but of course not," she went on.

So it was in this manner that my scientist discovered for ourselves that unique shrub, the Mountain mahogany of Catalina, which with twelve various other plants is native to this island and found nowhere else in the world.

Still another incident: provisions grew scarce. Each day as we drifted about in blue lagoons circled with painted cliffs so brilliant as to be quite unbelievable, we saw many fish swimming in the clear water. All the world flocks to Catalina, famous for its sea-angling. My scientist's note-books swarmed with all created things, but she caught no fish. One day, however, she agreed to "chum them up out of their holes." We were to start at dawn. When I awakened the scientist she said she was sunburned horribly, and starve or not, she had not slept a wink, and she would not fish if we died for it.

We loitered over our scanty breakfast. We went down then to the sea where the retreating tide had left small pools in the rocks. For hours we watched the young fish there, the myriad living things of fringed and fluted lovliness, the whole marvellous spawn of the sea, imprisoned in tiny tanks, close to our eyes, subjected to our minute gaze. We learned how sea-creatures behave, and a little

it may be, of how they feel. Pageants of life and death unfolded themselves in submarine miniatures.

Long do such adventures cleave to one's thought, coloring its process. But I think the chief freight I brought from that cruise was a deeper knowledge of the sex predicament. Here we were put in relation to the basic early inventions of human culture in their primitive setting, as they must have revealed themselves to the first men and women of the race. The fact that both of us belong to one sex makes not the slightest difference: for only one of us possesses the squaw habit of mind. Through the vagaries of my companion, the scientist, we tap the experience of the primitive male.

The episode of the fire brings us unexpectedly the chance to observe animals, and observing them was surely the first step in their domestication. Here the scientist stands for improvidence, for leisure, mother of all science and the arts, and here too it is because the squaw habit of mind is overruled that we taste the full flavor of romance.

The episode of the broken engine rehearses the story of the mechanical inventions. A commonplace hearthkeeping notion that string will do to tie up anything becomes the element which, elaborated, rendered accurate, steeled — mends our engine, saves our lives. The primitive male scorns the makeshift, but extracts the idea born of the squaw mind.

We are led by the episode of the lost corks to the discovery of new plants. Surely some such chance masculine impatience with a woman's stop-gap led in the beginning to that far ranging which brought home to the savage camp the beginnings of agriculture, the first steps in medicine and many a new idea for the decorative arts. The disinterested curiosity of the male gratified thus simply was, we are told, the origin of scientific classification.

The episode of the lost fishing only gave us the more leisure to observe. Biology, in its childhood, must have

grown enormously from just such gallant leisures, taken in the very teeth of hunger.

So it went: I built my little fire, I possessed the methodical reaction, the makeshift ability; while I was waiting dinner, the restless and episodic scientist reacted to far-flung stimuli whose roots go everywhere into experience.

In another field too we might have retold the story of a cultural invention, come about to the glory of man, and achieved in spite of a woman. Had the scientist been alone on Santa Catalina Island, absorbed in her own keen sense-deliveries, she would have discovered magic, and all the rites and ceremonies of religion, and all the dim languors of mysticism, for these are born of fasting, and my scientist infallibly would have starved to death.

CHRISTIANITY AND PACIFISM

PRAYERS by enemies to the same God for divine aid against one another have long furnished matter for sarcastic and ironic criticism. Before such criticism the belligerents on both sides are in equal case. Both are guilty of bloody thoughts and both are acting upon a common impulse and common principle of faith. They are differing only in the direction of the impulse and in the specific application of the principle. Both are fighting and believing they should fight; both are agreeing that their religion sanctions running the enemy through or blowing him up since he has identified himself ineluctably with evil. So long as their interpretations of religion remain thus the same, Christianity is no worse off in the hands of one than of the other; that is, if we assume that the external conditions and objects of their enmity are equal.

Nowadays, however, we may observe a sharp conflict of interpretation between the Christian belligerent and a certain kind of Pacifist. To make this clear it is necessary to have in mind three points of view toward war; that of scientific Pacifism, that of sentimental Pacifism, and that of Christianity. Scientific Pacifism holds war to be intellectually wrong, regardless of its occasion. Sentimental Pacifism holds it to be morally wrong, or "un-Christian," regardless of its occasion. Christianity holds it right or wrong according to circumstances. In holding it absolutely wrong under any occasion the scientific and sentimental Pacifists are at one; and indeed their differences are chiefly those of intelligence and degree. The sentimental Pacifist makes his judgment with our present material comfort primarily in mind, forgetful of what Christianity would stress. The scientific Pacifist makes his judgment also with our present material comfort

primarily in mind, with the great difference that he is not forgetful, but consciously neglectful of what Christianity would stress. The scientific Pacifist settles it by ratiocination that war is wrong and cares little whether the superstitions of Christianity support it or not. Generally however he will be of the opinion that Christianity does support it, as, he says, it supports many of the irrational and evil institutions of society. At any rate his pacifism does not grow out of any interpretation of Christianity. He has evolved it from premises philosophically, though not morally, un-Christian. His Pacifism is intellectually consistent with his view of life, and his view of life is one that is sharply different from that upon which traditional Christianity rests. He, as a scientific humanitarian, pragmatically believes that, for the present at least, this life is mankind's chief concern, no matter whether there is another life or not. Therefore, since war is uneconomical, artificial, and always diminishes the reasonable satisfactions of this life, it is evil. Traditional Christianity holds idealistically that this existence at most is no more than an episode in a larger life, and that its miseries are not to be counted in the struggle on behalf of eternal righteousness. To discuss and qualify the conflict between these two points of view, though the conflict seems to me fundamental to the conditions of modern civilization, is not my present purpose. I must therefore return to sentimental Pacifism, which, not having the intellectual dignity of rational Pacifism, is the brand of the majority of Pacifists.

The sentimental Pacifist does not proceed from any such definite ground as the scientific Pacifist. He rests his doctrine on individual emotion; or sympathy; for although it is impossible to gather back into the Pandora's box of sentimentalism all the escaped and wandering meanings flown from that word, still I take it there is a common bond of mischievousness in them all which consists in overemphasizing the validity of the individual's emotion as a touchstone of all things, moral, social, polit-

ical, artistic, and what not. The sentimental Pacifist is opposed to war because some mother "didn't raise her boy to be a soldier." The vigor of the argument lies solely in its crass emotionalism, untempered by any spirit of sacrifice. Mr. LaFollette uses the language of sentimental Pacifism when he opposes war with the impressive statement that "he is thinking of the young men of America." Now, just what, I should like to know, is Mr. LaFollette thinking of the young men of America? I surmise it is this — that nothing so severe as war should be allowed to stand in the way of comfortableness of existence for them. Life is short, the things that young men enjoy are numerous; therefore let nothing cut them off from their enjoyment. Above all, don't let them be killed, for that is the thing they dislike worst of all. If Mr. LaFollette, as a sentimental Pacifist and not as a Pro-German, does not think exactly what I have just said when he thinks of the young men of America, things preciously near it are thought and said. Individual life is considered worth more than any moral issue that may touch it. It would have been better for the Belgians to let the Germans through, it has been declared; not because they owed it to the Germans, but because they would be to-day practically better off if they had. So sentimental Pacifism reveals its eye for material condition and emotional contentment therein. In its concern for allowing people what they like, it unconsciously appropriates the premises of that scientific Pacifism I am respecting and leaving alone. For as a matter of fact the sentimental Pacifist is religious, he calls himself Christian, and he justifies his doctrine and activities with pious references to the Prince of Peace. Yet between Christianity and the sentimentalism and materialism of his doctrine there is a gulf. To be sure, Christianity, especially Protestantism, has given him examples in its undiscriminating surrender to sentimental humanitarianism. Imagine John Calvin listening to the progressive Presbyterian preacher who said he didn't

think much of a religion that sent a woman to bed at night with peace in her heart and a crick in her back. If Calvin was wrong in an abstract extreme, his strayed follower is wrong as well in an undiscriminating one. But so far have modern denominations gone in their not unlaudable desire to stand for something else than theology in the practical and humane activities of life, that they have lost their character for thought. Competition with secular humanitarianism rather than firm conceptions of man's relation to God, has determined not only their activity but their doctrine as well. Christianity in its historic sense, however, has been what in its ultimate evolution it must be again, if it is to be anything, — an intellectual as well as a humane institution. And it is Christianity as the proponent of an austere, idealistic wisdom that I am contrasting with the sentimental Pacifism that claims speciously to be Christian.

This supposed sanction of Christianity for sentimental Pacifism is secured in two ways: by making abstractions of the Christian virtues, love and meekness, and by giving a different meaning to the word *peace* from that assumed for it by Jesus.

That Jesus himself avoided making abstractions, and was intense, practical, and concerned with concrete things is obvious. His style is, from a western viewpoint, rhetorical. He was untroubled by considerations of abstract consistency. From the human side, he is like Shakespeare in his absorption in the immediate crisis and the immediate effect, in his interest in the human reality before him, in his indifference to meticulous accuracy, in his love of hyperbole and antithesis, in his bold imaginativeness. Realizing that he has a special truth to enforce, he may use a character or action serviceable only for illustration's sake, and possibly morally inconsistent with honesty and justice otherwise. Thus he has the lord of the vineyard give "unto this last" as much as to those who had worked all day, not because he thinks that is a proper

scale of wages for vineyard labor, but solely because he desires to show strikingly how different God's ways are from the conventional ways of man. So he makes the unjust judge give justice to the importunate widow, in order to get rid of her. Jesus is not attempting to fix the ethics of the justiciary, nor even to condemn such action, but merely to encourage spiritual perseverance. He told one rich young fellow that the best thing for him to do was to sell all his goods and give to the poor, but he made no rule of telling all rich people that. Addressing persons case-hardened in formalism, and being badgered by quibblers who sought to tie him up in all kinds of vulnerable generalizations, he stated things with an audacious particularity. Persons who weigh out offences to drams and scruples have to have their small-mindedness upset with a blunt injunction to turn the other cheek also. In numbers of instances where it is difficult to reconstruct the occasion of a saying, the saying remains baffling to us. But though there may not be verbal consistency in the sayings of Jesus, there is the vastly more important consistency of character and personality. What I wish then to emphasize is that Jesus cared nothing for abstractions, but rather assailed them in the religion and society of his time. Similarly Burke in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century assailed the abstractions of the social philosophers. So great personalities in all times have defended life from the tyranny of system-mongers. Jesus did it supremely.

The dangerousness of these abstractions is not to be over-estimated. They make Living inconsistent with Life, for life is complex, severe, illogical; whereas abstractions are easy and persuasive. They invariably take the burden of responsibility off human character and put it somewhere, anywhere, else. They put civilization on false trails, and lead it ever from the perplexing realities. They make humanity analogous to a picture puzzle that is only to be tilted to the right angle to be resolved into

obviousness. They ignore its organic nature, which makes it imperative that its living realities be placed before the theories about it. They make man shut his eyes to actual conditions, and persist in genuine evils, because of some fixed notion that things are not what they really are. They make the Pacifist stultify himself with the corrective *Resist not evil*, and blind himself to Jesus the non-resistant raiding the merchants and bankers of the temple. They make the meekness of Jesus a universal, invariable rule in all junctures, which for Jesus himself it positively was not.

Yet Christianity is made interesting by the perennial efforts of man to fix generalizations upon the picturesque and passionate work of its master. It is pertinent to point out how the traditional gentleness of Jesus has developed a deplorable feminization of his character. In the same way the love of God has proved so comfortable to our generation that his justice is forgotten; and no longer a firm and loving father, exercising vigorous guidance over the aspirations of his children, he has become a sort of indulgent aunt, nursing the pettishness of whining or optimistic sentimentalists.

It is then not merely an error of abstraction to make of Jesus a colorless specialist in meekness and love. It is an error of sentimentalism as well. Jesus grieved for man's misery, but he never told man it was the fault of somebody else or of the environment. He put the responsibility on man himself. He had no trust in any spontaneous goodness of the human heart, as proclaimed later by Rousseau, but held that man was innately weak and prone to sin, and must call on God for moral strength. He had no interest in the softness of this life, nor in the fancied abstract right of Mr. LaFollette's young men to save their lives for the sake of the things of this world. That is because Jesus believed that this existence, as I said toward the beginning, at most is no more than an episode in a larger life, and that its miseries are not to be counted in the

struggle on behalf of eternal righteousness. Accordingly, "whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Indeed, sacrifice is central to the ideas and actions of Jesus. True living is giving, not receiving; and the greater the gift, the nobler the life. But of course the sentimental Pacifist, anxious as he is to support his case with Christianity, forgets all this, and his Pacifism is essentially not religious or Christian, but materialistic.

Besides making an unreal generalization of the meekness and love of Jesus, and sentimentalizing away the essential austerity of his teaching, the so-called Christian Pacifist has also much to say of the Peace of which Jesus is Prince. But the *peace* of the Bible is only political possibly in the famous phrase of Isaiah's ninth chapter, regarding the Prince of Peace. And even then it refers certainly to the tranquil welfare of the nation within itself. The "peace of God which passeth all understanding," the "peace which I give unto you," the "peace which the world cannot give," is not anything external, but rather is purely a state of soul. Now although international peace was an ideal about two thousand years unborn when Jesus lived, it is still true that such peace, in so far as it depends on allaying men's ungenerous hatreds and self-seekings, is by construction thoroughly Christian. But international "peace at any price," which means compromise with any possible evil, is flatly un-Christian, since it puts acquiescence with the ways of the world before the duty of sacrifice and struggle on behalf of eternal righteousuess.

Of course, it will be objected that this eternal righteousness is itself an abstraction. But since that objection will come from some scientific Pacifist, I shall refuse to be drawn from the object of my attack — sentimental Pacifism. And the sentimental Pacifist cannot deny the reality, however ineffable, of eternal righteousness, without repudiating Christianity. He can only say that

eternal righteousness, known to him through his conscience, is not supported but hindered by war. But war is not in itself a thing good or bad; it is a large-scale sacrifice of life and comfort for some cause. The conditions which make the war as a whole right or wrong are antecedent to it, and bear upon its cause. Its cause is a moral issue. Every moral issue is more or less important. If less, great sacrifice on its account is inexpedient. If more, sacrifice to the very uttermost is not only expedient but spiritually mandatory. To refuse the sacrifice of war, in any and all events, is to degrade all moral issues to the level of expedience and convenience, which is immoral and un-Christian.

Again it may be said that my argument has over and over justified the most shameless enterprises. This fact only indicates that every moral issue has an intellectual character. Conscience alone cannot decide all things. The wise, it has been said, are kept busy undoing the evil done by the good. But to refuse a moral decision upon the evidence in support of some wars, notably this one, is not only to renounce intellection before a moral issue; it is to make conscience utterly puny. Moreover if any argument works both ways and justifies evil as much as good, it is Pacifism itself. For peace in itself may be good or bad, as war in itself may be good or bad. Certainly neither war nor peace, as things in themselves, interested Jesus: he dealt with the personal evil which might be in any institution, which might therefore be in peace or in war.

But it will be said war is un-Christian for the reason that it involves taking life, and therefore inevitably breeds that personal evil that Christianity seeks to overcome. In the first place, I answer that the taking of life, however deplorable, is not incompatible with Christianity, since it may be expedient to righteousness, to say nothing of well-being. In the second place, I answer that war affects personal character wholesomely as much as it does viciously,

just as does marriage, or music, or travelling abroad. If it brutalizes, it also spiritualizes; if it depraves, it also purifies. Indeed, the consistent Christian opinion will be, as I have said in other words, that human character only, not institutions or abstractions or environment, is the real moral entity. It is with it that Jesus dealt, and with it he would deal to-day.

In this discussion, I repeat, I have made no attempt to support Christianity against the Pacifist who is consistently a scientific humanitarian. I have attempted to make plain, however, what seems to me the utter inconsistency of Prince of Peace Pacifism in supporting itself with Christianity. Of course, the Pacifist, like anybody else, will attempt to stand on as many legs as possible. And in this country's strange mixture of materialism and uncritical religion, he has as popular and plausible a leg as can be found. We must realize that with its support, the sentimental Pacifist, whether sincere or pro-German, can keep annoyingly in the way of the American majority that is warring for peace and for the right as God gives us to see the right. Abstract Pacifism we may be sure will never bring us peace. No more did abstract tolerance bring toleration. Furthermore, though sentimental Pacifism is a special phenomenon of war time, it is but one manifestation of a spiritual debility only less noticeably disturbing in time of peace. A nation need not be militaristic, nor even very military, to be just, intelligent, free, and idealistic. It will take wisdom, however, to avoid the former without also missing the latter.

A LOST IDEAL

PERHAPS one of the most disheartening observations forced upon the student of history is man's fatal propensity to become the victim of formulæ. Every definition, it has been said, is the grave of an idea, and it does seem as if it were well-nigh impossible to get any conception, or ideal, once clearly and strikingly expressed without its immediately being bandied about by those who have but the slightest comprehension of its real significance. As a natural result of this tendency, history is strown with the wreckage of abandoned ideals, that have lost their power to inspire, because their inner spiritual significance has been obscured; and it has usually been the rediscovery of the meaning of some unfulfilled but abandoned ideal, that has marked the beginning of the great forward movements of thought. Yet in the face of this recognized fact, we find individuals to-day impatiently turning away from the past, under the delusion that because many of its ideals have failed, there is nothing to be learned from them But the abandonment of an ideal does not necessarily imply the passing of its usefulness: its failure may, instead, be due to a lack of proper comprehension, or to the loss of some fundamental principle that animated its early framers; and the way to be benefited by such an ideal is not to neglect it, but clearly to understand its meaning and the cause of its failure.

In none of the practical arts is this unwillingness to learn from the accumulated experience of mankind more manifest to-day than in the case of the most difficult of them all, namely, education. Our educational leaders might, if they would, be much edified by a study of the experience of the builders of Babel. But instead, the yearly quota of patent methods for making learning easy

and the learner efficient, at least as a maker of money, grows apace; and if the builders of such systems show any acquaintance with the educational experience of the past, it is of the most superficial kind. The confusion which has thus been brought about in our educational ideals has long been recognized; and it is usual to lay the blame for this chaos at the door of several great 19th century movements, the most important of them being Utilitarianism, the achievements of science, the formulation of the idea of progress, and the rise of the democratic ideal. Now, all of these ideas and achievements undoubtedly played an important part in breaking down the humanistic standards, but nevertheless I am convinced that the old educational régime suffered almost as much from its friends as from its foes. If the advocates of the humanities, when the attacks began, had possessed a little of the clearness of purpose that characterized many of the leaders of Renaissance learning, the scientific Goliaths who hurled their mocking sarcasm at "the classical Levites in charge of the ark of culture" would have encountered champions more worthy of their prowess. But as so frequently happens in human affairs, the teachers of the classics had inherited a routine, and had lost sight of the ideal behind that routine; and consequently when their system was challenged, they could not adequately defend it, inasmuch as they did not have clearly before them its real purpose.

Thus when the assault was made upon the old curriculum, the defense of the classics was based almost wholly upon their disciplinary value. Yet there existed a much more forceful reason for their retention in the curriculum; and if their defenders had only gone back and studied the guiding principles which had animated the Renaissance framers of the old *ratio studiorum*, they would have seen that those reformers had aimed at giving the student not only a discipline but also a doctrine, and that in their ideal this second element was more important than the first.

The aim of the Renaissance system of education was to

form leaders. This is attempted by disciplining the student in the great human tradition to which he was heir. The subjects emphasized in the course of studies drawn up by such humanists as Elyot, Ascham and Milton were history, literature, and philosophy: for these gave the student an acquaintance with the life and thought of man in the past. But "every nation," as Milton points out, "affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning." Study, therefore, was devoted to the life and thought of the Romans, the Greeks, and the Hebrews, certainly nations that possessed most instructive and helpful traditions. But this tendency to restrict the range of the student was soon carried too far, and the noble Renaissance ideal degenerated into a lifeless routine. It was essentially this routine which, in spite of occasional reformations and modifications, came down as the classical heritage of the 19th century. In this course, the student was drilled in Latin and Greek grammar, and given a superficial knowledge of a very select group of classical authors. Little emphasis was placed upon the philosophy of life found in those authors, and practically no acquaintance was made with the great systems of thought and polity which the varied life of antiquity so abundantly supplies. Furthermore, little, if any, attempt was made to relate such knowledge as the student did get with anything existing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. About the only practical use to which he could put his classical studies was to point a moral or adorn a tale.

The purpose of the Renaissance educators was, of course, entirely different. They had a lofty and practical purpose; and modern science has confirmed the correctness of their judgment in keeping before them that purpose. How science has done this can easily be seen by calling to mind a few well-known facts. If, for instance, we compare an African savage with the highest of the anthropoid apes, we find that the two differ fundamentally in their natural

endowments. "It may be doubted," says Huxley, "whether a healthy human adult brain ever weighed less than thirty-one or two ounces, or that the heaviest gorilla brain has exceeded twenty ounces." A similar difference, he shows, exists in all the other natural endowments of these two. When, however, we compare the savage with the civilized European or American, we find no such enormous difference in their physical endowments. Individuals, of course, may exhibit very great divergence, but a normal baby taken, when quite young, from a savage mother, and nurtured in a home of culture, would not necessarily show any unusually savage propensities, as would, let us say, a young gorilla, but would probably in most of the affairs of life resemble the average civilized child. Yet when we take the savage in his native habitat, he approaches in his mode of life much nearer the gorilla than he does the European or American. Now these differences are due to the facts that progress from the gorilla to the savage has been along the line of natural endowment, while progress from the savage to the European has been in the accumulation and use of a selected, organized, and tested tradition, which largely moulds each generation, and to which each generation contributes but an infinitesimal part compared with what it inherits. Now it was the induction of the pupil into this stored-up tradition that the old education aimed at, and it thereby rightly hoped to humanize him, since it is just this tradition that is man's distinctive and greatest achievement, his personal endowment being determined by impersonal natural laws over which he has little, if any, control.

The Renaissance educators were, furthermore, right in holding that this mastery of tradition gave the student the deepest knowledge of life: for it is this vital human tradition which furnishes man with his ideals and principles, and at the same time with the data necessary for regulating those ideals and principles, and making them practical. It is a recognized characteristic of the human

mind in its capacity for abstract thought, that it never rests content with actual experience, but always moves its subject-matter over into the realm of ideal truth. The mathematical straight line has never been given us by experience, but it is nevertheless a very definite conception, which has somehow been arrived at through our attempts to produce a line visibly straight. So the old course of study, with its emphasis upon history, literature, and philosophy, and its insistence upon the necessity for relating them to actual life, created in the pupil's mind a kind of ideal or typical humanity. By providing him with principles that unified the whole of human experience, and by bringing out in that experience its ideal values, it furnished him with a key to contemporary civilization, and with a profound knowledge of human nature, including his own personality. He was given a mastery of the experience of mankind, so that he could hold it as a living force in the present, and use it as a guiding and unifying principle in his own life. But the old education did more than this. It furnished the student also with the data necessary for keeping his ideals and principles sane and properly related to the actual, and it provided those data in the form least costly to the student. Ascham remarks apropos of this subject: "Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks." The student thus learned, without the danger of himself making the experiment, how far his ideals and general principles could profitably be pursued, and how best to mediate between them and the actual circumstances of life.

But there will doubtless be many who will say: "All this sounds very well, but history shows that the great reformers and leaders of men have been those who have

broken with tradition. It would, therefore, be a mistake to forge these chains of tradition upon the youthful mind." Such an assertion shows a certain indefiniteness in the meaning of the word tradition, which we must try to clear up before going farther.

In order to make clear this use of the word tradition, I am going to take as an illustration one of the most revolutionary movements in history, if by revolutionary is meant causing a change in existing institutions. I refer to the development of Christianity from Judaism. Surely here was a change indeed. Yet the founder of Christianity insisted again and again that he came not to destroy the law but to fulfil. What did he mean by fulfilling the law? Among other things, he meant, as he abundantly showed by his teachings, that he came to reveal the inner spiritual significance of the old Jewish laws and customs. An excellent illustration of his method is seen in his treatment of the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven. The conception was an old one with the Jews, and among the greater of the prophets it reached a state of exalted spirituality not far removed from that of Christ himself. We find Isaiah, for instance, predicting the coming of a time when Assyria and Egypt should make a third with Judah, and together they should worship Jehovah at Jerusalem until the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. This kingdom was to be a spiritual union of the righteous of all nations, and, of course, to the devout Jew, Jerusalem was to be its center. In the course of the centuries, however, as Judah sank lower and lower under the heels of her oppressors, the spirituality of the Messianic kingdom was lost sight of, and the looked-for Messiah became a deliverer of Israel from her oppressors, and the founder of a great earthly kingdom. Now, Christ took this tradition back to its early ideal, and thus revealed its spiritual significance. If the Jews had kept steadily before them the conception of the Kingdom taught by the prophets, there would have been no necessity for

Christ to reject the popular conception. It was because the Jews had reduced their religious ideas to a blind ritualism, out of which the ideal element had departed, that Christ found it impossible to put the new wine of his teaching into the old bottles. It will thus be perceived that he was not breaking with a living tradition, but with a dead one.

This illustrates not only the need of a complete historical view of an idea, if we are to grasp its values aright, but also that proceeding from such a view is really the only sane and successful way to modify tradition. A living tradition is a growing thing, but it is not enough, as so many of our modern reformers apparently think, simply to rebel against, or break with, existing tradition, in order to improve it. In many ages of the world, fire-eating radicals who would completely reconstruct society, have been as thick as blackberries, but they have generally noised about and found themselves dishonorable graves without greatly disturbing mankind. The genuine reformer is of a different stamp. He comes with an ideal based upon, and developed from, a study of some institution in all of its historical relations, and he applies this standard to the institution as it actually exists, and woe to that institution if it fail to measure up to his requirements. To do this, it is of course necessary for him to make himself master of the tradition behind him, in order that he may get clearly before him his ideal.

As an exemplar of this type of reformer, we may take Milton. He wrote, he tells us, in defense of liberty, domestic, civil, and ecclesiastical. But he did not evolve his theories of liberty out of his inner consciousness, nor did he call them from the vasty deep of an uninformed mind. His various tracts are monuments of learning. In them he studies and traces out the principles, the purposes, and the various means of accomplishing those purposes, which the institution he is considering has exhibited in the past; and with this ideal in mind, he judges the

institution as it existed in his day. For instance, he took the widely accepted superstition of the divine right of kings, and tested it by universal human experience as revealed in the life and thought of the past. In this way he showed not only how ill founded the superstition was, but also that the true relation of king and subject was that of mutual obligation, which, when abused on either side, made the offender liable to punishment.

But it must not be inferred that the student of tradition is necessarily a radical. His attitude toward the institutions of his time will be determined chiefly by the status of those institutions, and by the spirit of his age. If the age is burdened with superstition or hollow formalism, he will do his utmost to shake tradition free from them, and make it a living, inspiring thing. If, on the other hand, he lives in an epoch in which the integrity of tradition itself is threatened by the doctrinaire, he becomes a conservative and throws the weight of his learning upon the side of existing institutions. Thus, for instance, did Burke, who knew well the value of tradition, and strove to keep it a vital power in national life. "We are afraid," he says, "to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; . . . individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages." He insisted, against the abstract thinkers of his day, that only in and through the long and gradual process of the whole of social development could discovery be made of the principles of civil and religious liberty, and he preferred "the collective wisdom of the ages to the abilities of any two men living."

We should now have clearly before us the main purpose of the Renaissance educational system. We have seen that the aim of that system was to prepare the student for life by steeping him in those traditions which had been accumulated by the most enlightened nations of the past.

We have farther seen that by tradition the Renaissance educators meant not a lifeless formalism, but a vital body of thought and human institutions, before which the constantly hovering ideal acted as an inspiring and guiding force. Having thus recognized what the Renaissance ideal was, we may proceed to follow the method of its framers by applying it to existing educational problems.

In the first place we can now clearly see that those 19th century movements which were the chief factors in overthrowing the old system, were really not opposed to its ideal, but only to a lifeless routine masquerading under its name. Certainly not the most avowed Utilitarian could object to Milton's or Ascham's scheme of education as useless. It is true that their system did not aim at preparing a student for a particular vocation; it did more than that, it prepared him for life. It gave a knowledge of himself and of human nature, which is perhaps the most valuable knowledge that any one can possess. In most professions success is unquestionably conditioned on a wide and sympathetic knowledge of our fellow men. And such knowledge cannot be adequately obtained by association and contact with men: knowledge from everyday experience is neither broad enough nor deep enough to equip one properly for life, and to furnish one with the insight into character necessary for the highest success.

But it is just this wider acquaintance with human nature through tradition that our vocational education of to-day is so manifestly neglecting. This does not mean, of course, that I am objecting to vocational training *per se*. That form of training has an undoubted place to fill, and it is filling it well. But we must not, therefore, fall into the prevalent American error of thinking that our vocational training is giving an equivalent for the education provided by the old ideal. The man who cares for something more than the making of money will still find the old training best. The man who wishes to lead in the realm of the intellect — the statesman, the scholar, the

philosopher, the literary man, the moralist, the theologian, even the great physicians, lawyers, preachers, and teachers — will still find the old training absolutely necessary. Whether they get it in the schools or out of them, get it they must, if they are to be leaders.

Men of science, too, need to realize the importance of the old training. They had a hard fight to get their subjects admitted into the curriculum, but as victors they would do well to exercise the virtue of moderation. They should ever keep in mind Dr. Johnson's weighty words:

> Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

Our scientist would do well to remember that man cannot live by science alone, and also that in the great stream of human tradition 19th century science occupies but a small place. Plato and Aristotle may not have known much about the chemistry of soils, but they knew a great deal about human nature and the principles of human conduct, and the student will be more humanized, i. e., made a more clear-headed, disciplined, intelligent human being, by a mastery of their works than he would be by a study of all the soils from China to Peru. The old training tried to imbue the student with just such knowledge, and our modern system will neglect such subjects not only to the detriment of the student, but also to the danger of the community and the state.

Again we are sometimes told that we have progressed beyond those old ideas, and must now keep our faces to the future, where the superman beckons us on. But it must be remembered that much of our modern cant about

progress is due to ignorance. The modern world is imbued with the false idea that progress is constant, and that therefore whatever is of yesterday is *ex hypothesi* inferior to that which is of to-day. With real progress, however, the old educational ideal was thoroughly in sympathy, and it provided the best means for the normal development of all human institutions. Human progress is a slow growth with frequent reactions; and of the many plans and suggestions for improvement which are constantly being made, only one in many is worth consideration. But it is very important that this one, when it does appear, should be recognized and appreciated; and the person who is steeped in the great human tradition, with its many experiments in the art of living, is the one most capable of judging the value of any such suggestion. The old training was like a laboratory note-book upon man and society. The student benefited by all the mistakes and experiments of mankind in the past, and judged his modern instance by the accumulated wisdom of the race.

Finally our modern educational leaders tell us that the old ideal was for gentlemen of leisure, and does not suit our modern democratic age. As a matter of fact, it is what our democratic age needs more than anything else. Democracy has brought in its train a host of problems of such magnitude that it has become generally recognized that nothing short of an organized collective effort can hope to solve them; hence the remarkable growth of organizations and federations of all kind during the last century. But such social organizations do not abate, they rather intensify, the need for leaders, while the problems with which they confront their leaders are of a most intricate and baffling complexity. Furthermore, these problems are for the most part very urgent. Suspense of judgment until painstaking investigation can bring light, is just what the democratic world will not wait for. It is very suspicious of a leader who hesitates. Its leaders, therefore,

must be thoroughly equipped, decisive men. But how can such leaders be produced except by some such method as that which was embodied in the old ideal?

Our modern educational leaders should, therefore, not cavalierly dismiss the old ideal as having served its purpose, and as now being of interest only as a curiosity. They should rather try to enforce upon the minds of the modern world the need of the discipline and the doctrine which produced the intellectual giants of the past. And especially should the teachers of English and the modern languages awake to a realization of their opportunity. Since the classics have been almost completely driven from the field, the only humanizing subjects left in many of our present curricula are history, English, and the modern literatures; and only a minimum of time is allowed to these. Let us hope, therefore, that a greater number of our teachers of these subjects will go back and catch something of the spirit and the zeal which animated men like Ascham and Milton and many of their mute, but not inglorious, contemporaries, who nobly wrought to further progress by adding link by link to the chain of tradition.

A MAN OF FEELING

IT was Henry and Jewel Roeback's silver wedding day. Jewel Roeback made a frosted cake and set a table on the porch, a clean cloth on the table, and the shining white cake on the cloth. By late afternoon the greater part was eaten.

Others in Ramoth had been married twenty-five years, but none of them had made a festival about so simple a circumstance. The neighbors were gathered, the women inside with Jewel, the men on the porch. Jay Dee was eating tiny fragments of soft cake. Professor Kopen leaned against a pillar.

Henry was moved beyond his wont. He was a heavy man, whose thoughts delayed like chilled molasses. In a sense the house was not his but Jay Dee's. He rented it of that plaintive patriarch, who lived alone, a hundred yards southward toward the village, in a house with a decrepit veranda. Henry paid a hundred and fifty dollars a year for his house and land. After twenty-five silvery years, laborious and quiet, the payment of a uniform rent, as a sensation, was become indistinguishable from taxes — a melancholy custom but fixed in habit.

"I couldn't fancy living in another house," he said. "It can't be done by such mind as I've got, and the way I know it can't be done is this: I set here this morning, and I says, 'Suppose it was another house and another woman.' Well, I set my mind to that idea, and yet I couldn't fetch it. Then I says, 'Let's suppose I was living in Austin Buel's house with Mrs. Buel,' and I couldn't do it. I says, 'Henry, you ain't going be stumped by a thing like that!' and I went up the road a piece to look at Austin's house, and yet I couldn't anyhow get my mind around the idea. So I come back, and set here, and I begun to have feelings, and I see the truth of it."

"You haven't a good fancying mind, Henry," said David McKinnon, a small aquiline man with a restless eye. "Now, I could fancy that well, though a single bachelor and housebuilder all my days. Fancy is a gift to some mortals."

"I set here," repeated Henry, "trying to fancy it was Austin's house and Mrs. Buel, and I couldn't get my mind around it."

"It ain't lawful!" said Albion Dee rigidly, his red face redder with conviction. "It ain't a lawful exercise of the fancy!"

"And you a scripture reader!" said the carpenter indignantly. "*Covet's* the Scripture word, but fancy's a gift to fortunate mortals."

"Covet's the word," said Austin Buel, the postmaster, square-faced, grim-mouthed, with a short gray beard and bow legs. "You're right, David. If you can fancy living with my wife, maybe you can fancy you've eat the dinner I've eat. I'll go so far as to hint it ain't setting well, so's you can keep hold of the facts."

"I fetched up with such feelings as you wouldn't believe," continued Henry steadily. "If I was to say I felt like the church bell rung for meeting, I'd mean, as you might say, it was a vibrating state; and yet again I felt like I'd eat too much; and yet again I felt like I hadn't eat anything for twenty-five years and wan't going to; and yet it wan't anything but feelings. You wouldn't believe it. My wife didn't believe it. She said it wan't likely. Then I says: 'This house is worth a hundred and fifty per year to Jay Dee, and what's it worth to me?' and I couldn't tell. With that I was blowed up with those feelings. Then I see the truth of it. I says, 'Henry, them are holy and creditable feelings! And I don't suppose,' I says, 'there's another man in this town that's got the equal of 'em.' My wife wouldn't believe 'em. She said they wan't likely, and she was right. They wan't likely, and yet there they was."

Professor Kopen stood leaning against a pillar of the porch, gazing at Henry, under the penthouse of his eyebrows. He was lately come to Ramoth, and had built a summer cottage on the top of a barren rocky hill that was called Buel's Sheep Pasture. He had deep set eyes, intense to the point of ferocity, a smooth shaven face and wild hair that seemed wind blown, whether the wind blew or not.

"Sir," he said solemnly, "you have the intention to make statement of a soul phenomenon, which there are of that phenomenon many attempts to state. The world is travail with attempts to state it! But you have done well to do as well as you have."

The others sat some time in silence. Jay Dee crumbled bits of savory cake and gazed off with pale eyes across the corn fields. So thin and silvery white were Jay Dee's hair and beard, so pallid and frail he looked, it seemed as if, in drawing near his end, he were being gradually admitted to some spiritual citizenship.

The women came out, saying good bye to Jewel Roeback. Mrs. Austin Buel was meagre but massive, and flowed continuous remarks with no emphasis.

When they were all gone, Henry still sat on the porch, and Jewel stood in the doorway, a tall woman with blunt features, ruminant eyes and large quiet hands.

II

Jay Dee, in the next house, sat at his disorderly old desk, with his eyes close to the paper before him, writing as follows:

"Friend Roeback: I feel after long thought with conscience, when you think so much of that house you cannot state well how much, that the rent should be no more than $150 is not right, so that hereafter it will be $200 per year, payed before lease renewed, which may help you to state how much you think of that house, because a man hav-

ing feelings ought to prove them before being admired by neighbors, not by this throwing doubt they are not as attempted to state, and they might amount to more than $50 per year, if after thought with conscience you conclude you ought to pay more than $200 for the house and land which you rent from me, because I am a painful old man near the grave, that have had great experience with righteousness, and I see it is not right you should feel that way and pay me less than $200 per year for that house and land, which will be the amount hereafter. Respectfully yours, Jay Dee."

In the morning Jay Dee drove away in his old buggy with the sagging top, drawn by the small brown horse that took all his steps with humility. In his vehicle and progress along in the soft dust and scented roadsides, Jay Dee seemed like an illustration of old world maxims about the quiet life, the vanity of ambition, the sweetness of nature's communion.

It was past noon when Henry read Jay Dee's letter.

"It's a letter from Jay Dee," he said to Jewel. "He wants fifty dollars more rent."

Jewel read it. "What was it you said about the house?"

"I didn't say nothing about rent," said Henry thoughtfully. "I said I couldn't fancy living in Austin Buel's house with Mrs. Buel. I said it couldn't be done. I stated my feelings, but I didn't speak of rent."

Jewel read the letter again and gave it back. Henry went out with the letter in his hand.

Finding Jay Dee gone, Henry went on to the village. At the post office some half dozen men were gathered on the steps, listening to Professor Kopen.

"What you got there, Henry?" said David McKinnon.

"It's a letter from Jay Dee."

He gave it to David who read it aloud. Professor Kopen stood with his feet apart and his hands clasped behind him. When it was finished, he drew breath with the sniff of a moral game-dog catching the scent.

"It is the unearned increment he claims! It is an unrighteous claim!" cried Prof. Kopen.

"Maybe so," said David McKinnon, after a pause. "And yet Jay Dee's nature ain't Henry's, for Jay Dee's got no emotion, and you ought to take account of that. He's pure intellect, Jay Dee."

The Professor snorted.

"Bah!"

"To be sure, you might say that, too," continued David in the way of conciliation, "though it ain't the language of pure intellect. But looking at it not as feeling men, but in intellect and reason, how does it look? You might say it's a value Henry earned by having strong and tender feelings, and Jay Dee didn't earn it: for he ain't got any. Or you might say Jay Dee earned it by having intellect. It's like Austin's selling the upper end of his pasture to Professor Kopen here for fifty dollars an acre, when it wan't worth twenty for pasture, because Professor Kopen took a notion to it for a house to live in summers, because he had strong and tender feelings about outlooks and having a passel of birch trees in his dooryard, and him teaching moral philosophy in a college so he ought to know what's righteousness. There's thirty dollars difference in value, ain't there? Yes. Did Austin earn it? Or did Professor Kopen earn it? Looking at it cold in reason, you ask which? And reason says: 'Neither. It was a gift of Providence,' says reason. 'It was a gift of Providence to anybody that could get it.' You ask: 'Did Professor Kopen make that value by having strong and tender feelings, or did Austin make it by having the good judgment to ask that price?' 'Neither,' says reason. 'Looking at it right,' says reason, 'you see it's the gift of Providence, divided between Austin and Professor Kopen, according to the gifts of each.' Well — now — Jay Dee's calm, and he's pious, and he's got intellect. He says 'Here's a gift of Providence. Did Providence mean it all for Henry? Not if I get some of it,' he says, 'for I never

see the righteous forsaken,' he says, 'and a man that's got intellect, he's sinful to bury it in a napkin,' he says, 'for Providence sows blessings same as corn,' he says, 'but property,' he says, 'in a kernel of corn,' he says, 'belongs to the chick that swallows it,' he says, 'for that's reason.'"

"That, sir," said Professor Kopen, "is a most subtle, fallacious and immoral argument! A most extraordinary argument!"

"It is so, David," said Austin Buel. "I never see the nature of that sale before. I was accounting for it by the Professor's having so much moral philosophy. I was, for a fact! I see how it was now. Providence was in it. I'd ought to have called in the minister to sign the deed with his power of attorney. Well, if you asked me what was reason, I'd say that argument of yours wan't neither reason nor piety. I'd say Henry's feelings was Henry's improvements on the place. That's the point. If he's put in plumbing and paid for it, and Jay Dee raised his rent, 'twouldn't be reason nor piety."

"It would not!" said Professor Kopen.

"Is Henry's tender feelings any expense to him?" David retorted. "No! Was they planted in his nature? Yes! Then it ain't plumbing. It's Providence."

"You don't none of you hit the point," said Albion Dee, inflamed with earnestness. "It ain't like pastures nor like plumbing. The point is, Henry's feelings was holy and creditable, which he spoke out the best he could. He didn't have the gift of speech of a psalmist, but those feelings, I say, those feelings would have done credit to a bible psalmist. They would now! 'The billows go over my head,' says the psalmist, for he had the gift of speech. 'Selah!' he says, using that figure of speech. Now, suppose a nearby neighbor, that he'd always been friendly with, comes along, and he says: 'What do you fancy them billowy sorrows would cash in for?' he says, looking like Abraham lying in his own bosom. 'You ain't got no right

to say "Selah" without proving it,' he says, 'Maybe I've got a rope to pull ye out,' he says, 'but the price of rope rises,' he says, 'accordin' to the size of billows,' he says, 'and you oughtn't to have no such feelings, nor raise them billows in my ice pond, without paying extry rent for it,' he says. That's his argument. Maybe you call it pure intellect, but I call it profaneness. The point is: Was Henry's feelings holy and creditable? Nobody can say they wan't. Nobody! Then he ain't going to put up with Jay Dee's profaneness. No, Sir! Henry ain't going to put up with no profaneness."

Professor Kopen smote his hands together before him.

"You have it, sir!" he said. "You have the categorical moral instinct for essentials. This Jay Dee is a slimy old snake."

"Now, I argue against that!" said David McKinnon.

"He is a slimy old snake!" reiterated the Professor.

III

On his way home from the village Henry felt an inward uneasiness. He would not call them feelings yet, but they were the rudiments of feelings. He was nowhere near the point of giving them language, or telling in what direction they tended, whether or not in the direction of some resentment toward Jay Dee. As yet they were but the cloudy substance out of which feelings issue.

He left Ramoth village already stirring with discussion. Phrases from Jay Dee's letter passed there from mouth to mouth. There seemed to be something in the issue which roused everyone to state his point of view, to refine its differences, to prove its discrimination, to discover new sides to the question, new roads and sign boards, new doors opening into hidden chambers of casuistry. Charles Sebastien's horse stood unshod, while the blacksmith beat his anvil not in farriery but in argument. Wives and spinsters sat over seams and teacups, exclaiming, "Well, I think. . . " "If I was Jewel Roeback. . . "

Professor Kopen stood on the post office step in the flood tide of oratory.

"Let us guard the sanctuary of delicate feeling and domestic sensibility from the cor-r-r-roding invasion of commercial estimates!" he cried, "for what are we more than brutes, save for the ideal. In every man is the seed thereof, and the permanent possibility, of which he knows nothing. And yet, save for the burgeoning of that seed and in order to pass on that tender warmth from life to life, we have in this world no purpose, no end, no justification in reason. In your neighbor's heart and halting speech you see it glimmer. You say, 'It is a holy and creditable feeling.' Say you so? And I say: 'It is the banner under which we fight for humanity, his future and his soul maintaining. It is our pillar of cloud and fire, our beacon and starry watch tower! and in this commercial age and country, what duty has the social conscience, if it give not welcoming shelter, if it give not gladness to the sensibilities, wherever in the hearts of our fellow men they brighten and burn? if it rise not in majestic indignation and take vengeance on the man who spits his cynic venom on that sanctuary. Nay, if he have no heart, I say, let him be brute! Nay, let him be inorganic matter, and be damned to him! You come with me! I'll show this Jay Dee!"

Professor Kopen ran down the post office steps and strode meteorically northward on the road to Jay Dee's house and Henry Roeback's. Those around the post office followed, some with conservative murmurs, some with caustic reserves, some shamefaced with secret and strange thrills unknown before. The blacksmith in his leathern apron came from his shop and followed. The children, just dismissed from the school house below the hill, fell in and followed, rejoicing, in wonder, in hope. The crowd increased; the sound of its hurry and excitement grew louder; the conservative murmurs were drowned. Women stared from the windows. Some came

out and followed. Theodore Weeks, selectman and Judge of Probate, was mending a road. He left his team by the roadside and followed. Mrs. Austin Buel was in her garden. She came out with a red beet in each hand, and followed. In the van walked Professor Kopen, his face stern and absorbed, his hands clasped behind him.

IV

Jewel Roeback was in the kitchen, moving about, when Henry came in. He sat down and gradually described how David McKinnon had argued, and Austin Buel had disagreed, ending with Albion Dee's opinion on profaneness and Professor Kopen's agreement with Albion. Jewel made no comment.

"He's got back," she said at last.

"Who?"

"Jay Dee. I saw him drive by."

"Well," said Henry after a while, "somehow I don't hanker to go over. I don't know how it is. It ain't right to put up with profaneness to the feelings. I guess I won't go over just yet. I don't seem to have the right feelings for it."

Jewel went into the pantry. Henry sat still, turning his thoughts over, observing his rudimentary feelings, their dusky and unorganized condition. None of the thoughts seemed convenient and handy, or the feelings tending in any special direction. His eyes fell on the remaining quarter of the silver-wedding cake, standing on the kitchen table.

"Jay Dee took to that cake wonderful for an old man," he thought. "He likes cake with no nuts nor seeds in it, because he ain't got many teeth. I seen him keep busy and say nothing a whole afternoon on two pieces of cake, and that's a gift in a man. Jay Dee's got no conversation. To be sure, that's so. Sets and lets a man take his time. He don't jog in on a man the way David McKinnon jogs

in on a man. I couldn't get my mind round the idea of living next to David, nor yet Professor Kopen."

Jewel emerged from the pantry.

"Why, I got some inward feelings now," said Henry slowly. "I just got 'em this minute."

Jewel was wrapping a cloth about the cake, and said nothing.

"You wouldn't think 'em likely. You wouldn't believe 'em. I don't know as they're creditable. And yet there they be. What you going to do with that cake? I was thinking I'd have some."

"Well," said Jewel placidly, "I'm going to take the cake to Jay Dee, and you're going to make out that rent."

"That ain't what the neighbors expect from a man of feelings!" Henry remonstrated. "It ain't what they look for from a man of strong and tender feelings like me!"

"I don't see how Jay Dee never learned any different," said Jewel after a while. "It seems most too bad. How do you suppose he didn't?"

"Why that's a hard nut for the fancy," said Henry. "I don't know as I could get my mind around it."

When they came out and saw the crowd before the house, Jewel exclaimed, but Henry's mind was already occupied.

"Maybe it comes from Jay Dee's not eating enough solid victuals," he said.

Jay Dee was sitting on the veranda in a rocking chair.

"It has come to this, sir," thundered Professor Kopen, "that we have risen, the people of this community, that we have risen in common accord; that we have come forth in the name of the social conscience; that we have arrayed ourselves as one in defense of delicate feeling and domestic sensibility against the corr-rroding invasion of commercial estimate; that we say these things you shall not barter and trade, nor buy and sell, nor put scorn upon, nor ask rent thereof, but by silence or by speech you shall respect, sir! You shall respect!"

Jay Dee gazed at him vaguely, with dim pale eyes.

Henry and Jewel came up unobserved behind the gathering, and mounted the veranda in the sudden silence of the throng.

"Here's the rent," said Henry, holding out the check. His face was red and embarrassed. He kept his eyes away from the faces of his neighbors.

"I brought the rest of the cake," said Jewel.

They stood a moment silent, suffering under self-consciousness. The neighbors stood dumb and bewildered.

"My wife says so," said Henry at last awkwardly. "She ain't got strong feelings. I says, 'Well — it's practical. That's the practical way of looking at it!'"

"My God!" said Professor Kopen. "I shall go say my prayers!"

He ran down the steps and strode away, meteorically, southward toward Ramoth village. The men followed him straggling. The women went, after talking in low tones. Some of them laughed and whispered to Jewel, as they passed. The children lingered awhile in the road.

Jewel went back toward the house. Henry turned across the road, and went down to the swamp pasture after his cow. Jay Dee sat alone on the veranda. He held the check up close to his eyes, read it over carefully, folded and put it in his breast pocket. Then he fell to eating tiny fragments of Jewel Roeback's silver-wedding-cake. The long drive and the recent confusion had tired him. The check in his pocket gave him a warm and pleasant feeling over the heart. The late afternoon sunlight on the veranda was warm and pleasant. He grew drowsy. His head nodded. He went to sleep in his rocking chair on the veranda.

CRIMINOLOGY, OLD AND NEW

CRIME and its problems constitute a subject of perennial importance. It will perhaps be instructive to set in contrast the criminological reflection of to-day and that of two or three generations ago, using as an example of the earlier some characteristic utterances of Thomas Carlyle.

In *Latter Day Pamphlets* the old Chelsea prophet let himself go with violence against the incipient movement towards prison reform. His passion was fiercely stirred, and when, in this state, Carlyle has seized his pen, we may be sure that, if the thought is not very well-balanced, at least the wit will be diverting, the phrase will sparkle, and the epigrams will lacerate. Moreover he has simply put into forceful language what many of the public have believed, and still believe, regarding humanitarian methods in a jail. He made himself the apostle of the man in the street. As we read what he said abundant criticisms suggest themselves, but as these are now so generally admitted, it will be the purpose of this paper to call attention to the elements of neglected truth which that old pamphlet embodies.

I

Carlyle's gorge had been raised by a visit to Millbank Penitentiary. The luxury of its appointments disgusted him. Its staircases were broad, its fronts were of stately architecture, it had a complex system of sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, and working-rooms. The women were at laundry business, but suites of washing-houses, and drying-houses, and "all conceivable mechanical furtherances" prevented their labour from being too arduous. The men had no more tiresome burden than to pick oakum. Punishment by treadmill had been abolished to please senti-

mental visiting magistrates. Teachers were actually at work "instructing young thieves." To fit up in this style "a beautiful establishment for the accommodation of the scoundrel world, male and female," seemed to Carlyle positive blasphemy against the moral decrees of God. Strange to say, if one may judge by the frequency with which he returns to the point, his special objection to the place seems to have been directed against its hygiene, — against cleanliness, good order, ventilation. Again and again he complains that the prisoners are not subjected to the discipline of dirty surroundings. The rooms are clean, the promenade is both "clean and flagged," the court in which a Chartist agitator disports himself is "clean and high-walled," the Governor is a military or naval man, "by nature zealous for cleanliness," — what a pity to waste him on such duties! Then there is the methodic, orderly quiet which pervades the apartments — airy, with glass roofs, and a calm such as no dweller in "a mere house, with taxes and botherations" could ever secure; if Carlyle himself could only obtain such blessed conditions he would undertake to give the world a book such as it will never get so long as he lives in Cheyne Row. "No Duke in England is, for all rational purposes which a human being can or ought to aim at, lodged, fed, tended, taken care of, with such perfection."

Who foots the bill for all this? Patient taxpayers, very many of whom can obtain no such comforts for themselves. "All around," he exclaims, "lie continents of dingy, poor, and dirty dwellings." The occupants struggle to make by honest toil wages which philanthropists will straightway impound for the pampering of a scoundrel world. On what plea, demands Carlyle, is honesty thus robbed? The plea, forsooth, that laws are unjust, and temptations strong, and human nature weak, and the criminal really a person to be pitied! Let us grant it; but whatever the pressure towards crime may be, we are all subject to it alike, and one part of the public has kept its

feet, battling forward under the banner of God and Virtue, while the other has basely yielded, enlisting in "the Devil's Regiments of the Line." Is a rose path to be strewn for deserters, at the expense of the faithful? Perhaps you think you will *improve* such degenerates? You will win them back "by love" to uprightness and honesty? A better use might be found for your time, your talents, your wealth, and your love. Is there not abundance still to be done for God's sorely tried creatures who have so far stood the strain, and "have not yet definitely declared for the Devil?" Devote your social effort to those who have shown some element of worth. Put your investment of benevolence into a scheme which is not wholly unpromising. Wheat will not be obtained by plying your flail upon docks and ragweeds. Defy the long-eared philanthropists of Exeter Hall, and say boldly to this prison *canaille* —

> Away, you! Begone swiftly, *ye* Regiments of the Line; in the name of God and of His poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live in these bad days, I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity. To feed you in palaces, to hire captains, and schoolmasters, and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industries on you — No, by the Eternal! I have quite other work for that class of artists. . . Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you, and will teach you after the example of the gods that this world is *not* your inheritance, or glad to see you in it.

Carlyle goes on to trace the perverted benevolence to a deep-seated misconception which had somehow become diffused. That misconception, he tells us, was nothing less than an immoral theory of the purpose of punishment. It was widely declared that all penalties should aim simply at reforming the offender, and deterring others from following his example. All idea of "revenge" must, forsooth, be piously excluded! And "not the least disgusting feature of this Gospel according to the Platform" was the fact that it appealed to Christianity for support. Did

Christianity then prescribe love of scoundrels? Surely it prescribed a hearty *hatred* of scoundrels. For Carlyle's own part he would pin his faith in this regard to the religion of Oliver Cromwell rather than to that of "the eloquent Mr. Hesperus Fiddlestring." Whence came this new-fangled notion that you have not a right to hang a man as the equitable wages of his sin, but that you have a right to hang him as a stroke of political expediency in order to frighten someone else? The moment you begin to talk like that the logic ceases to go with you and begins to go with the criminal. He tells you of his unfortunate circumstances, and makes out an unanswerable case for mercy on the part of those who have no higher rule than "the expedient" to guide them. Take your stand on the eternal principle of retribution, the earthly counterpart of God's inflexible justice, a law which you did not make and which is not yours to tamper with; if you forsake this, you will never justify the gallows as a mere instrument of social order. The benevolent doctrine about punishment was

> simply the mournfulest twaddle that human tongues could shake from them. . . I take the liberty of asserting that there is one valid reason and only one, for either punishing a man or rewarding him in this world; one reason which ancient piety could well define; that you may do the will and commandment of God with regard to him, that you may do justice to him.

What then of John Howard, whose name and praise had been on everyone's lips, ever since Burke panegyrised his "voyage of discovery, circumnavigation of charity, to collate distresses and to gauge wretchedness?" Carlyle, who once referred to George Washington as "no very immeasurable man," was not likely to bow before a popular idol. "My benevolent friend, I honour Howard very much, but it is on this side idolatry, a long way; not to an infinite, but to a decidedly finite extent." On the whole, it was something to have abated jail fever, though perhaps dearly bought at the price of creating "Benevolent-

Platform Fever." The dull, solid Howard deserved respect, comparatively speaking; for the time had come for jail fever to go, and heaven produced the man to combat it, by operating upon a Bedford sheriff, disgusting him with the grocery business, and driving him through rural *ennui* into his cruise abroad. Too much fuss had been made about his going at his own charges. Here and there a man was to be seen in the world who did more than he was paid for in hard cash. Milton got very little for *Paradise Lost* and Dante for the *Divine Comedy*. Could any fee make worth while the work of a cholera doctor? And did not "ragged losels" from the slums, when drilled a little and dressed in red, risk their lives for a shilling a day? Really the Destinies had not been so niggard in producing self-sacrifice that we need chant a rhapsody about John Howard.

In a word, the Chelsea prophet entreats us to stop talking about "difficulties" in the crime problem. There are no difficulties, except to shallow and sentimental and dishonest triflers. Justice is justice, and all men have its oracle in their hearts; beware lest the voice of that oracle be drowned by resonant platform balderdash. Stop forecasting the results of this policy and that; results are with a Higher Power. It is yours to follow with a single eye the Decrees of the Eternal, "to aim thitherward, and not elsewhither at all." There is no arithmetic by which we can balance against each other the rival outcomes of the right and the wrong. One thing we know, that if we follow the lodestar of Rhadamanthine justice, men everywhere will be benefited *beyond* calculation by the sight of so signal an integrity.

II

It is in *Model Prisons* that Carlyle makes use of that pungent phrase "preaching and perorating from the teeth outwards." The reader who is alive to the experience of the last twenty years in prison reform may be tempted

to apply these words wholesale to their author.[1] His advice sounds to us like a voice from a different and a long departed world. It is not only that we miss the characteristic phrases of our own day, "crime as disease," "diagnosis rather than detection," "cure rather than punishment." Many of us would not blame Carlyle for passing over rather summarily these particular watch-words of advanced thought. But he is equally contemptuous of principles which almost every intelligent critic looks upon as now firmly established. For example, he has nothing to suggest as to special treatment for juveniles, for first offenders, for the feeble-minded, for the recidivist. He gives no hint about the need to classify and to individualise. Towards all alike the sufficient formula for him appears to be, "Caitiff, we hate you." But just now I do not mean to dwell upon the great achievements which humanitarianism has effected. The concrete results are, happily, becoming more and more familiar. There are however certain basal principles in which, it seems to me, Carlyle was partly right although partly wrong.

It is a great advance that the practical legislator now aims simply to reform and to deter. The old retributive idea is seen to involve comparison between things that are really incommensurable. Theologians indeed are still at variance as to the account which must be given of the penal justice of God. But so far as *human* law is concerned, the idea of a criminal paying the price, expiating his crime etc. survives only in the sensational newspaper. The intelligent person sees in such phrases little more than an archæological importance. They recall to him

[1] Perhaps at the time of the Article Carlyle had more justification than appears. Dickens at least will not be suspected of callousness in this sphere, yet he has this passage in *Great Expectations:* "At that time jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent upon all public wrong-doing — and which is always the heaviest and longest punishment — was still far off. So felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers)." (Chap. XXXII.)

the days of *Wergild* and the *lex talionis*. There is an historic interest in discovering the same conceptions so far apart as in the Roman practice of hanging a murderer in chains *ut sit solatio cognatis* (to gratify the feelings of the victim's family), and in the royal order issued in England as late as 1741 that a similar indignity should be inflicted "on petition of the relations of the deceased." But what possible meaning can we attach to-day to equivalence between the crime of arson and five years' penal servitude, or between a petty larceny and thirty days in jail? Would any two persons, relying on their intuition of comparative heinousness, arrange the sliding scale alike? Talk of this kind, resting as it mainly does upon the ambiguity of the word "owe," almost suggests that he who is willing to pay the price may permit himself the indulgence of the crime. The moment we try to apportion degrees of penalty, we realise the soundness of Bentham's position that the calculated consequences, both to the guilty man and to others, furnish our only guide. Bentham's mistake lay, not in forecasting results, but in supposing that the only results which mattered are definable as "pleasure" and "pain."

Carlyle's scorn for such phrases as "winning the offender through love," and the disgraceful jeers with which he profaned the memory of Howard, are not our only proof that his taste was for the religion of the Old Testament rather than that of the New. He is in emphatic sympathy with the ninety and nine that went not astray, and he is not curious to ask whether they were preserved by the austerity of their virtue or by the accident of circumstance. To deduce from Christian principles the essential immorality of forgiveness must surely require a daring exegesis of Gospel texts, even though the interpreter can fortify himself by the precedent of Cromwell. But, without pressing such Scriptural matters, one is at least astonished to hear that all mankind are subject to moral temptation in an equal degree, and that indis-

criminate rigour will enable you either to do the will of God concerning a criminal or to do justice to him. Carlyle himself sat somewhat light to this stern principle in the manifold extenuations which he has pled for the shortcomings of Robert Burns. It is not perhaps unfair to suggest that the sins he would have branded as scarlet in a commonplace partridge-shooting English peer, assumed at once a much milder hue when he found them in a man of genius, who had the advantage of being also a Scot and a peasant.

But he has recognised, and in his own lurid way depicted, the varying prison types. He was quite free from the common delusion that criminals are intelligent, that the gifts they turn to anti-social purposes are gifts of a high order. If he had thought this he might have been justified in calling for a ruthless hand. Such men might have been fitly shown that society is too strong for them, and that the way of transgressors is hard. But what Carlyle saw in the prison mob was *stupidity*, and different stupidities — ape-faces, dog-faces, heavy sullen ox-faces. Did it not occur to our prophet that for such varying mental crassness the unfortunate men were not wholly responsible, and that some variation might be called for in the treatment?

On the other hand Carlyle saw, what some of us in our benevolent enthusiasm tend to forget, that punishment has still a place. There are few present day writers whose insight is so sure on a matter of practical ethics as that of Dr. Hastings Rashdall; and his comment is very opportune, that many of those who bid us punish a criminal in order to reform him really mean that we should reform him *instead of* punishing him. They make this clear by their invariable objection to a painful element in prisons, to tedious work for example, and to any form of corporal punishment, no matter what the offence may have been. No doubt there are numerous cases where a punitive method is either wholly or partially inapplicable. But

we may easily do more harm than good if we fail to combine this recognition with stern insistence that it is often in place. To borrow the current medical metaphor, we should be like physicians who had discovered a new disease, but who had not the capacity to rearrange their old knowledge in the light of what they learned. They forthwith see the pathological novelty in every case which remotely suggests it. They gain less through occasional detection of the exceptional than they lose through confusion and bungling in their treatment of the ordinary. Can there be any doubt at all that the deliberate and judicious infliction of pain is at times effective to reform and to deter? We should of course prefer to obtain the same result differently. It would be better that a thief should stop stealing because he recognises the heinousness of theft than because he dislikes to pick oakum. But it is also better that society should be protected by force than that it should not be protected at all. And let us hope that no criminologist will ever so far bamboozle the common sense of the man in the street as to make him question whether thief A is not in some degree deterred from imitating thief B if B is caught every time and is somewhat disagreeably handled. Ever since Godwin wrote his *Political Justice* doctrinaires have repeated to us the aphorism that you cannot get morality by compulsion. But while this is, in one sense, a platitudinous truth, it is in all other senses about as vacuous as aphorisms commonly turn out. Valuable moral results are reached every day through compulsion. What we learned in early childhood to do or to abstain from doing through fear, we afterwards become able to estimate from a higher standpoint. But if the habit had not been first formed, the later reflection might never have had a chance. Moreover that principle which has been pushed to such a barbarous extreme in the system of solitary confinement is not without its merit when used in moderation. The criminal is in the dock, let us say, because he tried a short-cut to fortune by forg-

ing a cheque, or because he ruined scores of trustful folk by floating a bogus company, or because he gave the rein to his violent passions, thinking himself clever enough or rich enough to escape. In some form or other he planned to exploit for himself that mutual confidence which is the basis of social life. He knew what he was about, and he thought the risk was worth taking. He has to be shown that there were factors that he under-estimated, that the risk was not worth while; he needs a stimulus and a leisure for thought. He should be given a chance to turn it all over in his mind, till he sees that the rogue does *not* always win, and ceases to believe, as Carlyle himself inimitably put it, that "this world is Beelzebub's which the Supreme Quack shall inherit."

Again, punishment has an effect which extends beyond the criminal, and beyond even those who might be thought likely to imitate him. It is the method by which the State assists to form a social conscience. As Dr. Rashdall expresses it, the retributive view at least stands for the great Aristotelian truth that the State has a spiritual end. Carlyle, no doubt, put this view in such a way as to render it almost grotesque. One may ask what sort of specification he would himself have drawn up for a London Jail, in order to make it typify by its forbidding structure, within and without, the intensity of the Divine wrath. In a building to house twelve hundred souls he would, apparently, have had narrow staircases, dirty walls, defective ventilation, and the "captain in charge" a sort of cross between Bumble and Squeers. We may doubt whether, as a piece of theological symbolism, such an arrangement would have served its purpose. The prison pictures in *Amelia* and *Never too Late to Mend* suggest the opposite.

At the same time Carlyle had in mind a real truth. The penal code is a social educator. Average men are not much given to independent moral reflection. They are very willing to assume with the Chancery barrister in Grant Allen's *Tents of Shem* that what is "legal"

cannot be "unjust," especially when the assumption favours a relaxed personal standard. And still more pronounced is the public tendency to judge the relative heinousness of two offences by the degree of punishment which they respectively incur. Would for example that in our investigations of political graft we were blest with tribunals that would stop the sickening search for "mitigating circumstances," aim only to be as inexorable as Rhadamanthus, and try ten years in the penitentiary instead of a report about "indiscretion but no stain on personal honour!" Till we do this the social conscience will remain debauched.

It would be well, I think, for American reformers to ask themselves very seriously whether their zeal for one sort of excellence in criminological treatment has not led them to prejudice interests of another and a no less important kind. All honour to them for the humane progress at which all the world wonders! But surely we hear too much about crime as disease, about brain-storms, and unwritten laws. Surely some are being tempted to mistake for philanthropy what is just an easy-going indulgence towards crime that has not touched oneself. Mere *bonhomie* may masquerade as benevolence; we may become charitable at our neighbour's cost, and add a sweet consciousness of virtue to the luxury of compassion. A thin line divides pity for the criminal from callousness towards the victim whom he has wronged and may wrong again. Let us take heed how we play with what is not ours to stake. And let us make sure that the great services we can obtain from abnormal psychology are not so misused as to degenerate into burlesque. I trust, for example, that the day is far distant when a representative of psychophysics will sit as an Assessor on the Bench, with some hocus-pocus of experimental machinery applied to a witness's reflexes, undertaking by such means to estimate how far he is "suggestible," and to instruct the Court whether his word is to be believed.

THE BUSINESS OF GETTING MARRIED

SOME years ago I met an American gentleman who, after having lived for many years in Paris, had returned to the United States for the purpose of giving his daughters, then five and six years old, an American education. To indicate that the topic on which he had been discoursing for the previous hour and a half had not ceased to please, I inquired politely, "And what do you expect to make of your daughters?" His reply was prompt and decided,—"Trained nurses, both of them." My interest, hitherto somewhat somnolent, was stirred. The last thing I should have suspected of this man of the world was a desire for a serious profession for his daughters.

"Why trained nurses?" I asked with real curiosity. He bent with relish to my enlightenment.

"Of course the first thought of a father when he has a daughter born to him is that she should be happily married." I somewhat doubted whether the first thought of the ordinary American parent was of this nature, but I deferred to his experience, and bowed a civil assent.

"I have made a serious study of American society," he continued, "and I am amazed and chagrined at what I have observed. In the States society is almost exclusively feminine. One does not meet at receptions, teas, dinners, dances the best of the marriageable young men. It is not the thing for young men of ability to go into society. They work too hard, and are too tired and bored. When they wish company they go to their clubs. In the summer, they go off in the woods or on the water with other men. They never meet marriageable young women. But now," he was evidently waxing to his climax, "what happens to such a young man who is worth knowing and worth marrying, the young man who really amounts to something?"

I looked blank; I had not the vaguest idea; I had never met one.

He enlightened me: "He overworks; he breaks down; he is ill, and has a trained nurse. Then for the first time in his life he becomes intimately acquainted with an agreeable young woman. He has time to think about her, and to think about himself. In short, he falls in love. I know it for a fact," continued this designing papa triumphantly, "that any ordinarily attractive nurse has at least twelve offers of marriage a year. Therefore my daughters shall be trained nurses, for thus only in this country can they meet such men as I wish them to marry."

This summary of the American social situation may strike the unobserving as something of a joke, but few women will so regard it. As the young woman grows older, and learns more and more of men — and sees less and less of them, — she comes to appreciate the soundness of the thesis that "society" as at present organized does not promote matrimony.

The growing tendency of men to adopt an increasingly unsocial mode of existence is a menace to the welfare, not to say existence, of the race. But as a sometime Harvard professor used to say: "There is nothing sacred in a tendency," and even this masculine tendency towards the segregation of the sexes can perhaps be counteracted if sufficiently vigorous measures are adopted by the other sex.

Not that the men can be reformed directly. They are what they are, and they will be what they will be. But if approached indirectly and on their weakest side, they may prove capable of re-socialization.

Of course the fundamental difficulty is that there are too many women. Women are a drug on the market, and they are getting more and more so. Their value is steadily decreasing, through excess of supply. There are not nearly enough men to go around, and their value is correspondingly inflated. The situation after the Euro-

pean war is too appalling to contemplate. But it is not only the barbarities of war that disturb the balance of the sexes. Peace and civilization seem to make the world run to women. Look at England, with her superfluous millions — for many years a pathetic figure of enforced spinsterhood. New England is almost as bad, and is rapidly growing worse. And the worst of it is that the situation is so much more serious than the census figures indicate. What does it matter exactly how many thousands more women than men there are in Massachusetts, when we all know that the great majority of the men there are poor and ignorant and of foreign birth, and the majority of the women are the educated and refined products of the old native stock?

New York is supposed to be somewhat better off, but who knows? When a baby is born at all on Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street, it is almost always a girl. What is it to the thousands of excess women on the upper West Side that there are thousands of excess men among the immigrants on the lower East Side? "What's Hecuba to him, or he, to Hecuba?"

Alas, he is her boot-black or her laundryman!

Unfortunately it is the nature of man to care only for the rare and the difficult of acquisition. With half a dozen marriageable women to every eligible man, what wonder that he takes so little interest in the game? It has ceased to be a game. Or rather, he has become the game, no longer the hunter, but the hunted; and he is developing all the instincts for escape that belong to the pursued.

While it may be good for women to have to work hard to get their men (this is one of the new professions for women whose arduous character is not generally appreciated), it is very bad for the men. They are getting very vain and conceited, and are degenerating socially at an appalling rate. They have come to think that their mere physical presence at a social function is the con-

ferring of a favor beyond the deserts of mortal hostess, and they refrain from any further effort. They no longer converse, but if they emerge at all from the smoking room they sit silent, and graciously suffer some fair young thing to entertain them with her sprightly prattle on sport or other topics supposed to interest them.

The only salvation of these rapidly deteriorating bachelors is marriage, that marvellous agency for transmuting the untamed brute into the social, responsible, responsive human thing.

It would be a good idea for some philanthropist to finance a campaign of education to teach men the duty of marriage, and to teach woman that it is a privilege for a limited number, and not to be too grasping about it.

The other day I was talking with a man born and brought up in the Middle West, and further stultified by an early and a happy marriage. Apropos of I forget what, he said seriously, "Don't you think that people are coming more and more to recognize that marriage is a duty?" Doubtless many married people feel that way about it. Perhaps this is the reason why so many unmarried men avoid it. They seem to think it rather smart not to marry at all, or to marry late in life. And our Eastern man does not hesitate to go West and bring back his coals to Newcastle.

The only alternative would seem to be polygamy, which, although so well adapted to the needs of this generation and those to come, seems as yet to fail to please, and is at present strangely unpopular. One cannot help thinking that Joseph Smith was one of the prophets who came before his time. Never the time and the place and the prophet all together! If Smith had been born in this century instead of in the last, and had had the sense to dig up his tablets on Beacon Hill instead of in a remote part of New York State, how different might have been the future of New England spinsters!

But alas, this opportunity seems to have been permanently spoiled through having been taken up by the wrong people.

To be sure it is possible that the difficulties now experienced in getting a man to marry at all would be increased rather than decreased if he were expected to provide for two or more help-meets. Perhaps monogamy so generally regarded as the male concession to feminine prejudice or principle, or in its more elevated aspects, as the essential soil for the flower of the soul, and the inevitable accompaniment of the evolution of human liberty and spiritual culture, may be in reality the outcome of man's increasing unwillingness to assume disproportionate matrimonial burdens.

That a hankering after this solution of the human problem still lingers, however, in the modern mind, is evidenced by the tendency of so many popular writers to inspire their readers with a desire to have their heroes marry at least two of their heroines. The ruthless realists of today do not hesitate to create perfectly good subsidiary heroines with no visible means of mental support other than a matrimonial interest in their heroes, and then basely leave them in the lurch without even a consolation prize hovering on the horizon. In the good old days a heroine hesitated among many lovers; now it is the hero who hesitates. One can no longer take up a novel with the comforting assurance that there will be partners enough to go around, and even the villains satisfactorily mated.

But since the polygamic solution of our problem seems at present impracticable, and man must be saved from bachelorhood by one woman, or at least one at a time, and since he shows an increasing disinclination to save himself, woman must, as usual, rush to the front and effect the rescue. It is up to her to make marriage popular by inflating her now depreciated value in the matrimonial market.

Since it is the irreparable nature of man to care only for what is valuable, and since the nature of value is an economic law, there is nothing for it but to increase the demand by limiting the supply. Women must pool their interests and combine to form a matrimonial trust. Large numbers must withdraw altogether from the area of competition in order to insure a proper value to those who remain. The sex which, through long practice, has acquired the habit of self-sacrifice, must now unionize for this supreme act of self-abnegation. Only those should remain who are equipped for success by beauty or "that damned charm." Every girl knows by the time she has reached the age of consent, whether her consent will ever be solicited. She discovered at the first children's party she ever attended whether she was "the kind that boys like;" and the boy is the father of the man; he knows what he likes, and is unchangeable. If she is not of the chosen at her first dance, let her embrace some other career — teaching, for instance, where she can be guaranteed against meeting a man from one year's end to another.

This hitherto unrecognized field for the exercise of woman's favorite virtue of renunciation needs only to be pointed out to be crowded with aspirants for the martyr's palm. Let the young woman who feels a call to immolate herself for the benefit of her sisters take this vow: "I will attend no more dances, lest I diminish the names on other girls' cards. I will go to no more picnics or dinners, lest another girl should have to stay at home. I will ask no man to call on me, lest I consume precious time that might be given to another. I will flirt with no man, lest he think himself a favorite with women, and become puffed up with conceit. I will marry no man, lest some other woman need a husband more than I." This sort of thing would meet very well the needs of a girl at the stage of her development when she would otherwise take to charity or religion. If the idea were properly presented, so many would enter the sisterhood

as to reduce materially the present cut-throat competition for the "attention" of young men.

These vows need not necessarily be irrevocable. They relate chiefly to the activities of a campaign of attraction. They need not prevent a girl from taking that passive part which is conventionally assigned to the woman in the matrimonial game. They modify only the aggressive policy that must ordinarily be adopted if success is to crown her efforts. If a woman is sought by a man, let her be won by him; but let her cease from being the seeker and the winner, unless she is one of those remaining in the business as a professional. All women know, but few acknowledge, how little of men's society they would get if they did not work hard for it. Let them be relieved of this irksome necessity, now considered the duty of all, but soon to be regarded as the duty of only the predestined few. Thus may Art counteract Nature's profligate over-production of her favorites.

There remains to be considered the important problem of how to secure increased efficiency in the marketing of the reduced product. Those who remain in the matrimonial market should perform their duties in a much more intelligent and professional manner. In this country the business of getting married is still carried on in an amateurish way, which may have answered well enough in more primitive times, when women were not too numerous, and men actually liked to marry, and took the initiative in courtship. But today necessity demands greater inventiveness, better technique, the adoption of suitable standards of efficiency.

The mothers of the present day are especially lacking in enterprise. They are almost as indifferent as their prospective sons-in-law. They seem to consider their rôle that of the "sleeping partner" in the business, furnishing funds for the stock in trade, but leaving the marketing of the wares to chance and their daughters. They

complacently bring out their girls in New York and Boston, where a "coming out" is a matter of millinery rather than men. Of course, the proper place to bring out a marriageable girl is a mining camp in Nevada or a military station in the Philippines. A recent newspaper advertisement of a steamship company's trips to Panama assures the public of its "affording opportunity of visiting the Canal under most favorable auspices." Just what these "most favorable auspices" may be is sufficiently indicated by an alluring cut representing a young lady leaning on a steamer railing between two extremely "attentive" young men. I understand that during the summer months, when the excursionists are fewer and the men travelling on business more numerous, a passable young woman taking the trip to Panama is sure of receiving offers of marriage en route, the exact number depending only on the extent to which she is "on deck." It takes private enterprise, however, to give publicity to these opportunities. Our man-ridden government not only ignores, but apparently seeks to minimize them. Throughout New England, a national department has had the effrontery to placard the billboards with enchanting reproductions of tropic scenes inhabited only by handsome and smartly caparisoned males, and bearing the legend: "Young men wanted for the U. S. army." As if New England had any young men to spare! And how about the young women before whose fascinated gaze this forbidden fruit is so temptingly dangled? Can her country find no place for Circe in this pictured land of lotus eaters?

Since the onset of the European war these alluring scenes have been replaced by representations of fully accoutered artillery prancing over rocky mountains, or dashing infantry apparently advancing at "double quick" upon the fascinated spectator, who, if a love lorn maid, might readily imagine herself about to be "caught and kissed" by the oncoming horde of eager youths. Have

these strenuous patriots no hours for dalliance and repose and the "setting-up exercises" of love? Is there no train service to the painted deserts where these eligible young men so numerously and so tantalizingly disport themselves?

Unfortunately, most women lack the initiative and the means to follow the vagrant sex to the ends of the earth. Instead they stand helpless, poor lambs, ready and waiting, "waiting at the church" for their sacrifice to the unknown and absent god. Has he lost his sense of smell, or does the wind of the wilderness tickle his nostrils more agreeably than the incense from the matrimonial altar? Is the sound of the cataract more musical in his ears than the crackling of the hymeneal flame? How entice him back? How trace and track the elusive male? This is the practical problem that presents itself.

If poverty or other hindrances prevent family excursions to those remote corners of the earth, to which single men so readily secure free transportation, a diligent search might disclose happy hunting grounds nearer home. I remember once hearing a lady of European experience and point of view advising a scandalized New York mother of daughters on this subject: "My dear, why don't you go to live in Schenectady? I hear there are scores of perfectly delightful young engineers there; and then there is the college too. The opportunities for girls are really quite unusual."

Girls are very carelessly educated from the point of view of their matrimonial prospects. Parents seem to pay no regard to the tastes of young men. They frequently put their daughters through courses of domestic science, dress-making, and all sorts of so-called "practical" matters. Such pursuits make girls quiet and sensible, and, as young men do not like quiet sensible girls, their chances are greatly jeopardized. Any course of study that teaches a girl to be a wife and mother and

to keep a house should be deferred until after her engagement is announced, and in doubtful cases until after the wedding. There is a famous old recipe for rabbit pie that begins, "First catch your rabbit."

A superficial person might think that the training of the nurse, so highly recommended for matrimonial aspirants, might have an undesirable effect, and of course it would if the nurse played the game fairly. But all is fair in love, and a nurse is to be forgiven for hitting a man when he is down, and for the other unfair advantage that she has in enforced propinquity. In these cases the victim is usually the patient, who is *non compos* for the time being, or else the doctor, who is so used to sick women that his resistance to a healthy one is abnormally weakened. The nurse is merely "the exception that proves the rule"* that serious interests are not to be encouraged in the marriageable young lady. One would think that a mere reading of the daily papers would teach parents that courses in singing, dancing and acting would be more profitable than domestic or any other science. This is one of the great moral lessons of the stage that does not seem to have got over the footlights.

It is not merely qualities of the mind that must be kept in their place, but also qualities of the heart. What is called a "beautiful character" is a possession of doubtful practical value. All Europe stands aghast at what it is pleased to consider the selfishness of American women. Who could have dreamed that women anywhere in the world would presume to lay violent hands on this prerogative of man? It is indeed monstrous! A dire fate has been threatened these unnatural creatures — and European men have flocked to marry them.

Married men are always complaining of the vanity and extravagance of women, but no serious attention should be paid to them. Since that is the kind of woman

*We never could quite feel sure how that's done. The nearest we can get to it is that admitting a fact to be an exception, admits a rule to exist. *Ed.*

they have married, they are simply proving that that is the kind of woman they liked before they were married, and of course it does not matter what kind they like afterward. Any one who looks below the surface realizes that these qualities are examples of sexual selection, sedulously cultivated by women who desire to please. The vain, extravagant women are all married, or else trying to choose among many suitors. Old maids are generally modest and economical.

A college education is, of course, a risky thing to subject a girl to, for it is likely to make her intelligent, though it should be said, in fairness to the colleges, that with increasing years and experience, they are doing less and less damage of this sort. The previous generation proved that girls were as capable as boys of benefiting by a college education. It remained for this generation to prove that they could go through it equally unscathed.

Of course intelligent men seldom care for intelligent women, and the ordinary woman likes to marry her equal or superior. If, however, her education is pursued to such lengths that the girl becomes really intellectual, there is greater hope for her; for at that point she becomes attractive to and is attracted by men who are looked down upon by ordinary women.

As intellectual men usually prefer silly women, so intellectual women have a strong taste for stupid men. This is one of Nature's beneficent provisions for keeping things properly balanced. Mr. Shaw, who tries so hard to make women understand themselves, and to make men misunderstand them, in his earlier and saner years, wrote a wonderfully illuminating novel about the infatuation of a highly cultivated college-bred heiress and a prize fighter. Every educated woman who has ever read that book has a secret passion for that prize fighter. There was another adorable man in the book, a footman, also in love with the heiress, whom Stevenson, with the

sure feminine touch of the artist, has immortalized in his inspired letter to Mr. Archer.

Few realize how completely fascinating to the woman of culture are common soldiers, policemen, firemen, chauffeurs and acrobats. Unhappily women seldom have the courage of their tastes. For a hundred men who marry cooks and chorus girls, only one woman ventures to elope with her coachman or her riding master. The only way that the intellectual woman dares to gratify her taste for her natural affinity, the strong, simple, silent, stupid man, is to find a gentleman of that description in her own social station, whereas she might, if properly encouraged, relieve the overcrowding of the more fashionable sections of the matrimonial market by seeking the man of her real choice in the mine, the lumber camp, or the circus, on the ranch, the race-track, or the professional baseball field.

I recently met at my club an old college friend who had just returned from a visit to another friend, a young woman who, after publishing a brilliant thesis in philosophy in connection with her doctor's degree, had refused the offer of a college professorship to marry a man unknown in the circle where she had hitherto lived and moved and had her being. Inspired with curiosity as to the outcome of the match, I greeted our common friend with "Well, how's Margaret and her Billie?" "They're well and happy," she responded, "especially happy." "Let's see," I continued, "what is he, a mason or a carpenter or something?"

"Something like that," my friend contributed, "I never understood just what he did. He may be a hod carrier for all I know. He never talks shop — or anything else."

"What's he like?" I pursued.

"Well, that's hard to say. He looks nice, and he has an adorable smile, but he never says anything. Margaret does all the talking as usual." "Is he stupid or just

quiet?" I persisted. "I'm inclined to think he's both. But what does it matter? Margaret likes him. She says he rests her."

I have another friend who, after completing an advanced course in economics, accepted an official position which involved the visitation of institutions in more or less remote parts of her State. I once asked her whether she did not find it very dull to travel about in this way.

"Dull!" she said in apparent surprise, "Why, it's anything but dull!" And then she added with a twinkle in her eye, "There are always the commercial travellers, you know."

"Horrors!" I exclaimed, "You don't talk to them, do you?"

"Talk to them!" she replied. "Well, I should think I did! I dote on them! They offer me chewing gum and tell me they think thirty-five is the most attractive age for a woman. Or they talk to me as man to man, beginning their sentences with 'Well, sir,' and slapping their knees. And they tell me the story of their life. Oh, they're sweet things!"

"It's a crying shame and a public scandal," I declared, "for the likes of you to be at large — fleecing these innocents and playing your confidence game on them."

My friend paid no attention to my righteous indignation. She just repeated with a reminiscent smile, "They're sweet things." And I have expected to hear ever since that one of them had so irresistibly appealed to her sense of humor or her maternal instinct, or whatever chord in her complicated nature they struck most importunately that she had acquired the "sweet thing" for her life's entertainment.

It is possible that one of the problems of the present matrimonial situation might be solved if large numbers of young women could be educated to the grade of doctors of philosophy, when whole new vistas of possible men would be opened up to them, and it might become

as popular for women as for men to "marry beneath them." This wisdom comes to almost every woman at forty. She realizes then that what a woman loves is man, and what a man loves is woman, and that the particular individual selected does not so enormously matter. She has discovered that the one man in the world for her is any one of a million or so. But by that time all but a few have been taken by other women, and the few that are left prefer sweet sixteen. This may account for that vice known as "cradle-snatching" so frequently exhibited by the middle-aged.

Marrying beneath one's station in life is perhaps the key that will open the door of matrimony to many thousands of women now deprived of its benefits. Let all women marry beneath them, the timid souls climbing down just one rung in the social ladder, and the bolder spirits leaping from top to bottom. In this way we might absorb and amalgamate those thousands of excess immigrant men who now so tantalizingly remain outside the native market, and cause the statistics of the relative number of men and women so outrageously to lie.

TASTE AND TRADITION

ARE there any canons of taste? If they exist, how shall they be determined, and what is the extent of their authority? These are ancient questions and they have been often answered, notably by Mr. Brownell in his brilliant essay on *Standards*. If I have undertaken to discuss them anew, it is because they have been forced upon my attention by private circumstances.

The fact is that several gentlemen of the press have recently been paying me their respects in no uncertain voice, and by holding me up as a mischievous example of the results of judging literature by avowed standards of taste have compelled me to reconsider the general grounds of criticism and my own position. One of these gentlemen took the occasion of a couple of books by John Cowper Powys to make comparisons that, to speak mildly, were not meant to be agreeable. "Mr. Powys," he observed, "is what is currently termed a subjective critic. Only, perhaps, in America are there people left who object to that sort of criticism and seek for some cosmic foot-rule with which to measure works of art." In contrast with the true subjective critic I am then named as a specimen of the "arid" sort who think they have a cosmic foot-rule in their pocket. Another gentleman, in *A Note on Criticism* contributed to a New York review, has been even more contemptuous. It is the hide-bound critic, he thinks, who ought to be reminded of the true meaning of culture, and not "the avid child who can digest green apples where later he won't be able to stand the delicate monstrosities of Katherine Fullerton Gerould." And then the reviewer adds, like Jove scattering his bolts upon the just and the unjust, "'Wholesome' boys are spanked every day for reading detective stories which delight" — strange fellowship in joy — Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes and myself. Whether Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes

indulge in the secret vice of reading detective stories I do not know; it is awful to contemplate such depravity. As for my poor self, I might have suspected that, by coupling my name so unexpectedly with two distinguished statesmen, the reviewer intended a compliment, had he not held me up elsewhere in the article as a deplorable case of the madness that comes from rejecting "the irresponsibility of temperament" and searching for "a true criterion of criticism."

These gentlemen of the press need not be named, and their attacks on me or on any one else would be negligible, were it not that they are the flying voices of a wide-spread and dogmatic theory. Even scholars like Mr. Spingarn, with the inverted sort of pedantry common to-day among the learned, are teaching a ready public that art is only expression, and criticism is only impression, and that no one need bother to hunt for standards of taste, which are not and never were.

Well, in the first place, all this denunciation of the Absolute by souls enamoured of æsthetic adventure is very pretty if taken as rhetoric, but has no connection with facts. Has there ever been a sane critic who thought he had a cosmic foot-rule in his pocket, or believed he could measure the value of a work of art by some infallible standard? Sane critic, I say, for I do remember an article by an eminent psychologist which undertook to set up an absolute scale for measuring the merits of style. With the audacity of an experimenter used to laboratory methods he gave a series of quotations, ranging from college exercises up to acknowledged masterpieces, and marked them by percentages, as if he had been correcting a paper in mathematics. He then proceeded to show how, with these specimens as a testing scale, any one could take a paragraph of English and designate it as so many per cent. good or bad, without fear of contradiction. The results were excruciatingly funny; but the fellow, as I said, was a laboratory psychologist, and a psychologist of that school

has been described as a student who investigates the mind, having first acknowledged that he has no mind to investigate. And I remember another scholar, not a psychologist but a professor of English in a large university, who promulgated a somewhat similar scheme for establishing literary values of a more complicated sort. He had discovered that the effect of a piece of literature depended on its possession of ten qualities — such as pathos, humor, sublimity, and the like. To each of these qualities he allowed ten points or less, so that a perfect piece of writing, having all the qualities in the highest degree, by a simple process of addition would be graded 100 per cent., and so on down the scale. The scheme possessed the ease and infallibility of a problem in arithmetic; it was a veritable foot-rule, and the troubles of the critic were forever ended. The only difficulty was in the application of the rule. As I recollect the measurements actually made by the learned inventor, in a long list of tested books *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* stood at the top as the greatest work of literature ever produced, while *Hamlet* was far down towards the bottom. And so of the students of this distinguished pedagogue I fear it might be said:

> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
> Besides what the grim wolf—

this academic wolf being no other than those so-called utilitarian pursuits that ever stand ready to draw off the ill-fed students of the humanities.

If the foes of standards have in mind such freaks of criticism as these, let us bid them God speed. No sane critic believes that questions of taste can be settled by an absolute rule like problems in arithmetic.

Luther once likened our human nature to a drunkard on horseback: prop him up on one side, and over he topples on the other. The simile is apt, and applies to taste as well as to morals. As soon as we are convinced that no

absolute standard exists, forthwith we flop to the other extreme and swear that there are no standards at all; so hard is it to keep the middle path of common sense. Yet to prove that all men judge by standards you need go no further than the writings of those who declaim most loudly against them. This is the curious fact: just so surely as you meet with one of these relativistic philosophers who think that every man's taste is his own, you will find him pretty soon uttering the most savage and exemplary judgments against those who disagree with him. This Mr. Powys, for instance, who is regarded as a model of adventurous and irresponsible sympathy, can slash about when he pleases with a cutting assurance which hints at a bowie-knife in his pocket, however he may eschew cosmic foot-rules. But the really test case is the great Anatole France, the flowing philosopher *par excellence*, from whom so many of our late-emancipated youth have borrowed their literary creed, to the effect that criticism is a continual adventure of the soul, a kind of freebooting romance for the curious and enlightened. Well, one day, in the course of his Vie Littéraire, Anatole France felt obliged to write about a novel, *La Terre*, which no amount of adventurous sympathy could make him like, which, in fact, he heartily disliked; and this is how he sums up his condemnation of the author: "He [M. Zola] has no taste, and I have come to believe that the want of taste is that mysterious sin spoken of by the Scripture, the greatest of sins, which alone will never be pardoned."

In other words, when Anatole France lays aside his theory and speaks his real mind, he can judge as incisively as M. Brunetière or any other avowed doctrinaire, and admits that he judges from a central principle of his nature, which he calls taste. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Every man likes certain things and dislikes certain other things; more than that, every man likes a certain class of things and dislikes a certain other class of things, and praises or dispraises by a standard,

whether he names it taste or refuses to acknowledge that it has a name. The question at issue is not whether there are absolute standards or no standards, but what those approximate standards are by which men have been accustomed to form their taste, and why the relativistic philosophers and their followers of the press exhibit such a fury at the sound of the word.

As for the nature of these standards, the matter has been summed up admirably by one who, as the first of romantic critics in English, can be open to no objection on the score of absolutism. "As it was my constant reply," Coleridge says in his *Biographia Literaria*, "to authorities brought against me from later poets of great name, that no authority could avail in opposition to TRUTH, NATURE, LOGIC, and the LAWS OF UNIVERSAL GRAMMAR; actuated too by my former passion for metaphysical investigations; I labored at a solid foundation, on which permanently to ground my opinions, in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance. According to the faculty or source, from which the pleasure given by any poem or passage was derived, I estimated the merit of such poem or passage. As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms; . . . first, that not the poem which we have *read*, but that to which we *return*, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of *essential poetry*. . . Be it however observed, that I excluded from the list of worthy feelings, the pleasure derived from mere novelty in the reader, and the desire of exciting wonderment at his powers in the author." Coleridge is verbose and wanders as usual, but his "solid foundation" resolves itself clearly enough into these four rules: —

First: That the value of a work of art is not determined primarily by authority, but is a question of truth and nature.

Secondly: That our sense of truth and nature in a work

of art is the pleasure we derive from it. To this notion, that the aim of art is to give pleasure, Coleridge returns frequently in the course of his rambling treatise; it is a principle to which the most extreme individualist will assent.

Thirdly: Coleridge asserts that pleasures vary in value and importance by a standard of permanence. For instance, other things being equal, we place a higher value on a poem which continues to interest us on a second or third perusal than on one which interested us a first time but bores us a second time.

Fourthly: He asserts that pleasures vary also in value and importance by a standard of quality, that is, in accordance with the faculty of the mind which is concerned. These third and fourth principles, as you will see, are the crux of the question. You will divine, too, that they suggest certain inferences which may give trouble to the theoretical opponent of standards.

Now, to consider Coleridge's third principle first, the criterion of permanence indicates one cause, perhaps the main cause, of hostility between those who profess to judge by standards and those who fight for the irresponsibility of the individual. To a certain point they agree. Take two pictures which at a first view give a man equal pleasure, surely he would prefer to possess the one which affords the same pleasure on repeated inspection and does not lose its attraction. And so with a book of poetry: he would prefer to own the book to which he could return the oftenest with interest. But at this point a difference of theory, and to some degree of practice, intrudes. Those who acknowledge standards are wont to maintain that this permanence of pleasure extends from the individual to the race, whereas the other group either deny that any ascertainable tradition of taste exists, or else, granting the existence of such a tradition, deny that it has any relation to permanence of taste in the living individual.

Let us look more closely into these alternative views. And first, as to the opinion that there is no ascertainable tradition of taste. This is the very kernel of the question, and must be faced squarely. The relativists are fond of pointing to the mistakes of criticism in the past, and particularly to its failure to recognize great works of original genius on their first appearance. They take a ghoulish glee in quoting the sentences of Jeffrey and Gifford and the other anti-romanticists of the early nineteenth century. And what, they ask, shall we expect of "official" criticism which says that *The Excursion* will never do, tells a certain young surgeon's apprentice named Keats to go back to his gallipots, and has no better description of Shelley's poems than "convulsive caperings of Pegasus laboring under colic pains"? Well, those much-maligned maligners are like the devil in one respect at least: they are not so black as they are painted. There were idiots among them, no doubt; and our own idiots are not all in asylums. But if those who take most delight in decrying Jeffrey, for instance, would condescend to read what they abuse, they would find that his taste was generally good, and that most, not all, of the things he condemned were worthy of condemnation. They might learn, too, that the despised Gifford's chief work, in *The Baviad* and *The Mæviad*, was to bring contempt upon the "namby-pamby madrigals" and "splay-foot doggrel," the "motley fustian, neither verse nor prose," of a horde of much-lauded poets now well forgotten. As Scott said, he "squabashed the Della Cruscans at one blow." I suspect that one of the things we most need in our own day is just a *Baviad* to pillory some of the lawless men who are trampling down the wild thyme of Parnassus.

I am far from saying that Gifford and his tribe were always judicious or generous. I do say, however, that where they failed it was precisely because they were not in the tradition, but pronounced sentence from the narrow and ephemeral point of view of the pseudo-classic, not the

classic, school. Those who scold these errant critics as an illustration of the complete relativity of taste, forget that they do so by virtue of the validity of a larger tradition. It is with tradition as it is with standards: because tradition is not absolute and infallible, men are prone to cry out that there is no tradition. That is an error deep-rooted in human nature, hard to eradicate. No sane man supposes that tradition is a scale fixed once and forever in all its *nuances* of valuation; but it is a simple matter of history, nevertheless, that a long tradition of taste does exist, wavering and obscure on its outskirts, growing steadier and more immutable as we approach its centre. Let us take a poet who stands in this central tradition and follow, briefly by necessity, his fortunes in general estimation. We shall see, I think, that the law of taste is the least changeable fact of human nature, less changeable than religious creeds, far less changeable than scientific theories. The advent of Christianity has left it untouched, and the waning of faith does not trouble it. The hypotheses of science — elemental spirits, antiphlogiston, corpuscular and undulatory explanations of light, atoms and ions and the continuum, catastrophism and natural selection — come and pass and come again, while the central tradition of taste is still the same. Wars and revolutions alter everything, but not this. It is like the sea:

> Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
> Stops with the shore.

If anything in history seems to be settled it is the position of Homer among the Greeks. To him they turned for the source of literature, the mirror of conduct, the fountain-head of all right thinking and all right speaking. He was the guide of the young, the philosopher of the middle-aged, the friend of the old. Not that his acceptance was absolute. Plato, though he could write of Homer in terms of adoration, also censured him harshly for his familiar treatment of the gods; and there was a crabbed gram-

marian named Zoilus, who won the epithet *Homeromastix*, scourge of Homer, for his systematic abuse of the poet. But these exceptions only prove that a solid fact need not be an absolute fact. And what Homer was to the Greeks, he continued to be to the Romans until the old civilization passed away.

With the coming of the Dark Ages — significant name — there is a change. The Greek language was almost forgotten in the West, and as an inevitable consequence the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were little read. Nevertheless, the tradition was not lost, nor even totally eclipsed, and with the survival of learning it emerges once more, never again, let us hope, to be darkened. There were, however, several curious and, in part, contradictory currents in Renaissance criticism which for a while prevented the complete acknowledgment of Homer's literary supremacy. For one thing, owing to the language of the *Æneid* and to the ease with which Christian ideas could be read into various passages, Virgil had supplanted Homer through the Middle Ages as the master poet; and the scholars of the Renaissance, despite their pose of general rebellion, were too deeply involved in the spirit of the immediate past to escape its æsthetical restrictions without a long struggle. And the theory of the new criticism, with its insistence on the authority of reason and on the authority of age, tended to uphold the superiority of the Latin epic. These two principles of authority were clearly and definitively formulated by Scaliger in his *Poetics*, published in 1561, and were applied to the tradition of taste with childlike confidence. "Homer's genius," he says (*Poetice* V, ii), "was the greatest; his art was of such a character that he seems rather to have happened on it than to have cultivated it. Wherefore there is no reason for surprise if I find in him a certain Idea of nature, but not art. . . Then Virgil, having received art from Homer in this rude state, raised it by his selective study of nature and his judgment to the highest point of perfection. . . As in

the very circle of our life there are many things, yet few give pleasure, and still fewer raise admiration; so many things would insinuate themselves into the breast of the poet, but not all are to be admitted. He who follows the example of Virgil prefers therefore to exclude an occasional good thing which might give pleasure, rather than admit anything which can offer even the suspicion of offense."

Here you will see how Scaliger applies to Homer and Virgil the false notion of reason as a faculty superior to, and in a sense hostile to, the creative imagination, — the notion underlying pseudo-classic art and pseudo-classic criticism, which, strange as it may sound, is still confused with the true classic by some of our belated scholars. It is easy to understand how such a theory worked against the full and frank recognition of Homer as an artist.

The other principle formulated by Scaliger was oddly inconsistent in its operation. Like the Renaissance scholars in general he was imbued with respect for authority as a power synonymous with age. Now, in accordance with this law the *Iliad* as the older poem ought to be the better, and this undoubtedly would have been Scaliger's avowed opinion were it not that he stood committed to the greater regularity and art of Virgil. Instead, therefore, of comparing Homer with Virgil on the basis of authority by virtue of age, he switches aside and makes his comparison between the *Iliad* and the *Hero and Leander* of Musæus, really a late production of the sixth century after Christ, but by a confusion of its author with the mythical Musæus held to be a work of the remote pre-Homeric age. Scaliger was too sound a critic at heart not to see that the actual matter of the *Hero and Leander* was relatively slight and insignificant; but, like a true philologian he had his hypothesis ready. He imagined that this poem was a mere *parergon* of the mighty bard of antiquity, and that the serious works of Musæus and Orpheus and their coevals had been lost. "If Musæus," he says, "had written those things which Homer wrote, we may suppose that he would

have written them far better." And as it is, "the style," if not the substance, "of Musæus is far more polished and elegant than Homer's."

Now this triple judgment of Scaliger on Homer and Virgil and Musæus bears closely on the true nature of tradition. It shows, I think, that in his heart of hearts he was quite awake to the surpassing genius and art of Homer, but was seduced by current theories to express opinions not entirely in accord with his actual taste as determined by the criterion of pleasure. And one can follow this deflection of expressed opinion right through the reign of pseudo-classicism. Let me illustrate what I mean by two familiar examples taken from English literature. You cannot read Pope's *Preface to the Iliad* without feeling his enthusiastic preference of the poet he was translating; yet so deeply ingrained in his mind was the Renaissance notion of the opposition between reason and inventive genius that he could not omit a formal comparison of the two ancient epics on the basis of this contrast. "No author or man," he says, "ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we think that Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it; each of these authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work." And so on. For our other illustration we may take the absurd wrangle that was the occasion of Swift's *Battle of the Books*. Does any one suppose that Sir William Temple and Boyle or any other champion of the *Epistles of Phalaris* got more pleasure out of reading those frigid exercises in rhetoric than from the genuine masterpieces of Greek prose? Certainly they did not; yet because they believed these *Epistles* to be from the hand of the Sicilian

tyrant, and so endowed with the authority of primitive age, they did not hesitate to cross lances for them with the terrible Bentley himself. At least one of the false theories of pseudo-classicism, the sheer authority of age, was so damaged in that battle that it has had little force since then to deflect the straight line of tradition.

Homer was to come to his own with the revival of Romanticism, though here again the mischievous inheritance of the Renaissance can be seen at work. The romanticists were, and are, quite as convinced as any pseudo-classicist of the inherent hostility between reason and imagination, between judgment and genius; only they take the opposite side, and bestow all their praises on genius. Hence you will find a succession of scholars in the nineteenth century, particularly in Germany, who make much of the spontaneity and naïveté of the *Iliad*, likening it to the untutored ballads of the people, and comparing it in this respect favorably with the *Æneid*, which they were wont to belittle as a product of reflective judgment and conscious art. On the whole I am inclined to believe that the justice of tradition has come nearer to suffering a real perversion from these romantic sentimentalists than from the rationalists of the now despised pseudo-classical school.

But withal the tradition still abides, and promises to abide. There are, of course, men to-day, like our professional endower of libraries, who affect to look down on the *Iliad* as the work of a barbarous age. But if you investigate their opinion, you will find that it is warped by some extraneous theory, such as a crude pacifism which thinks it uncivic to enjoy a tale of fighting, or an equally crude evolutionism which measures excellence unflinchingly by the criterion of newness. And you will commonly find moreover that these faddists have not read the poem in the original, that is, properly speaking, have not read it at all, and so ought to be put out of court. The verdict of those who have a right to judge is almost without ex-

ception that in Homer we have pure poetry, and that everything since is in a way derivative and secondary.

At any rate, I do not see how one can study the history of taste honestly without acknowledging this fact of the enduring permanence of the Homeric tradition. His place, you will observe, has not been absolutely fixed; it has deflected a little to this side and to that in accordance with the changing theories of criticism, but it has always moved close to a central point — like the North Star, which moves about at a slight distance from the axis of the sky. As we depart further and further from this core of tradition, our literary judgments become less certain, and the probability of variation grows greater; but the central truth is not affected. Those who deny the validity of tradition are like watchers of the heavens who should set their eyes on the wandering planets of the ecliptic, and from these alone should infer that there was no possibility of a Polar Star.

The simple truth is that our relativists, who dwell with such satisfaction on the errors of criticism in the past, are not so much concerned with disproving the existence of tradition as they are with establishing their own right to independence of tradition. What is it to me, they would say, that a thousand generations of men have united in acclaiming the merits of a certain work of art; is that any reason why I should admire the same thing? How does tradition create standards to which I am bound to submit? Well, tradition does not *create* standards; to suppose that it did would be to fall into the pseudo-classical error of identifying age with authority. But tradition may be evidence that certain works of art *embody* standards which very much concern us. If there are different kinds of pleasure to be derived from art, as Coleridge maintained, and as the most rebellious admit, is it not possible that in failing to conform to tradition the rebels are thereby missing the greater pleasure? One element of comparison between two pleasures is in their relative degree of per-

manence; other things being equal, we all choose the pleasure that endures the longer, preferring, for instance, the book to which we can return more than once. Is there not, on the face of it, a strong probability that the book which has been read with interest by a hundred generations of men, while other books have been read and forgotten, is the one which will maintain its interest for the individual reader, if he will give it a fair chance? At least the burden of proof rests upon those who would deny such an analogy.

Let me ask for indulgence if I speak from my personal experience. It was my custom for a number of years, while I enjoyed the schoolman's privilege of leisurely vacations, to pass my summers on the coast of Maine, and there each season, within sight or sound of Homer's eternal sea, to read through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* alternatively, not indeed shedding tears like the captive of Calypso, who

> Day after day, from beach and rocky caves,
> Looked out upon the waste of untamed waves,—

but filled with "the sober certainty of waking bliss," such as no other reading has ever afforded me. I do not give this experience as in any way peculiar to myself. On the contrary, Homer has kept his place in tradition just because he has offered this uncloying pleasure to all who are prepared to take it. Possibly some book written to-day might have the same power, but, considering the actual destinies of literature past and present, the chances are a million to one against it — *habent sua fata libelli.*

Tradition, it is well to repeat, is not itself a standard of excellence, but merely evidence of excellence; and the question is still to be answered, why these poets — Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakespeare and Milton and the other genuine classics — have attained their preëminence, and why they are able to afford us a permanence of delight such as we cannot get from ephemeral productions.

First of all they have this power, I think, because they appeal to what is universal in human nature, rather than to what is temporary and accidental. But this quality of universality needs to be defined, since it is of a double source, and in one of its aspects is the aim of a sort of art which can be called anything but classical. Men lose their differences and show the common ground of humanity when they rise to the height of their being, and when they sink to its lowest substratum. There is a striking passage at the opening of the ninth book of *The Republic* in which Plato tells of the lawless desires that lurk in the breast of every man, even the most virtuous, silent by day when the man's will is awake, but sometimes in his sleep going forth to accomplish their filthy ends. Yes, the beast is in all of us, and it is possible to attain a kind of universality by rousing it, and feeding it with suggestions, until it dominates the soul. This is the truth that the naturalists have learned. There is in fact a whole school of writers in Russia and Austria and Germany and Scandinavia who are trading on it systematically; and recently the same theory of art has begun to hold up its head in England and America. We have among us pithecoid creatures, such as Theodore Dreiser, belated trailers after a movement which was long ago repudiated in France where it started, who know enough of art to understand that its appeal should be to the universal in human nature, but are not sufficiently educated to perceive that the true universal of art is of quite another order than the bestial. These naturalists forget that permanence of pleasure is the first requisite of good art, or, remembering it, are blind to the fact that the pleasure derived from the inverted order of universality is of all kinds the quickest to cloy. This is not a matter of theory but of experience. Take Zola's *La Terre*, or any other of his novels in which the principle of naturalism was first worked out systematically, is it possible to imagine any normal man returning to such a book year after year, with ever heightened enjoyment? Naturalism

may conceivably fascinate by the shock of surprise, or may conceivably interest for a while by the intensity of the emotions it excites, but surprise and intensity are the least stable factors of pleasure, and, if they appeal to the animal within us, they pass quickly to satiety and from satiety to disgust. As Shakespeare's Friar Lawrence said, in words that might be applied to naturalism long before Anatole France reviewed *La Terre*, it is but "the unreasonable fury of a beast":

> These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die.

The universality of true art is of quite another order than this, and leads to the second of our criteria. It will be remembered that Coleridge, besides grading pleasures by the standard of permanence, distinguished them "according to the faculty or source" from which they were derived. Man, he would say, is not simple in his being, but dual; there is in all men the lurking beast, but there is also in all men a faculty of control, whether you call this higher element reason or the divine or the supernatural. The error of the naturalist is to regard men as simple, or as natural in the sense of having no other nature than animal instincts. He seeks the universal there where, according to his imperfect psychology, it can alone be found, and the puppet world of his vision is like Cassio's: "I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial." The true artist, on the contrary, is aware indeed of the bestial in man, but sees also something else, and in that something else looks for the meaning of life.

I do not say that the artist, by this law of our double being, is restricted in his representation of nature to what is pure and innocent; very far from that. Homer and Shakespeare and Tourgenieff, all the poets and dramatists and novelists in the great tradition, have not blenched before a world shaken, as the world we know is shaken,

by passionate ambition and furious desire. Nor is the true artist one who takes upon himself the office of preacher, to rail unseasonably against the shortcomings and vices of the life he is portraying; very far from that. Rather he is one who, by the subtle insinuating power of the imagination, by just appreciation of the higher emotions as well as the lower, by the revelation of a sad sincerity, shall I call it? in his own soul, gives us always to feel that the universal in human nature, the faculty by which man is a being different from the beast, is that part of him that is "noble in reason," the master and not the slave of passion. True art is thus humanistic rather than naturalistic; and its gift of high and permanent pleasure is the response of our own breast to the artist's delicately revealed sense of that divine control, moving like the spirit of God upon the face of the waters.

So far I seem to see my way clear. If you should ask me by what rhetorical devices and by what instrument of representation one poem or one work of art appeals more successfully than another to the higher faculty within us, how, for instance, Milton's *Paradise Lost* accomplishes this end better than Blackmore's *King Arthur*, though both poems were written with equally good intentions, I would reply frankly that the solution of this problem of the imagination may be beyond my powers of critical analysis. And, fortunately, I am not here concerned with artistic means but with artistic results. I could at least say to the questioner, with a good deal of assurance, that, if he would read honestly both *Paradise Lost* and *King Arthur*, however he might feel towards Milton's epic, he would find his pleasure in Blackmore's epic less in kind and quality. No power on earth, not even the desire to rout an adversary, could make him read Blackmore a second time.

Now, to go back to our starting point, by standards of taste we mean simply that the aim of art is to give pleasure, and that the pleasure derived from one kind of art

is preferable to that derived from another kind, by reason of its greater permanence and elevation. Permanence is a quantitative standard; elevation — the word is unsatisfactory, but I can think of no better — is qualitative, and distinguishes the kind of pleasure in accordance with the part of our nature affected. A metaphysical psychologist might argue that, in the last analysis, permanence and elevation, so applied, are only different names for one and the same thing; and probably he would be right. At least it is a matter of experience, as we have seen, that the two standards are inseparably united. And they are universal. That is not to say that universality is itself a standard, for there is a form of universality which goes with the opposite of permanence and elevation; but only that these standards are also universal, in the sense that they are potentially the same in all men, as proved by the stability of tradition.

Why then, if these standards are universal, are they not universally acknowledged? Why, in particular, are the relativists, as they call themselves, so opposed to the evidence of tradition that they are ready to deny the existence of any standards whatsoever? "I know," we can hear one of these gentlemen say, "that past generations of men pretended to find their fullest artistic satisfaction in Homer and Shakespeare and Milton and others of the illustrious dead; but I do not. I won't say much about Homer, since he is Greek to me; but Bernard Shaw gets more pleasure from his own plays than from Sophocles and Shakespeare and Racine rolled together, and so do I. And as for your Milton, I have heard college professors declare that no one now reads *Paradise Lost* except under compulsion, and I know that I and my friends are vastly more entertained by the *Spoon River Anthology* than by all the formal epics ever composed. The past was in leading-strings, but we have suddenly grown alive and, I may add, honest."

Well, our sceptical friend is certainly honest, and he

seems to be pretty wide awake; but is he educated? Now education embraces many things: it does not despise the most humble and utilitarian pursuits; it is largely occupied with the bare acquisition of knowledge; it aims to strengthen the muscles of the body and to tighten the fibres of the brain; but, above all, it is, or should be, a discipline of the soul in the appreciation of pleasure and pain. Do not suppose that such a discipline is a light or unimportant matter. If you will read the ninth book of Plato's *Republic* and the introductory books of the *Laws*, you will see how, to the eye of that keenly observant philosopher, the whole of human conduct, whether for good or for evil, is dependent on the right appreciation of pleasure and pain, and how deeply the welfare of the State is concerned with the education of youth in just this field. Teach a boy to take pleasure in things that are fine and pure and strong and of good repute, and you have prepared him for a life wholesome and happy in itself and useful to the community. Certainly, at least, the standards of taste are involved in this discipline. That faculty of the soul which responds to the higher and more permanent pleasures of art is, no doubt, present in all men, and is thus potentially universal; but it may be, and commonly is, dormant until awakened by external stimulus. For the reason that its activity means a steady choice among our natural inclinations and impulses, demanding self-control and, in a way, self-abnegation, it comes to full fruition only by exercise that at first may be painful and repellent to the natural man. By nature men are prone to grasp at the nearest and easiest pleasure, and to shirk the labor necessary for the higher and more permanent pleasure. They are even inclined to question the reality of the higher and more permanent pleasure, until it has been forced upon their recognition by the experience of others. And just here is the function of tradition. The very essence of education is not to confirm the young mind in its natural temperament, in its tendency to pursue the present and

easier pleasure, but to set before it the stirring example of those who have found their joy and consolation in the higher things, forcing it by a tender compulsion, painful perhaps at the moment but leading gradually to the liberty of endless delight, to taste of these things for itself, and to acquire the right to judge of them whether they be indeed full of pleasantness for the awakened soul. Education is the ability to judge. The educated man is he who has the right to pronounce on the standards of taste, because he has had experience of both the higher and the lower pleasures. I am not upholding any priggish or superhuman ideal. The educated man will not have lost his appreciation of the commoner things at their time and in their degree. He will enjoy the wholesome books that are of the moment and make no pretension to permanence or elevation; you will remember that our relativistic friends have even charged Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes, whether for honor or for dishonor, with finding a secret satisfaction in detective stories and penny-dreadfuls. But the educated man is one who has also been trained to know that highest and most enduring pleasure which is derived from the few great books selected and approved by the verdict of tradition. And in that power of enjoyment he will feel himself set free from his own petty limitations, and made an humble companion of those who share the heritage of time.

I suspect that these sticklers for the liberty of taste against the judgments of mankind are in the main simply uneducated; being untrained to feel the higher and more permanent pleasures of art, they grasp at any ephemeral work that offers an easy flattery of the lower elements of their nature, and swear there is nothing else. It may sound a bit paradoxical to reduce the rebellion against standards to so simple a matter as imperfect education, and, indeed, that phrase does not tell the whole story. The merely uneducated man is likely to be indifferent to standards rather than actively hostile, or he may be a

modest fellow who knows what he has missed, and would never think of raising his ignorance into a "cosmic foot-rule." There is a cause, a trait of character, behind the belligerence of ignorance. The belligerents themselves call it "irresponsibility of temperament" or the "spirit of romantic adventure," or may dignify it as a "philosophy of relativism"; but it has another name, which I rather hesitate to mention. In fact, I should not have courage to pronounce the invidious word at all, had it not been pronounced long ago by those whose insight into human nature gave them the right to speak. Even Matthew Arnold, when he came to explain the common hostility to academic standards, thought it safer to take refuge behind a venerated authority, and quoted Spinoza's maxim that "the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit"; and he might have appealed to a more ancient philosopher than Spinoza — to none other than Buddha, who also traced the origin of all evil, moral and æsthetic, to this source. That, then, the spirit of indolence and conceit, is the animating cause behind the bitterness of those who proclaim against standards. It is the indolence that revolts from the discipline which would enable a man to judge between the higher and the lower pleasure; it is the conceit that makes him cling tenaciously to his native temperament as a better guide than the voice of tradition. Standards of taste there are, and all men judge by them; but there is a vast difference between the standards of education and those of a self-satisfied ignorance. Unfortunately, there is a theory abroad to-day, formulated and preached by a preposterous body of pædagogues of whom Mr. Abraham Flexner is the most complacent spokesman, which professes to have found in indolence and conceit the very corner stone of education.

PICNICKERS IN ACADEME

AS soon as the pomp and ceremony of Commencement have subsided, with that shocking abruptness which makes the day after seem to the left-overs a vacuum, the University is released from its immediate responsibilities to the great body of "regular" students. Ended is the academic year, and its re-beginning is distant by three months of comfortable quiet. The proper tenants of Academe have scattered, and the stir of multitudinous life about the many porches of the grove of learning is dead.

But presently the silence will be broken. Presently the many porches will teem again. The masters of the park will open the gates, now, to the swarm of picnickers, those who come to recreate themselves in the cool shadows and the sunny places of Academe. The Summer Session of six swift but abundant weeks offers its smiling, uncritical hospitality to the many. From all quarters they throng, and from all conditions — from prisons and palaces (almost literally), from arid wastes and rich demesnes of life. Some are tattered and down-at-heel (intellectually and spiritually if not materially). Others rival the birds and the flowers in gorgeousness and fantasticness of attire. Some must walk miles to save carfare, others roll up in limousines. But the price of admission is the same for all, and it is prohibitive to few. One must be reasonably "mature" and have "good moral character," and must pay his small fee at the ticket-window. That is the total requirement. Abandon misgivings, all ye who enter. Be unembarrassed by poverty, ignorance or age. Disport yourselves as ye will. The gardens are yours.

Clearly the welcome of the Summer Session makes for a more liberal democracy than the regular session with all its "but's" and "if's," its autocratic checks of stipulation and prerequisite, its general adherence to the dignities

of the traditional curricula. Perhaps you are a modest housewife of forty years (twenty of them devoted to kitchen and nursery), and wish merely to visit the course in "Household Management," where one hears about "efficiency tests applied to the home," about "labor-saving devices," "space relations in house arrangement," and such means to the general end of greater comfort and less expense at No. — Domestic Street. Good! You are welcome.

Or perhaps you are a girl of twenty, and expect to be married next fall. Subtly you feel that the best way of clinching John's devotion (for though he denies it, you know precious well that he believes woman's place to be the home, and his salary just now — well, it isn't what it will be a year or two later, of course) — the best way to make sure of John is to attend the classes in "Dietetics" and "Quantitative Experimental Cookery." There are indeed, prerequisites for admission to these courses. No tyro in the truly profound Science of Household Economics could begin to understand the chemical polysyllabics used by the teachers. But you are of the initiated since last summer, when you earned three units of perfectly good university credit in "Elementary Cooking."

Or perhaps your developed sense of the practical looks abroad. You are so thoroughly modern that you appreciate the larger obligations of the individual to society. How then could you do better, you a young woman of boundless energy, free will, and (if you do say it yourself) exceptional mental grasp, than to study "Problems of Labor and Social Organization" and "Problems of Crime"? Or your talents may lie in the direction of kindergartening, or the public playground, or the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls ("Theory of Scouting" and "Theory of the Camp Fire"). Here is your ideal training school. It is not mere books and theories that you will be offered. The principle of the laboratory obtains in everything, and you will have all imaginable opportunity to display and to

exercise that special tact and fitness which, as you have confidentially told your closest friends, has been inertly cooped up in you so long.

But no — heaven forbid that *you* should be of the practical kind, one of the busybodies whose heavy-footed efficiency tramples all the delightful romantic irresponsibility and individual vagary out of life. *You* will study "Greek for Beginners," and attend the lectures by the distinguished visitor from abroad on "The Glory of Greece." Greek has been your dream ever since you saw Miss Anglin as Medea, and came home from the performance with a violent emotional headache.

Or you will learn to swim! — now, at last, after all these years of shame and peril. And not merely how to keep afloat, but how to dive "in good form," as the Announcement of Courses promises.

Or perhaps it is "Sight Singing," or "Short-Story Writing," or "Weaving and Embroidery," or "Journalism," or "Æsthetic Dancing," or "Dramatic Interpretation" — or "Kinesiology" (that title is quite too fascinating!), which seems to have to do with anatomy and gymnastics, very *vital* things. Or it may be "Advanced Typewriting," or — yes, there it is in the Announcement — "Poultry Husbandry." One may undertake such a course as either of these last with an eye to pecuniary gain, to be sure. But why not as a lark, an adventure? This may be school, but it can be play as well. And one isn't compelled to enroll *for credit*. Avocational training is quite as legitimate as vocational, educational pleasure as permissible as educational business. And one is encouraged by some of the greatest authorities nowadays to experiment with his whims and notions.

Much more various than these, too, are the motives that bring them, the picnickers. Out of some remote high school, perhaps many miles from the railway, comes a rugged principal, a live coal of ambition and another of intellectual curiosity glowing in his soul, eager to learn the

latest theories as to the "Psychology and Training of Adolescents." There are teachers not so eager to sharpen their wits and to increase their scope as to strengthen their reputation with the agencies and with the querulously critical members of school boards. There are half-scornful, half-friendly undergraduates who need "units," and care not whether they be in Anthropology or in Browning. There are graduate devotees of the sciences who immure themselves in isolated laboratories and toil with proud aloofness at the researches leading to the doctor's degree. There are crack-brained unclassifiables who sit before the professors of philosophy, brooding solemnly if hazily over problems of knowing and doing and being. There are nondescript dilettantes that flit about from class to class, looking for thrills and throbs, inspirations and ecstasies — that is, for "live" subjects and "interesting" lecturers. There are fools certainly, and perhaps not a few knaves. And certainly there are true men and women who are enamoured of knowledge and willing to follow its devious arduous ways. Cordial democratic welcome is given to them all, and there are no such aristocratic siftings as cause heads and hearts to ache in the "regular" session. It is a complex and many-headed assemblage that strews itself with ample freedom about the hospitable academic courts and lawns.

What is the philosophy, the justification by principle, that underlies this wide opening of the gates? How may one rationally generalize concerning these very miscellaneous picnickers? What right have they to do their picnicking here, in Academe? What right haven't they? Are they a huge joke, to be taken lightly, like the books that crafty publishers considerately describe as "summer reading"? Or do they, like half-wits, slum children, Filipinos, and idle rich, demand that serious study be made of them? Are they a menace, an evil, or a hope, a joy? Do they deserve pity, praise, patronage or pardon?

In the main hallway of the University Library is an exhibition of miniature models illustrating the "evolution of the stove" — conveniently placed beneath the bland countenances of busts of Plato, Bacon, Gœthe and the like. A professor of ancient languages (compelled by financial stringency, perhaps, to teach in the Summer Session, but not unwilling, since thus he may have another chance to plead the dear cause of the *literæ humaniores*) asks in a dudgeon, "What has this to do with education?" And a waggish colleague answers, "Perhaps it has more to do with education than academic concerns."

At the conclusion of a lecture a frail little woman, made almost formidable by thick eye-glasses and a voice that chips like a cold-chisel, comes up to the lecturer and says: "Professor, you spoke about '*modes* of approach' to the subject we are considering [Note the "we"]. Why '*modes*'?" To which the professor, perhaps temperamentally a bit irritable, and now the more so through the heat of two o'clock and of abstruse exposition, replies, "Why not?"

Concerning the evolution of the stove, then, "Why not?" There is a familiar point of view from which it is at least quite as important for the permanent welfare of society that an intelligent individual should know how and when to use a hot-water bottle, as that he should have some acquaintance with the history of the Elizabethan tragedy of revenge. Then suppose you make it possible — nay more, easy and pleasant — for this individual to dip into both these subjects on the same day and in the same general locality. I do not know with what systematized profundity the hot-water bottle is specifically treated in lecture and laboratory, but I am given to understand that all items under the general caption of "First Aid" are treated with the highest order of thoroughness. And so far as I am aware, there are no conflicts in scheduled hours to prevent a person from "taking" "First Aid" and also "visiting" my own scantily attended but devotedly

conducted course in "Elizabethan Drama." Then why not?

It must be remembered that the whole day (with brief interruptions), from eight in the morning until ten or later at night, may be spent by the physically competent and sufficiently curious in passive receptivity, if not in active participation, with the offerings of the Summer Session. He — or she, and it is mostly she among the picnickers — may have, for instance, "Household Art," at eight, "Business English" at nine, "German Conversation" at ten, "Shakespeare" at eleven, "Contemporary Philosophical Problems" at one, "Landscape Gardening" at two, "Principles of Tone Production" at three, "Basketball" (or Boxing, Wrestling, Fencing, etc.) at four, "Sewing" at five, and in the evening, perhaps dancing in the Gymnasium or a popular lecture on "Hindu Poetry" or on "Alcibiades." And the next day, and the next, and so on almost indefinitely, totally different programs may be followed. That is to say: if one has paid his fee as an "auditor" or "visitor" or "regular", and is reasonably mature, and of sound moral character.

Why not? Why shouldn't these persons of voracious and omnivorous appetite be fed? If they become surfeited and suffer miseries of mental indigestion, it is their own fault. The University is under no *obligation* to teach them *anything* — at least beyond First Aid in cases of intellectual drowning, poisoning or fracturing. And for all the harm that may be done to the ninety and nine, there is the compensating good that may be wrought for the precious one. The housewife or the high school principal may on Monday morning be utterly empty and desolate. But by Monday evening — to paraphrase a wise ancient, as quoted in one of my Elizabethan dramatists — "Quem dies vidit veniens jacentem, hunc dies vidit fugiens superbum." Is it not worth while, in spite of all the obloquy that the true-blue academic carpers would put upon the picnickers and their genial hosts, that this

good should be done? Think of the larger vision, the higher courage, the sturdier will, the readier aptitude — and all the other fine, deeply desirable things that are annually and so eloquently mentioned in Commencement addresses. Superficial and ephemeral, the teaching and the inspiration? The little light more perilous than Egyptian darkness? Even so, the initiation into *methods* and *ideals* (which, one may suppose from what the university presidents are always saying, define the primary ends of education) — this initiation that the "likely" individual will receive may be theoretically computed as a saving offset for the harm done to the "unlikely" many.

Mr. Chesterton has an interesting way of contrasting the British people of the Restoration with those of the Renaissance: the former are expert at killing time, the latter at making time live. These two general classes of persons with regard to time abound in the regular session at the University, and there is no disputing that between them are divided the more heterogeneous but essentially similar human beings who constitute the membership of the Summer School. The curious housewife may be as much of a time-killer or fighter against ennui as the dilettante who wings her light-headed way from class to class with the perfect irresponsibility of any vagrant insect. But in another edition she may be as plausibly a soul jealous of every fugitive hour, one even who must rob Peter to pay Paul by omitting the baking at home in order that she may learn at the University how to do it. And what is so obviously true in the case of the housekeeper, may be correspondently true of the school-teacher, of the unclassifiable intellectual nomad, or even of the undergraduate who, coerced into attendance by the need of mere "units," suddenly finds himself afflicted with the moral obligation to acknowledge within his being the stir of a new enthusiasm. Whatever his habits or his inhibitions may be, the bona fide member of the Summer Session is not likely to have

been immunized against the possibility of learning how to make time live.

In this connection one must take special account of the immense importance that attaches to the missionary work of the imported celebrities, the "big men" from other and usually more famous universities, the academic magicians, prophets, and deputy deities. There is always sure to be one celebrity at least who is wealthily endowed with the "goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech." He is likely to have a mellow, richly modulated voice, and he will almost surely have memorable eyes — large, brown, benevolent ones, or sparkling, subtly smiling ones. If he be a bachelor, and have social distinction — well, it is, I believe, a demonstrable fact that in such case the number of limousines on the campus is greater than otherwise (though of course the implied relationship may be wholly adventitious). It does not matter what the popular lecturer's subject may be. Shakespeare's Heroines, Beauty in Modern Art, or The Spell of Hellas will obviously do equally well. And to protest querulously that popular lecturing upon such themes is unacademic or cheap or even sometimes ludicrous, is not only ungenerous, it is unreasonable.

The professor who is pained by the visible story of the evolution of the stove in the Library recalls the Platonic dialogue in which young Hippocrates comes thumping and shouting to Socrates' door at break of day, exploding with the news that Protagoras, the great teacher, is in town. The professor reminds us of Socrates' amused calm, and of the discomfiture that the sage brings later to the glib and vulnerable Protagoras. But can the Protagorases do the Hippocrateses nothing but harm, and are there enough Socrateses in the faculty to go round? The popular lecturer is generally expected to have in his power most of the galvanizing tricks that make time live. If for some of his auditors he merely kills time, at any rate he keeps them temporarily out of mischief.

There is, certainly, some justice in the criticism that the popular lecturer, and perhaps not a few of his less conspicuous associates in the faculty of the Summer Session, have a tendency somewhat to sentimentalize their share of the general educational enterprise. They provide for some students the easiest and pleasantest means to what may be called the sentimental escape. From one point of view it is correct to look upon all the activities of the Session, the gravest and the most frolicsome, as forms of escape. The summer student is running away from something, in every case — from idleness, or tiresome people, or an irksome routine, or rustiness of mind, or a taste that he knows to be crude but knows not how to cultivate, or limitations in technical knowledge that prevent him from clambering out of his present station in life to a higher social as well as pecuniary level. The sentimental escape is effected by means of courses in literature, the fine arts, and subjects pertaining to home-making, and by means of the various social unions and collisions incident to the Session.

But there is also the rational escape, equally significant with the sentimental. Many of the courses are described in the Announcement as being concerned with "problems." These may be problems in the teaching of grammar or in the use of the phonograph or in politics or in metaphysics. The whole campus hums with problems and their solutions, real or conjectural, historical or theoretical. Just as in the regular session, there are courses in which the student labors under no ruthless tyranny that requires him to think. But there are others in which he does enjoy the luxury of being allowed to think, or suffer the calamity of being compelled. In such case he does, willy nilly, find the rational escape from the inconveniences or embarrassments of an existence troubled by question and obfuscation, or from the existence of the intellectual pauper.

Thus is everyone given the opportunity to arrive, even in six swift weeks, at something like a more conscious and less inchoate philosophy of life than he has had. If he elects one of the introductory courses offered by the department of philosophy, he will probably learn that the primary "modes" of approach to a philosophy of life are four: the logical, the religious or æsthetic, the epistemological, the ethical or social. Very good, then. He may task his mind with the articulation of cause and effect, of premises and conclusion, of instances and generalization. He may aerate his imagination and exercise his rationalized emotions with questions of what he feels, and why and how, in the presence of the good, the true, the beautiful. What do I know and how do I know it? — this he may ponder, with all the intellectual apparatus at his command, and with the new toys and engines of metaphysical enquiry that are set out for his mind's delight. Or he may lose himself in the community, or the community in himself, and variously vicarious, seek thus to wrest truth from falsity.

How exciting! How adventurous! Scoff not, you who learned these elementary calisthenics of the mind long ago, and have since learned something of their seriocomic futility. Scoff not, you who never could see reason for such vanities, when the practical world remains to be conquered. Scoff not, you who are jealous brahmins in the world of academic thought. Here are rainbow colors for one whose spiritual eyes ache from long acquaintance with nothing but dun walls, dun books, dun faces. Here is a way out for one who has been groping and stifling in a cave of doubt and ignorance. This is the most glorious kind of picnicking. This is to recreate oneself in a mead fed by celestial streams.

Here too is mind-surprising amusement for the young, the unspoiled, the undisturbed. "Oh, it's simply fine," [Observe the innocent "simply"] says a pretty sophomore, "dressed to kill" in the most modish "sport suit," as she

comes briskly from a lecture on Royce's Idealism. "Philosophy's just splendid — and it's lots funnier than I ever dreamed." It was to put several extra "units" into her savings-bank towards a successful graduation that she elected this Summer School course in philosophy — and because the professor had been described as "good" by some of the seniors in her "sorority." But she is finding a mode of approach to a philosophy of life. And the man with the noticeably misshapen and totally bald head that comes from the same lecture, is presumably making a similar discovery, as is the grandmotherly-looking woman who placidly brings her "tatting" to the lecture room. And no one of these persons is an entirely negligible member of the community. Whether they are pragmatists or loyalists or intuitionists or something else — does it not matter somewhat in the moulding of the future?

Besides, the Session has something to offer by way of negative or non-operant philosophy. There are many notebooks that will have in them none of the addenda and corrigenda with which some are inkily crammed. They belong to the picnickers who are on a moral and metaphysical holiday, to visitors who will speculate neither on conduct nor on the absolute. They come to look and listen, but whether they see or hear is a matter of perfect inconsequence. For them the Session is a happy period of complete intellectual and spiritual indolence — of blessed rest.

Why not? Does the Summer Session make anything less than a thoroughgoing experiment in democracy — and democracy in one of the very strongholds of aristocracy, the groves of Academe? And if it is a serious effort towards efficiency — individual efficiency and community welfare, — is it not also a midsummer frolic? It will end presently, without pomp and ceremony, extinguished of a sudden, like any grotesque Chinese fireworks. It is an experiment and a game and an evangelistic meeting and a social benefit party all at once. And where can you find any positively maleficent results?

An inconspicuous instructor in the Session may be pardoned for making a final allusion to his course in the Elizabethan Drama. In the class is a young woman — young, but beyond college age — who comes as an "auditor," not as a student hopeful of the reward of "units." She usually enters the room tardily, distracting all eyes by the elegance of her dress and the arrestingness of her person. Frequently she wears an orchid — always some magnificent flower. And alas, she chews gum (but furtively). Only once in the Session does she address the instructor. She says: "This makes me see some of the things I have missed. I partly understand now what the University means." In that plaintive and sincere avowal is there no recompense for all the effort and all the letting down of bars?

In the same class is a cheerful, bright-eyed young woman, fashionably, almost rakishly dressed, who smiles blandly as the lecturer discourses on the "tragedy of blood." At the conclusion of the hour, as she is passing the desk on her way out, she smiles over her shoulder at the perspiring teacher, and remarks with sweet intimacy and superb irrelevance: "Learned the back stroke yesterday." What stimulating friendliness! What just and admirable pride! She reads Marlowe and learns to swim — cons the mighty line and masters the back stroke! Is this not taking a step towards a wholesome philosophy of life?

POLITICAL FORMULAS

"CAUSES," as anti-slavery, democracy, etc., said Josiah Royce, "dwindle when realized in their sordid particulars. Abstractions will touch us when we are callous to the concrete instances in which they are imbedded." Abstractions, indeed have spurred on every great popular propaganda and revolution. It was the political concept that ship money violated the rights of Englishmen, that braced Hampden's resistance. It was the political concept, no taxation without representation, that gave volume to the refusal to pay the petty stamp tax. It was not mere economic interests that bred our Homeric Civil War. The concepts of freedom and the Union stirred the North. The concept of state sovereignty stirred the South. Discontent with concrete evils, is the dynamite which loosens popular inertia, but popular demands stated in epigrams, set whole continents in action. Such slogans, later enshrined in stubborn and affectionate memories, tied to the dangers and realities of the past, constitute one of the "bulwarks of our liberty." England and France are to-day highly inspired by abstractions about their historic liberty and democracy. In our own country those who would arouse us to our duty, almost necessarily appeal to us in the slogans of our mighty past.

Political concepts, in short, fulfil one of the great purposes which William James admitted for concepts in philosophy. They act as inspirers of multitudes.

But they are also valuable as summaries of experience. They fulfil the second purpose which James admitted for concepts in philosophy. They make our world orderly and usable. They are great time-savers in the rapid decisions of life. They "provide a vast map of relations among the elements of things."

Our political concepts, however, which well fulfil one or both of these two purposes, tend to develop from mere mental aids, short cuts for our thinking machinery, into inexorable final formulas, by apriori deduction from which all our later questions are to be determined. Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, the aphorisms of Jefferson and Lincoln and the fathers, all are looked on to-day, less as mere statements of democratic demands or conclusions from special experience, than as eternal truths.

The tendency so to regard them is natural enough. Many of our old war cries, of course, were framed as formulas, as based on those ideas of natural rights and social compact, which as Morley says, "have from age to age evoked spontaneous thrills in the hearts of toiling, and suffering and hopeful men." It is also easy enough for us to harden those concepts that arose as summaries of special experience into summaries of all experience, to conceive of conclusions that arose out of facts, as superior to facts, existing irrespective of them. Karl Marx began his work by insisting that ideas were only the products of facts. Yet his own conclusions from his facts soon became petrified, sacrosanct, and were applied by his followers in England and America, rigidly, without qualifications under utterly alien conditions. Generalizations, from being servants of our minds, become masters; from being mere representations of past and present facts, they become inexorable molds in which all future facts must be cast.

It is perhaps ungracious to cite so beautiful an appeal to our generosity, as that of Miss Antin, in her plea for free immigration, in *They Who Knock at our Gates*, and yet I think it is a striking case of thinking by formula and not by facts. "The Declaration of Independence," she says, "accords to all men a share in the inherent rights of humanity. When we go contrary to that principle, we

are not acting as Americans; for by definition an American is one who lives by the principles of the Declaration of Independence. . . . And surely we violate the Declaration of Independence when we attempt to exclude aliens on account of race, nationality, or economic status. . . . The Declaration of Independence must be taken literally and applied universally." And she objects that in a matter involving our faith as Americans, we have "ceased to consult our fundamental law, and have suffered ourselves to be guided by the conflicting reports of commissions, and consulting anthropologists, and statisticians, policy mongers, calamity howlers, and self-announced prophets."

So by the literal application of the phrases of the Declaration of Independence as to the inalienable natural rights of man, the Japanese and Chinese must be admitted by the million to our country, without considering whether the result would not be to produce such century-persisting racial prejudices as to make a happy democracy absolutely impossible.

The Declaration of Independence is also used to decide our present day problems of political machinery. "Only those who are false to the principles of the Declaration of Independence will seek to prevent actual as well as theoretical rule of the people, by the people, and for the people," by the initiative and referendum, declared a strenuous magazine editorial a few years ago. Again it argued, "The initiative and referendum simply put the power of legislating in the hands of the people where it belongs in a government by the people." A famous and life-long political agitator, quoting a statement that no man "could oppose direct legislation unless he is at heart opposed to popular government," adds, "This is bed-rock. To deny the initiative and referendum is to deny self-government and democracy and to affirm self-government and democracy is to affirm the initiative and referendum, and the whole literature of the subject focusses upon this fun-

damental fact." In the same vein, a woman of national reputation easily sanctions the initiative and referendum, as "merely measures for increasing democracy." "What is a law worth," she adds, "that is not written in the hearts of the people?" Mr. Bryan puts it thus: "The doctrines of Jefferson are marching on. Anything that makes the government more democratic, more popular in form, anything that gives the people more control over the government, will win. . . . You may help it, you may retard it, you may defeat it, but one of the things that is coming, that is Jeffersonian, that is democratic, is the initiative and referendum for the control of the government. No man will make an argument against the referendum who is not prepared to deny the capacity of the people for self-government."

By a similar method of attack, a zealous but very intelligent advocate of the recall of judges replied to protests that the scheme would work ill, "Trust the people." An advocate of the direct primary replied to an argument for the short state ballot, by declaring that it was not democratic. The short state ballot, said Senator Brackett in the New York Constitutional Convention, "came from a heart that in its inmost core hates self-government, and that seeks for an opportunity to limit and curtail it." The first anti-short ballot man quoted above favors home-rule for cities because it is democratic. It is notorious that civil service reform was delayed for years by the dictum that it was undemocratic. An ardent friend of the direct primary thus states his faith, "How can any Democrat who has used the slogan, 'Let the people rule,' dare to utter a word against a primary law for the nomination of the lowest to the highest offices of the nation?"

All this is based on a single formula, "Let the people rule." It is a popularization of the dogma that popular sovereignty was guaranteed to the people by the social compact. That dogma was started in a simple society

as a lever for the overthrow of prescriptive royal absolutism. It is now used in a complex society, not to prove that a people ought to be free, but that everything they do is holy. It is used to test every piece of political machinery. When the people had not power, the whole question centered on obtaining power. Now that they have it, the question is altogether a technical one, of the best means of putting the power into action. Even our fathers, who freely used the phrases of popular sovereignty, did not think that all action by the people was feasible or desirable. But to-day we are told that because the direct primary, direct legislation, the recall, the recall of decisions, are all action by the people, to question them is to deny democracy.

By the same token, the people should elect the street sweepers, the engineer who constructs the Panama Canal, the fire inspectors, make all their own laws, and even — why not — do all their own work directly.

And to deny that the people can do everything is not to deny democracy. There will come a time when it will not avail to reply to those who say that but a small minority of the people care enough about the initiative and referendum to vote under it, that the people are sovereign. It will not be conclusive to say that a law is of no worth unless it is written in the hearts of the people, if the people at each referendum election pass forty referendum laws, totalling several hundred pages, all presumably "written in the hearts of the people." Men may say that there is no particular advantage in having forty pages of a drainage statute written in the hearts of the people. Nor may it then avail to say that we must have the direct primary because it is democratic, if under the direct primary the boss learns to control as completely as under the convention system. It will not avail to say that the short ballot is undemocratic, after the long ballot has generally led to undemocratic bossism.

But the other side is equally guilty. It too argues by the simulacra of "far-off, unhappy things," instead of going for its solutions to the caldron of to-day. "The initiative and referendum are a complete negative of the representative system established by the Puritan and Pilgrim" is the answer by one of the most prominent men of the country to the challenge of the innovators. That "the initiative and referendum are opposed to representative government," completely satisfied an old teacher of civil government. In 1912, I listened to a long argument against direct legislation by a distinguished Middle Western lawyer who denounced it as government by the mob, as destructive of the sacred principle of the separation of powers, and as socialistic, the last because the Socialistic Party had declared for it. In addition he made no less than twenty-three quotations from the fathers. But neither he nor his colleagues in argument previously quoted, considered the two great questions of fact on which the whole answer hinges — the actual working of the representative system, and of direct legislation, in our states to-day. To the innovators, stimulated by pretty crying evils to demand change in the name of popular sovereignty, they answered with nothing but formulas hardened from the political generalizations of other times.

The formula that direct legislation, the direct primary, the recall of decisions are government by the mob, is also the product of past generalization. It has its source in certain vagaries of the people of Greece and Rome, and has some historical basis in the illiteracy and instability of our own people at the time of the Revolution. But it is not deserved by a people unusually literate, tested in great crises, and by well over a hundred years' sober experience in self-government. Nor was the direct action by the people, of which our fathers spoke, the direct action to which their statements are illegitimately applied to-day. The direct action, the mob action which they had in mind, was the direct action of the assemblies of Greece

and Rome. They did not think that all direct action was mob action: for they had their own town meetings, and provided for direct action in the adoption of constitutional amendments. Nor did they know anything of our initiative and referendum.

If the men who talk of the people as a mob, really mean that all action by the people is mob action, they must condemn, not only direct legislation, direct primaries, the recall, the recall of decisions, but also direct election of our presidents and senators, manhood suffrage and our democracy itself. The fact is that the question of the capacity of the people for a particular governmental task is a question of fact, based on conditions to-day. Direct legislation is not mob action if in practice the people use direct legislation soberly, and are imbued by it with a new communal spirit. The conservatives quoted above could have found modern evidence on the subject, had they taken the trouble to look for it. They preferred comfortable axioms. But the question of direct legislation is to be settled neither by the axiom that the people are sovereign, nor by the axiom that they are a mob.

In the past few years there has been an intense campaign for the eight-hour day for women workers. An immense array of facts has been presented in its behalf. But the opposition has generally ignored the facts, and replied by formulas. Vice President Marshall said that such a law might do very well in a monarchy, but that in America we had to sacrifice some things to liberty.

In the famous, if somewhat threadworn, case *In re Jacobs*, the New York Court of Appeals declared unconstitutional a statute which forbade the manufacture of cigars in tenements, because it deprived the manufacturer of his liberty "by forcing him from his home and its beneficent associations and hallowed influences, to ply his trade elsewhere." It is a pathetic instance of words over-riding facts.

In West Virginia the Supreme Court overthrew a statute forbidding the payment of employees in token money good only at company stores, because "theoretically there is no inferior class," and because the rights of personal liberty and freedom of contract "constitute the essential distinction between slavery and freedom; between oppression and liberty."

A few years ago, Judge Baldwin of Connecticut, in the Hoxie case, held invalid the provision in the Federal employers' liability act, declaring void all contracts limiting liability under other sections of the act because "it denied them one and all that liberty of contract which the laws of the United States secure to every person within its jurisdiction."

The opposition to economic reform is also based on a generalization, hardened into a formula, the formula of *laissez faire*. This started as the valid summarizing phrase of a concrete argument, buttressed by facts, against governmental restrictions on the mobility of trade and labor. It was soon applied to *all* governmental interference with industry. So generalizations broaden. But very early many men saw that exceptions should be made in favor of women and children. Others who still profess faith in the dogma, admit that it should not apply to men who are not reasonably free economically, or well enough educated to protect themselves. New problems must constantly force new exceptions. The old simple dogma does not greatly help those who are sensitive to modern facts. Yet in the hands of doctrinaires and untrained thinkers, it is a weapon of terrorism. Made absolute, without qualifications, it is used to-day in a society with few governmental restrictions on industry, but many private ones, to oppose any governmental action to prevent such private oppression. Old experience, concealed in a formula, is used to judge our new experience. "That nation is best governed that is least governed," we are

told. But the prevention of payment in token money, the eight-hour day, are attempts to govern more than the least, — to restrict the free action enjoyed by our fathers who gave us our wisdom: and so, "Away with them!" And with them, to be consistent, compulsory sanitation and education, and a host of necessary activities that have arisen since *laissez faire* was promulgated.

Similarly with the dogmas of fear of the executive, worked out as generalizations from experience when the executive was a ruler by divine right and swollen prerogative. Men use them now, when the executive is often the elected comrade of the people's hopes, to palsy many a proposal for short ballot and responsible party government.

I think it is not unfair to say that the majority of our common political arguments are based on this formulistic method. It is true that many men use facts along with formulas, but often they use them grudgingly, and to prove their formulas. They do not place their dependence on the facts. Indeed, one brilliant Middle Western politician has reduced the whole political world to five great formulas, "growing out of and based upon the fundamentals of human nature and the essentials of human conduct." To President Wilson's charge that the Republican Party had not had a new idea in thirty years, he replied: "In one sense new ideas are not necessary to progress, for the constant application of well-defined principles that are as old as the race will enable this country to solve all of its problems." To tell the truth I believe he has his figure too high: the average reformer really needs but two formulas to settle all his problems. They are, "Equal rights for all and special privileges for none," and "Let the people rule." The first will settle all economic problems without any disturbing study, and the second will settle all political questions, as well as some of the economic ones. On the other hand, every difficulty of modern standpattism can be settled by three fundamental proposi-

tions. They are, "The people are a mob"; "The separation of powers is the bulwark of our liberty," and "That nation is best governed that is least governed," or one of its many substitutes, such as "You can't make men moral by law," or "The world is governed too much."

But perhaps we should not be too hard on the inconsistencies of formula users. Those who think by formulas cannot fail to be inconsistent. The root of the trouble is not in the misprisions of individuals. It is not so much in the phrasings of our formulas as the belief that they are formulas. It is in the whole philosophy of "abstract political rights and pretentious political truths," from which as Morley said, "all our action is drawn."

Most of us would probably be willing to admit that political truth is not likely to emerge from the slogans of campaigns, the phrasings of desire by which we animate our wills. Though they spring out of experience and have much of reality in them, they are not even accurate summaries of the experience of their own times.

The crudities, inconsistencies, and mistakes of argument quoted in this article, are therefore, no accident. They are the inevitable result of the system. Our formula users do not yet see this. But they do vaguely realize that their formulas are too rigid for our expanding facts. Some are enlarging their formulas, blowing them into phrases loose enough to cover all cases. Others are making exceptions to their formulas. Either course is certain to weaken the formulistic system. The looser a formula gets, the easier it is for facts to control. On the other hand, a formula full of exceptions has lost the authority and easy currency that make it a formula.

But neither course will suffice. The looser a formula gets, the more treacherous it is when it is really followed. Nor is it desirable that we keep our old formulas as scaffolding or skeleton work for our house of qualifications and exceptions. They are too false, too tainted by their

past. They are rotten timbers. We cannot merely patch up our politics. It has got to be stated over again, just as Justice Holmes said thirty years ago, "Our law has got to be stated over again." In that re-statement, to change the figure we must not try to move earthward from our heavenly formulas. We must build from the ground up, inductively from our experience. We must replace our few absolutes with many particulars. These particulars we can synthetize into greater concepts for the purpose of making our world orderly and simple. But the more general they get, the further away from facts, the more they should be used as lanterns by a traveler, rather than as rails by a train.

The particulars themselves will be useful as time-savers, as rough and ready aids to quick decision. We can use them tentatively as principles. But it is never safe for us in serious political decisions to rely wholly on any concept, no matter how particular and freshly derived from experience it may be. Our political thinking is not confined to trained thinkers, nor directed by trained judges. It is the privilege of idlers in clubs, barber shops and country stores, of hasty headline readers, of men of limited outlooks, who find their concepts in the emotional products of campaigns, the telling obiter dicta of busy and not disinterested statesmen, the distortions and condensations of the conclusions of able thinkers. We have no supreme court in politics to winnow and test their concepts, determine which are true and when they apply.

In many questions moreover the facts do not yet lend themselves even to tentative generalization. They cannot be treated even by a modest deductive method. We must then always insist that concepts are mere conveniences and not final arbiters. In all cases ultimately, in some cases immediately, our test must be in the facts, in the results, in the way things work or may be expected to work to-day.

The overthrow of our philosophy of formulas for a philosophy of results, will not lead to the rejection of everything stable, any more than the overthrow of the theory of static biological conditions by the theory of evolution, and of verbal inspiration by the higher criticism, led to the rejection of religion. We shall try many things in our political world which were formerly sheltered from scrutiny by formulas. But we shall try them by the results not of to-day only, but of the past also. We shall not repeal the past. We shall cleave to that of it which is good. We shall cleave to a majority of things, not because they are based on alleged eternal truth but because they do actually work in our Twentieth Century.

But it will not be as easy in the future as it has been in the past for some maundering phrasemaker to chill our progress or to lure us to disaster by the magic of formulas.

THE PASSING OF DON LUIS

I

NOT long since, in the hotel "Paso del Norte" on the Rio Grande, the writer saw a gray little man, courteous and unobtrusive, plainly a "gentleman," and as plainly not at home in El Paso.

Three years ago and more, Don Luis ruled without question over a tract larger than our smaller states, stretching from the mountains down toward the sea, fifty miles across — or it may be sixty, for Don Luis never measured it and he does not stand on trifles. On this enormous holding were thousands of people, his servants and employees. They were devoted to the Don, and worked for him patiently after their fashion at a few — a very few — *centavos* a day. They bought their food and clothes at the *hacienda* store, and their debts amounted to more than their wages. Among these people the inheritance passed on from father to son was a heritage of indebtedness only, swelling from generation to generation, and never to be lifted. Citizens of a republic in name, they were slaves in fact under a social system inherited from mediæval Spain, older than any existing republic. On the great rancho they lived in squalor and ignorance. No schools were provided, and their religious teachers felt it unsafe for them to think for themselves. Strong drink tended to stupefy them, and a scanty diet garnished with red pepper, cigarets and black coffee does not stimulate efficiency. Besides, efficiency had never been among their racial ideals. Also to leave the rancho was impossible; as it was the height of social discourtesy for one landowner to employ the servants of another. Thus to step out of his place made the peon once for all an outlaw. The mountains around have long swarmed with fugitives, "bandits," "brigands," "patriots," "*caballeros*," in the changing terminology of the times.

Justice lay in the hands of Don Luis alone. It was for him to pardon or to punish. Men without ambition, living only in the present hour, are easily tempted to steal. A thief is a nuisance; a rifle ball therefore and no questions asked. Don Luis was *alcalde* and there was no other court of appeal.

Those who know that region say that the hospitable Don Luis represents "the very best element in the nation." This we may well believe. He looks the part, and his manly sons and accomplished daughters bear out the idea. Two of his sons-in-law, by the way, ruled each over a territory almost as large as his own. And some say, too, that a million high-minded and cultured men and women of Spanish descent cannot fairly be controlled by fourteen millions of Indians and half-breeds, illiterate, superstitious, violent and impecunious.

Nevertheless this is what the Revolution means. It has most outrageously treated Don Luis and one of his sons, victims of the lawlessness incident to the passing of restraint by fear. It is a movement against mediæval conditions bearable no longer, here nor anywhere else. A revolt of some sort was due; once begun it cannot go backward. Neither can it be kept within bounds of law or courtesy. Don Luis, temporarily banished, brutally handled by those who once trembled at his nod, can never again regain his hacienda, his life and death control over thousands of mind-starved peons. He may get back his money, we hope that he may. It is better for his nation that he should. But he can never regain his former status. And if he and his like are to survive in their land, they must turn their eyes to the future. The day of great estates and mighty concessions, for natives as well as for foreigners, is over. Men of culture must lend a hand to build up the state. They must take their part in the new free schools springing up everywhere as the war spirit subsides, even as fresh grass follows a prairie fire. They must meet taxation and even expropriation in the interest

of the common good: for the huge half-occupied feudal estates must necessarily be turned over to groups of small farmers. They must be content to see pass the régime of Porfirio Diaz, with its semblance of order, resting on force, affection, chicane and the interwoven interests of foreign capitalists. They must find their place in the coming republic, crude, unsteady, pleasure-loving, bloody at times, but having within itself the germs of real democracy.

Is there hope in military intervention? No, a thousand times no! We would not, we could not restore the mediæval past, with its reckless concessions to foreigners, its arbitrary control at home, its persistent maintenance of ignorance, poverty, superstition and disease. Intervention has a very different meaning to different people. To Don Luis, as to many — not all — of the foreign concessionnaires, Intervention means simply the last chance. To the exploiters, native and foreign, and especially to the noisy swarm of agents along the Rio Grande, Intervention means easy money. To the devoted friends of civilization in Mexico, those on whom its future must depend, Intervention means conquest, annexation, the loss of national existence, with a legacy of undying hate.

II

Revolution is the historic means by which the serf in Europe has gained his freedom. The present conditions in Mexico are a survival of the mediæval system of old Spain. In the first Revolution, the Mexicans freed themselves politically but not socially. By freedom, we mean the right to make the most of one's body and brain, and to direct the process himself. For the differences between the "cientifico" and the peon, between educated and illiterate in Mexico as in mediæval Europe, are not a matter of blood or brains. They are largely questions of "nurture" rather than "nature." When equality of opportunity comes to be, present differences will largely

disappear. With education, however, still greater ones will arise, corresponding, not as now, to hereditary caste, but to fundamental qualities of mind and character. Under more favorable conditions, a crude, ignorant, bloody and forceful Villa might become a real leader of men. No one can guess the human possibilities buried beneath the illiteracy of Mexico.

Revolution is never a pleasant thing. It is unjust, undiscriminating. We have been taught to look on its excesses with horror — while the vastly more terrible incidents of war — of any kind of war — are invested in our minds with a sort of dignity. This is a part of the age-long superstition which justifies killing when performed on a large scale with the sanction of the state and the blessing of the church.

In the year 1791, James Mackintosh, having in view the bloody atrocities of the French Revolution, used these words:

"The massacres of war, and the murders committed by the sword of Justice, are disguised by the solemnities which invest them. But the wild justice of the people has a naked and undisguised horror. Its slightest assertion awakens all our indignation while murder and rapine, if arrayed in the gorgeous disguise of acts of state, may with impunity stalk abroad." (*Defence of the French Revolution*, page 88.)

One may not like the methods of the Revolution, and can imagine much better ways of reaching the desired results. But armed intervention is not a good way. To bring security and order does not demand more killing, nor the restoration by force of former conditions. It is not for us to hand back to Don Luis his lost hacienda. "Too long," says Professor Otto Seeck of Münster, "have historians looked on the rich and noble as marking the fate of the world." Neither is it our duty to restore to the religious orders, either "Charitable" or "Contemplative" the lands and privileges forfeited to the state under Benito

Juarez's "Law of Reform." The *clericos* as well as the *cientificos* must take their chances in the revolt for which their own blindness is largely responsible. We cannot assume that the sweeping concessions held in New York and London, secured from Porfirio Diaz in his senile days, and virtually covering all that was left of national property, are valid titles to be sealed with the blood of our young men.

III

The American public in general regards as all of one piece, the Revolution against the unbearable conditions, the anarchy which the Revolution brought on (and which it has thus far failed to subdue), and the ignorance, poverty and injustice for which the Revolution sought a remedy. Revolution by force is never law-abiding. In its appeal to higher law it lifts the lid from society. Whenever traditional or conventional restraints are dissolved injustice and robbery are likely to find place. But once under way it must go forward. No backward movement by whomsoever led or supported could endure. For this reason the administration of General Huerta, avowedly reactionary and virtually supported by British oil interests, was not and could not properly be recognized by the United States. It gave no promise of permanence or peace. The era of Porfirio Diaz has gone forever. The nation could no more return to it than France to the régime of Napoleon III. The Mexican people will find peace only by deserving it, and to this end military force, their own or any other, can contribute very little. Bandit violence, however mischievous, is a feature of transition. It is not the revolution itself, but a temporary, though hideous, excrescence upon it.

A well-known mine owner, Mr. John E. Milholland of New York, writes me (July 7, 1916):

No province of the old Roman Empire was ever looted by corrupt proconsuls more shamelessly than Mexico has been by

the grabbers of all nations, among whom those of the United States stand *facile princeps*. I am not sure that the rich mines in which I am interested are not part of an ancient steal under the flimsy disguise of a Diaz concession. Whether they are or not, I will see them all in northeast Hades before I will ever give voice or vote for this government to make war on the unfortunate victims of greed in its most shameless form, and of the most arrant tyranny that has disgraced the American continent since the days of Cortez.

In like vein writes Col. Daniel M. Burns of the San Dimas mines, for thirty years an investor in Mexico (*San Francisco Bulletin*, August 5, 1916):

Various groups of foreign interests which have exploited Mexico and have fattened in the process, now desire Intervention. But their point of view is not mine. I do not wish to see Mexico blotted out in blood by this nation because it is the stronger, or to have tens of thousands of my fellow-countrymen slaughtered because I chance to have some dollars invested there.

At the moment of this writing the Revolution is split into three discordant currents. Carranza, a Spanish landholder, a "Cientifico" by birth and breeding, stands for traditional law and order. What with the overwhelming and dreaded power of the United States on the one hand and wealthy concessionnaires much averse to taxpaying on the other, with groups of subordinates, moreover, not to be trusted out of sight, his is a most perplexing task. Villa, impulsive, energetic, careless of human life, is the idol of the people of Chihuahua. A patriot at heart to all appearance, he ignores the limits of humanity in dealing with those he regards as foes of his people. Carranza turns his acquisitions over to the state; Villa divides among his supporters. Villa's friends assert that only an Indian can understand the Mexican masses. The two great Presidents, Juarez and Diaz, were both Indians.

As Villa dominates Chihuahua, so Zapata, likewise an Indian, rules Morelos, from which state he has expelled or

extirpated all capitalists. Meanwhile reaction keeps a scant military hold with the ill-starred Feliz Diaz in Oaxaca. At the same time, in the states undisturbed by military operations, notably in Yucatan, Michoacan, Jalisco, Queretaro, Puebla and Vera Cruz, the civil authorities are buying up lands, dividing them into farms, building schools, expelling the local boss (the *Jefe politico*), cancelling the debts of the peon, closing the drink resorts and in a hundred ways promoting the ways of civilization. A great wound heals from within, Mexico will be saved by the leaders in the individual states.

One of my Mexican friends complains with reason that our northern newspapers give more space to a chance hold-up below the line than to the building of a thousand free schools. He observes, "The American people naturally desire that the Mexican social reconstruction shall complete itself rapidly. But it should not escape their comprehension that the solution of the complicated problems of Mexico cannot be attained through simple desire, nor from the outside. The phenomena manifested in Mexico are in obedience to social laws whose action cannot be hurried."

IV

We of the United States have two serious counts against Mexico, the raids of border outlaws and the murder of law-abiding American citizens. Both these grievances spring from the social upheaval incident to the Revolution, and in no case has either had the sanction of legally constituted authority. The border raids have been practically confined to the wide-extended and scantily peopled state of Chihuahua and to the operations of Francisco Villa and his brigand lieutenant, Jose Salazar. The chief of these was the vicious or perhaps vindictive attack (March 9, 1916) on the village of Columbus, New Mexico, three days after the "holocaust" [1] in El Paso, when

[1] The story of the "holocaust" is this. On March 6, eighteen Mexican immigrant laborers were admitted from Juarez, across the river, to El Paso.

eighteen Mexican immigrant workmen were burned alive in the jail through somebody's carelessness. Whatever the motive of the Columbus raid, Villa's friends now affirm that he bitterly repented the act, for a few days later found him severely wounded and completely "down and out." However, the persistence of American troops near his mountain fastness enabled him, with health partly regained, to appeal to the "patriotism" of the peon folk. His amazing skill and power over his own kind have apparently enabled the "enchanted captain" to "come back," after complete defeat.

It must be remembered that our Southern border stretches for 1756 miles, from Brazos Santiago on the Gulf of Mexico, to Tia Juana in Lower California, a distance quite as great for Mexico as for us. Greater, in fact, for on the South side there are neither roads nor railroads, parallel with the border. Mexican soldiers can therefore be transported from place to place only by trains of the Southern Pacific. It must be remembered too, that the lawlessness is about as great on our side as on the other. Huerta, Madero, Villa and probably Carranza money has been freely spent on the American side, and American money still more freely for ulterior ends in Mexico. Human vultures fly up and down the Rio Grande from El Paso to Brownsville. Shooting scrapes, "cattle rustling" and petty thievery have been too frequent on both sides, since disturbances began. Three large Texas counties

They and their clothing were given a bath in gasolene, to kill lice, which are the chief carriers of typhus fever. After this bath a vagrant threw a lighted cigaret into the gasolene tank. When the bodies were brought back to Juarez, the story went among the people that they had been given a bath in burning oil. It was called in El Paso "a regrettable incident." The press barely noticed it as a "fire in a jail." It has been claimed that three days before the holocaust, Villa had gone to the neighborhood of Columbus with the intention of crossing to the United States and giving himself up to be interned, but that the story of the holocaust led him to swear that he would make a torch of every American he could get hold of, and hence the Columbus raid. The evidence as to this is not conclusive. Shortly before, the United States, rightly I think, had decided to recognize Carranza. Villa's friends say that he was half crazed with drink and blood. Certain personal reasons for his acts have been indicated. In any event, Villa gave three days' warning before the attack in which he was not personally present.

along the Rio Grande, Hidalgo, Zapata and Starr, have scarcely an American inhabitant; meanwhile El Paso with 40,000 Mexicans in a population of 80,000 has been the center of active schemes and intrigues for intervention and conquest. When the Revolution is over and order reigns in Mexico there will be no unusual need of boundary police.

We hear most about the troubles along the border because it is nearer, and the limelight has played over the National Guard. But a far more serious ground of complaint exists in the isolated murders and robberies for which no recognized authority is responsible, and from which Americans have suffered grievously. The outlaw patriots have apparently seen the folly of such crimes, and few atrocities have taken place since the crowning horror at Santa Isabel. But as yet, we have found no remedy except to await in patience the strengthening of the central authority. Forcible reprisal at present would serve no useful purpose. With the passing of the efforts for war, we see El Paso again quiet, and in the absence of "war hawks" on our side, the border outrages have practically ceased.

In International Law, the remedy for unfair treatment lies in channels of diplomacy and arbitration. During revolution these channels may for a time be closed. In awaiting their reopening, let us err on the side of patience.

Moreover, let us remember that in 1849 we signed with Mexico a treaty of arbitration, whereby both nations agreed to submit to an arbitral tribunal any disputes that might arise. Under this treaty the chief ground of international difference before 1912, that arising from the seizure by President Santa Ana, of the "Pious Fund" which supported the California Missions, was amicably adjusted at The Hague. The verdict was adverse to Mexico, and the sum awarded was promptly paid. We must still respect our obligation. While there is any possibility of Mexico's living up to this agreement, valid

on both sides for nearly seventy years, let us not make a "scrap of paper" of it.

The best intervention is the intervention of making friends. This will not be easy, for the Mexican people do not like our ideals of personal and industrial efficiency. Their contact with the "Colosseo del Norte" along the border of the Rio Grande has not been reassuring to them nor creditable to us. They have found our exploiters contemptuous and grasping, our journalists contemptuous and careless. Even our kindness and tolerance, always with a touch of condescension, is resented as our domination is feared. With the best of intentions we must move slowly and tactfully. The people of the United States have the worst manners and the best hearts of any of the great nations. Forms mean little to us; we are impatient with ceremony; we want to get at the pith of things, and instantly.

But there are others to whom manner is quite as important as matter. They are cut to the core when their rights or their self-esteem seem belittled. If ever an official does waive a point in the interest of conciliation, he is likely to lose caste and influence with his associates. Traditions like these, a heritage from the Spanish Hidalgo, we must learn to respect when dealing with Latin America.

Putting ourselves in his place we can easily understand how the First Chief could not sign a paper legalizing the indefinite stay — or any stay — of foreign troops on the soil of his country. He might pretend not to notice; he might even welcome them — but to consent would be political suicide. "To save one's face" is the first public duty in most governments. Our "shirtsleeves diplomacy" may not make a point of this, but we should not be needlessly rude in dealing with those that do.

The Mexican people are in sore need of land reform, financial stability, education and sanitation. Land reform they will secure for themselves. Already great tracts have been bought by individual states — notably Yu-

catan and in small holdings, are sold to peons who must work them or forfeit their titles. Financial stability will come when the holders of concessions, native and foreign, can be induced to pay taxes. For no region on earth of its size is potentially richer than Mexico.

In the matter of education, Mexico needs our help and will soon receive it in large measure. An American school of the type of Robert College of Constantinople is already planned, and will be endowed. From the beginning special stress will be laid on Education, Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. It shall above all train the teachers for the public schools. Within three years, over 1500 free schools have been built in the single state of Yucatan, as against 350 existing in 1914. Arrangements are being made for the exchange of University students, and for the transfer of Spanish-speaking teachers, from the United States. The sanitation of Mexico, its salvation from her three most wide-spread infectious diseases, typhus, smallpox and typhoid fever, has long been an aim of American Medical Research.

Meanwhile let the rest of us, fortunate citizens of a more advanced republic, be patient, tolerant and sympathetic, and above all let us not be hasty to join in the cry for conquest, either as a painful duty or as a golden opportunity.

THE UNIONS AND THE LABOR PROBLEM

THE common business proverb that things won't stay still: if they don't go forward they'll go backward, hardly needed the confirmation given it by the Bergsonian philosophy. Not only is it true of success and failure in all human institutions, but it is true of the very constitution of the institutions themselves: they evolve into materially changed organizations, or they decay. Which of these courses is the impending experience of trade-unionism is a question whose interest is deep and wide. Its achievements in England and the United States have been real, but the unions have not yet become established means towards social justice to the degree that was expected. They have retained a revolutionary character which prevents them from becoming a part of the normal social mechanism of a peaceful community. So far, they are a sort of standing army, maintained on a war footing throughout the times of peace: their purpose and function is war. Their leaders, like the officers of a Great General Staff, think primarily in militaristic terms. Their toast is — "The Day."

By many this policy of aggression is dissembled or ignored. The union is represented as part of the normal economic mechanism, a necessary means to the collective wage bargain, whose functions are really peaceful, and never otherwise than peaceful, except for the injustice and obstinacy of employers. Such was the expectation of the early sympathizers. Industrial warfare was to be the exception, the temporary means; industrial democracy, the permanent result. After a century of modern unionism in England, and somewhat more than half a century of organized unionism in the United States, we may fairly conclude that industrial warfare is the normal result of union organization. Mr. Gompers has candidly

said: "It is a fight." It would be invidious to place the blame exclusively upon union leaders or upon employers. The intemperate arrogance of many labor leaders has been matched by the stubborn self-sufficiency of many employers. Whether the blame is greater on one side than the other is of little moment at the present juncture. Incidents are fast crowding in upon us which show clearly that the time has come for some new method of meeting the difficulties that arise between the employers and their workmen. Things must be done which require at least a partial emancipation from the old beliefs.

When unionism was new, excesses and violence could be condoned because the organization was relatively weak and ill-fitted to deal with employers on equal terms at the conference table. The hope was cherished that as soon as a union should be organized on a basis broad enough to give equality of power, peaceful negotiation would become the rule. The broad union has come, but the only objective result is greater bitterness between the unions and the employers, more calamitous strikes, and more sinister threats of impending tie-ups. With such an array of facts, constructive social thinking can scarcely escape the conclusion that unionism must be transformed or supplanted by an essentially different organization.

The defects of present day methods are serious. The attitude of unions to non-union men is inconsistent with the principles of law and justice to which they must themselves appeal. Their demand to share in the material benefits of industrial progress becomes a demand for a constantly appreciating wage, measured more by the utmost concession that can be forced from the employer than by any clearly conceived standard, whether abstract or empirical. These aspects of unionism are damaging enough to the abstract ideals of social justice to which all unionists appeal. But the inconsistencies need not be fatal to the achievement of a peaceful form of unionism.

The methods by which the unions prepare to negotiate

with the employers constitute a serious obstacle; and the more elaborately the union is organized, the more serious this difficulty becomes. The demands of a union constitute an ultimatum. The union leader is a delegate provided with such clearly defined instructions that no significant exercise of discretion is possible.

The foundation of unionism in law, and as a matter of justice, is the right to combine to raise wages. Except in a society dominated by ideals of rigid status, this principle cannot be challenged, and in a period of notable development in industrial technique, such a right is of the utmost significance. But this right to combine, like all legal rights, has specific limits. There is a right to do certain things, and by clear implication a specific obligation to refrain from doing certain other things. By no principle of law or justice can a group of men *compel others* to combine with them in an attempt to raise wages. It may be that unionism cannot be made effective unless rights are conferred similar to the rights formerly granted the gilds, authorizing the exclusion from practice of the craft of all who are not members of the organization. If such powers were granted, the unions would at once become privileged corporations, which could be justified only by appeal to a principle widely different from the industrial democracy represented as the unionist ideal. The right to combine to raise wages does not carry with it the right to impose the closed shop upon any employer, nor the right to exclude the "scab" from the job deserted by men on strike. That these extra-legal acts have been so widely committed without legal penalty is noteworthy proof of the leniency with which the law has been enforced. And unfortunately, this leniency obscures the real limits of the rights of unions.

The endeavor of the unions to secure exclusive power over their respective trades is hardly evidence of wilful disposition to exceed their legal rights, but their acts

certainly involve them in much palpable hypocrisy. They allege the closed shop to be an incidental means to assure collective bargaining, as included in the right to combine to raise wages, because the closed shop is necessary to make such combinations entirely effective. They are loath to admit that the closed shop involves essentially distinct rights and privileges.

Nothing could command more general assent than the bare abstract principle that the wage-earners should share in the material benefits of industrial advance. Nothing presents a more serious practical issue. In the century since the wage problem assumed its modern form, no general principle has been discovered that adequately replaces the ideal of a living wage that had prevailed for centuries. The old ideal assumed a stationary industrial technique and a society dominated by notions of status. This theory passed into eclipse during the industrial revolution. There has been some tendency to assume that the rate of wages is and should be regulated by the free interplay of supply and demand. There is much talk of a market rate of wages. The phrase is a misnomer. In scarcely any industry do rates of wages fluctuate up and down with any freedom. There is some downward movement in a few industries, but for the most part any depression of wages results in such extreme dissatisfaction that adjustment to hard times is most usually made by curtailment of working hours. In most industries conditions are tending to produce a constantly appreciating rate of wages. From the standpoint of social justice, this advance in wages should be proportioned to increased social efficiency: in practice it has been determined by the strength of labor organizations and the skill of the leaders in choosing moments of strategic importance. It is perhaps true that the unions have discharged useful functions in establishing the principle of the appreciating wage, but it is none the less true that the permanent

negotiation of wage increases by means of the strike or threats of strike, has subjected the community to a degree of discontent and unrest unfortunate in the extreme. Certainly no mitigation of industrial friction can be anticipated in the near future, if the present unionist methods in connection with collective bargaining are to prevail. Significant elements are misrepresented in the unionist description of the wage problem; and if no limit can be assigned to the increase of wages, it is hardly wise public policy to leave both capitalists and consumers at the mercy of powerful unions.

None of us are wise enough to suggest broad constructive schemes with reference to the measurement of this appreciation of wages, but it would seem that the events of recent years point to the need of a keen realization of the limitations of unionist methods. Whatever the achievements of the past, the future holds forth little hope of a significant contribution to social development. If increases in wages are to be adjusted to industrial progress, it would seem that greater success might be achieved by means which take careful account of the conditions of business; and although a significant increase in public regulation would be implied, it would probably be more satisfactory than the persistent unrest that of late has characterized the industrial world. The militant attitude of the union leaders is a direct outcome of their conviction that the collective wage bargain is the primary function of the union. Administrative supervision, designed to make the wage-bargain a judgment of facts rather than a reckless struggle for strategic advantages, would remove the chief causes of aggressiveness. It would relieve much strain in each wage controversy, if there were some means of guaranteeing to both employers and employees a fair judgment on the facts unprejudiced by threat of strike or lock-out. The wages question cannot be adequately settled by the primitive methods of self-help. This conflict, like so many others, must ultimately be

settled by appeal to law, and the regular procedure of legal methods.

Although unionists have given much prominence to the wage question, it is not a problem that is distinctly new, nor can it be regarded as the most fundamental aspect of the modern labor problem. The wage-earning class is much older than the industrial revolution, and in its early history the wages problem was insistent. Strikes for higher wages were not uncommon in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and many of these strikes were as bitterly contested as any of recent date. The changes wrought by the industrial revolution created a new problem, — the factory and its rigid discipline. The constraint imposed upon the workman, when work at home was supplanted by work in a factory, was highly distasteful. In England, the earlier factory development was confined to the processes within the compass of women and children, simply because they could be induced to accept the new conditions. Factory managers frequently recruited their labor force from the poor-houses, taking the children as apprentices, and thus securing complete docility. Such work as lay beyond the compass of women and children was long given out to men who worked at home. In the textile trades, the hand-loom weavers clung to their looms even when better wages were to be had in the factories. New hands were introduced into the craft to take the places created by the establishment of hand looms in the factories, and the craft was soon seriously overcrowded. The distress of the hand-loom weavers about 1840 was largely the result of this partial duplication of weavers, and in reality an outcome of the unwillingness of the weavers to accept the constraint and discipline of the factory. The preference of the workers, when there was a choice between cottage and factory, was never for a moment in doubt. The gradual restriction of home work left the better

grades of workmen less and less choice, and they were at length obliged to accept the factory.

This new industrial system conferred upon the employer powers which many were hardly fit to exercise, and even when these powers were discreetly exercised, there were many new sources of friction between employer and employee. Much of the industrial discontent that has persisted throughout the nineteenth century can be traced to the autocratic power placed in the hands of the employer by the growth of the factory system. Many employers have been arrogant and tyrannical, some have been benevolent despots; but in all cases there has been a notable assertion of authority. The essence of the situation is contained in the meaning attached to the words "my business." Is it not true that in most cases "my business" means minute regulation of the conduct of the employee for the whole of the nine, ten, or eleven working hours? Now in reality, these matters are no less a concern of the employee than of the employer. There can be no clear grounds for assuming that the wage contract involves so complete a surrender of personal rights. Furthermore, the growth in the scale of industrial establishments has carried problems of discipline far beyond the scope of effective control by autocratic methods. The employer is represented more and more by foremen and bosses who are too close to the men to exercise large powers without creating ill will or committing acts of wilful or unintentional injustice. A sense of antagonism develops, and petty grievances, which never get to the ears of the management, smoulder until they become a serious menace in the hands of some insinuating agitator.

The effective union leader utilizes all the latent discontent of the men to set on foot some large project with reference to wages or hours. The support of individuals is won by attentive nursing of their special grievances. The program of the union is thus only in part what it purports to be, because it is underlain by so much vague

desire to "get even" with the firm. The unionist methods thus weld a great mass of petty troubles into a general program, which has little direct connection with any of the minor difficulties, so that all the sources of friction would still remain, even if the demands were granted. The program, moreover, is presented as if it were an ultimatum, and farther trouble is almost sure to result if the ultimatum is not granted in all particulars. There is little opportunity for give and take between the management and the men, and the presentation of the union demands is hardly more than a formality preliminary to the declaration of a strike. Nearly every detail of the process makes for industrial warfare rather than for industrial peace. If disputes are to be settled, it is wiser to take up each matter separately. If a conference is to be held, it is better to leave the delegates freedom of judgment.

The railroad brotherhoods in this country and the amalgamated society of railwaymen in England have afforded explicit illustrations of the hopelessness of securing peace by the presentation of an ultimatum. Nothing could express the attitude of the unions more clearly than the words of the heads of the brotherhoods prior to the conferences with the President: "There is nothing to arbitrate," they said, and it was true. The various conferences and votes had resulted in the formulation of a program which sooner or later was to be forced on the railroads. Why should any leader submit to arbitration when there was no intention of accepting any award as a finality? The uselessness of any such settlement is shown by the troubles on the English Railways. The threatened strike of 1907 was averted by the introduction of a conciliation scheme providing for regular conferences between the companies and their men, and for the arbitration of any matters that could not be settled by joint agreement. The scheme merely postponed the crisis.

Nothing was settled by joint conference, because the conferences were attended by the men with the deliberate purpose of securing all the demands of the National All Grades Program of 1906. Everything was ultimately submitted to arbitration, and as the preliminary procedure was intricate, the delays were long. The men lost patience, asserted that the scheme was a failure, and in 1911 a new crisis was precipitated. The threatened strike was actually declared. By energetic measures and severe pressure on both sides, the Government brought the strike to an end, and appointed a committee to investigate the working of the conciliation scheme, and report amendments. It was only with great difficulty that the Companies could be induced to make concessions that would make the scheme even moderately acceptable to the men, and pressure was necessary to secure acceptance of the scheme when thus amended. The full power of the British Government was needed to break the deadlock between the Companies and the men. Neither the union leaders nor the managers of the Companies can be held personally responsible for this ugly uncompromising attitude. It is an inevitable outcome of the unionist method of dealing with the labor problem, and for precisely that reason a significant indication of the possibilities of the prevailing methods of unionism. If peaceful results are to be achieved, other methods must be employed.

Industrial peace can be secured only by creating mechanism to deal with difficulties separately as they arise. The more promptly a remedy can be found for each particular grievance, the greater the likelihood of substantial success. The adoption of such a method would require significant departures in principle, though in practice the break with present day methods need not be serious. The employers must recognize that the employees have rights, and that foremen, superintendents, and managers

can all make mistakes. The business must be regarded as a mutual interest rather than an exclusively personal interest. In the most general point of view, this would mean the establishment of a real industrial democracy: — a concession of actual representative government to the members of each industrial community, or at least so considerable a qualification of the autocratic power of the employer as to make him a constitutional monarch instead of an absolute despot. To the employer long accustomed to regard the whole establishment as "his business," the mere suggestion of a qualification of that arbitrary authority may seem revolutionary and quixotic. To the workman dominated by the commonplaces of unionism, it may seem foolhardy to trust the employer and look to him in a measure as a leader. But despite all the dismal episodes in recent years, there are many incidents which reveal a change in the attitude of many employers and workmen. There is more mutual regard and more real leadership by the employers.

The actual definition of the relations between the employers and their men must be related to the specific problems of each industrial community. Great variety of form is to be expected, and is, indeed, foreshadowed in existing industrial establishments. The Coöperative Association at Filene's department store in Boston represents the extreme of democratic organization. The employees have a substantial share in the responsibilities of making store rules, maintaining store discipline, and providing for the general welfare by rest rooms, restaurant, and library facilities. In this case democracy has worked well, and the atmosphere of the store is indicative of the passing of the old-time spirit of distrust and antagonism. But on the other hand, the Conciliation Boards of the English and Canadian Railways, in their latest form, are notable because they represent a less democratic system, founded in large measure upon unionist organization.

The English conciliation scheme provides for the crea-

tion of Conciliation Boards for each important group of men on each Railway. The exact details of organization vary according to the circumstances of each road, but in general locomotive men, train men, men engaged in construction and maintenance, and station men would each be represented on special boards. Each board consists of equal numbers of representatives of the company and of the men. These representatives are organized as two independent voting groups, and each "side" of the board has a chairman and secretary. The men may choose union officials as secretaries even if the union officer is not in the employ of that particular railway company. The men's side of the board may thus have a definitely unionist character. These boards meet regularly at frequent intervals, and special meetings may be called. The boards sit as joint conferences, assent of both sides being essential to the settlement of any matter under discussion. If the board fails to reach an agreement, the meeting may be adjourned for an interval, and discussion resumed in the presence of the permanent Chairman for all the boards of that road. This Chairman is an impartial outsider: a man not in the railroad business and without property interests in railroads. The Secretary of the Board of Trade draws up a panel of persons qualified to act as Chairmen. Each road then elects, by vote of its conciliation boards, a permanent Chairman who sits on all the boards of that road. This Chairman usually endeavors to bring the sides of the board to an agreement; but if this proves to be impossible, he has power to make a binding award, either at the meeting or within a brief interval.

These boards thus provide for the settlement of specific troubles as they arise, and no contingency can arise for which there is not provision for a peaceful decision. As they stand, the boards are organs of representative government only in a qualified sense, but it would only be necessary to change the method of voting to make them

definitely democratic bodies. If the members voted individually instead of by sides, majority rule would at once be operative. For the present, the conference form of organization is doubtless more expedient, but it is certainly significant that the present arrangement has great possibilities of growth, and that an easy transition to distinctly new things in industrial organization is actually in sight. It is possible to pass from the old unionism with its sharp antagonisms, to an industrial democracy based upon representative government and a new unionism.

The conciliation scheme worked out by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in consultation with Dr. Mackenzie King, former Canadian Minister of Labor, was largely inspired by the English and Canadian Railway schemes, but the unions are not recognized, so the union leaders are jealous and critical. The unions are disposed to work against the scheme, instead of adopting its mechanism as a means to their ends. This factor may create difficulties, but it is possible at any time to alter many features of any system of joint conferences. These differences of detail merely show that such a method of approach to the labor problem is not a rigid utopian dream, but a highly plastic social device capable of growth and adaptation.

Unionism has undoubtedly played a part in preparing the ground for these new departures in industrial organization, by insistently forcing the problems upon the attention of employers and statesmen. It may be that the larger minded union leaders can play a significant rôle in shaping the new forms, for there is much in the union idea that is socially valuable when certain features of present methods are eliminated. But it must be evident that the time has come for constructive measures designed to secure industrial peace. The uncompromising antagonism that has been nursed throughout the last century must give way to a consciousness of mutual interest.

EARTH'S SUPREME MOMENT

A Speculation on the Determination of Sex

WHEN the Deutschland returned to Germany after its first voyage, and every inch of space was worth as the Irishman would say, "its weight in gold," it was reported that the most treasured article on board was a book; just a book, but one containing the secret of determining sex. The author may have congratulated himself too soon on his success but if he has made the discovery, there is no doubt but that he will be hailed as a benefactor.

But why?

At present more boy infants are born than girls, but boys being frailer about the same number reach maturity. This is Nature's way, and suits us well enough; but life without electric lights once seemed well enough too. Nature can be improved on, and the desire among us evidently is for one sex to predominate numerically.

But which?

A family already blessed with several sons once desired a daughter, prayed for her, and at last the prayer was granted; but the girl was the youngest child, and while she was still small her brothers married, and to them too were vouchsafed girls. Daughters and ever more daughters! At last the grandmother herself felt that the Lord was laughing at them.

There is no profit in girls except to white slavers, and nobody is trying to determine sex to gratify them!

What the world wants is men. Of women there has always been a superfluity. That is why girl babies were once put to death in China, and old women were cremated — somewhat prematurely — in Europe and New England, with witchcraft as a pretext.

This seems like a rash assertion regarding the witches, but there is nothing essentially feminine about magic: men

might have dabbled in it, or, if it was possible, practical, and advantageous might have sold themselves to the devil. Men are not squeamish about money matters. The reason women were charged with the crime instead is because nobody wanted them around, and society needs its men.

A man can do nearly anything a woman can except bear and suckle children, and one woman, if relieved of all other burdens, can be made to give birth to a numerous progeny. Many have borne twenty, nursing and rearing them as well, and doing most of the housework, which is unnecessary. Men can do that.

A tyro in economics can see that one woman with twenty sons is better than twenty with a son apiece, and it is sadly to be doubted if twenty sons will be found to every twenty adult women.

Already men are in charge of laundries and restaurants, and while women make good cheap cooks, big establishments and connoisseurs prefer men even for that; as janitors and Pullman porters they prove what good chambermaids they would make, and they are excellent trained nurses for hospitals and ideal dry ones for little boys.

The little fellows have an inborn interest for all a man does; will look on fascinated while he washes the car, trot behind him while he mows the grass, get out their little tools and help him mend the fence, and when they need an airing he can please both himself and them by taking them hunting, fishing or to a ball game. A woman has to amuse them in ways foreign to their nature and hers, whereas he can control them better than she can and care for them as tenderly. I have seen the experiment tried.

Women do all such work now, since, being here, they must make themselves useful, but they regard it as drudgery. Men make a business of it, an art or profession, which is one reason the world prefers them. Women themselves join in the clamor crying,

"Give us men!"

For women love men but men do not love women.

If men had no capacity for affection their lack of fondness for the weaker sex would reflect on themselves, but they love their sons almost as dearly as their own lives, are capable of the greatest devotion to a religious, political, or military leader who stirs their enthusiasm; and it is generally held that their friendship for each other is warm and loyal.

But they do not love women!

They frequently become enamored of women, but admit it is a kind of madness and not their normal state; and at the height of their passion they are willing to ruin the object of it. A man never marries a girl for love unless he is unable, because of her character or position, to obtain her in any other way.

Once married, he may treat his wife tenderly and protect her, but — he will do as much for his boil!

In fiction we read of his love for women; in history of his devotion to men.

He never feels an unselfish attachment for a woman unless it has been instilled into him as a duty. His mother he esteems because of her love for him. No one ever cares for him as she does and — he knows it. Chinamen love their mothers. Many, many mothers have cherished cold ungrateful sons, but who ever heard of a son cherishing a callous unresponsive mother? What he loves is her love for him.

Neither do men love their daughters.

When the little Chinese woman-child was put to death, it was by her father's orders, and it was at his command that she was crippled. For some reason Chinamen prefer crippled wives, and how can they ask the other chap to maim his daughter, without reciprocating?

In Turkey at twelve years of age a girl is condemned to imprisonment for life — for being a girl; in India it was formerly customary to burn the widow at the husband's funeral. The widow was frequently a little child, but there

is no evidence that the father ever intervened. If the fathers had objected, the practice could not have existed; it was they, acting not as fathers but as men and husbands, who instituted it, and since they could not save their daughters without also saving their wives they — let both burn!

That is how men love women!

"But," the unreflecting will object, "they are not Christians."

Exactly, so loving their daughters has never been instilled into them as a duty.

Besides was it not Christianity, or men's conception of it, that caused those old women in Europe and New England to be burnt? Did not clergymen take a leading part in the tortures and trials? And it was not a matter of sect either but of sex! Martin Luther was enthusiastic about it; Wesley would as soon have given up his Bible as the privilege; in Protestant Scotland it was a favorite pastime, and one Roman Catholic bishop had eight hundred witches put to the torch in one diocese!

Catholics, Protestants, Pagans! All are for lessening the number of women, and sex determination is the most painless method.

Again the unreflecting object: "But times have changed. Men don't burn women now, but treat them fairly; love them."

Do they indeed? Write an article derogatory to men, and it will never be published. There is no demand for it. Publish a diatribe against women, and the paper containing it will go like hot cakes. Advertise that a sermon is to be delivered against the fair sex, and the church will be filled. Then — but this is not an argument for equal rights.

No! Even to-day men do not love women! Yet neither do women love women — much!

Any landlady will tell you that she objects to them as boarders, and watch any grown woman of your acquaintance who has to live in the house with another adult

female. Just watch her! Why, a mother and her own married daughter are happier under different roofs! Then women's friendships for each other are noted not for their loyalty, but for the spiteful remarks that they cover with a smile. Those "little digs" are the best jokes the comic weeklies have to offer.

A babe in arms will go to a strange man in preference to a strange woman. So will a dog! Nobody loves a woman. She is more unpopular than a fat man. She does not think much of herself.

This is not to say that she is lacking in conceit as an individual, but only as a sex. She may flatter herself that she is charming, but knows she is just a woman notwithstanding, and is not proud of it. Most women had rather be men — which, under the new dispensation will be possible. The average wife thinks more highly of her husband's judgment than of her own, and cares more for his and her children's welfare than for her own.

A woman seems to be the only creature in existence with no sense of self-preservation worth mentioning. If she had a normal amount — normal for a man — she would never bear children willingly. True, child-bearing has been rendered almost as safe as appendicitis operations, but — Anyway, a woman's instinct seems to be for self-sacrifice.

Cato the pagan said: "If the world were only free of women, men would not be without converse of the gods."

The church considers them "the source of all evil" and "the gate of hell."

The male sex is the only one ever endorsed by all religions; the female the only one ever disapproved of by any.

To free the world of women seems to be a civic and religious duty, as well as an instinct, and they themselves would regard their diminishing as a blessing. Hence it is easy to see which sex will dwindle when the secret of determining it is found: for while men do not love women, women do love men.

They have no hard feelings even for old and helpless men, and are genuinely fond of their little boys. The combination of baby dependence and manliness appeals to a mother.

A few eccentric parents may desire daughters now — or we should say a daughter — but at present daughters seem to be inevitable, and to that we can usually resign ourselves. Smallpox was endured as the will of God, till inoculation was discovered, but it is unusual now among the enlightened. In time daughters may be as rare.

A few will be needed to perpetuate the race, but everybody will want somebody else to furnish them; and as Nature is behind the tendency to produce more boys than girls, more of them being born even now, women will become more and more gloriously scarce!

Few daughters will be perpetrated with malice aforethought; but to forestall the possible temptation, and because girls growing scanty would increase in value, no mother careless or unpatriotic enough to give one birth would be entrusted by a paternal government with her upbringing; but would be compelled to exchange infants with one who has borne only sons — a good mother.

This may seem to cut both ways, hurting the parent forced to give up her son, as much as the one losing her daughter, but the man-child will be lost anyway as soon as he is weaned, while the daughter will be hers for life.

Removing them so early seems severe on the baby boys, but what good will it do to abate the women, if the future citizens are to be feminized in childhood? They will be just as well off with a man-nurse, and the mother's time and strength must not be frittered away on them. Besides, as the average man will never see a woman after infancy, it will be better for him to know as little about them as possible.

Everything in reason, though, will be done to keep Rachel from grieving for her children, and when a little son is banished from her arms special pains will be taken to divert her: — new and pretty clothes, brilliant company, driving, bridge, dancing, the drama, lectures, music, and art may tempt her to forget.

Being far too few to go around, women would become the property of the government and kept within certain boundaries. They would be tenderly watched, trained, and strengthened; every want would be supplied, and they would be swathed in luxury, with Science herself for a handmaid. No trouble or expense would be spared to keep them strong, healthy, youthful, and happy: for such women could have fine and numerous sons. Even their husbands would be selected by the State.

We do not mean to assert that they will have no choice at all in taking their consorts, but only that they will have to choose from a picked crowd of the handsomest, strongest, bravest, and noblest of the land. This will be a hardship: for the ladies prefer mere "onery" men, but if they see only the best, they may be resigned.

And they will see only the best; only the nearest perfect of those who can pass a military examination.

In every nation there will be feminine districts, fortified and guarded as the country's very heart, where the women will be confined in a perfect, if restricted, liberty, being allowed to do anything not injurious to life, limb, or property, save to stray out into the broader world, which at last will be truly Man's.

Into these feminine districts all that is most prized and beautiful will be collected; artists will vie with each other to embellish every nook and corner, and here only the most exceptional men will be allowed to visit.

Even these will not be forced to dance attendance on a woman's whim eternally; but when they grow ill, feeble

or old, their wives will be required in the interests of eugenics to divorce them and marry younger men.

At present women vote in only a few places, but being scattered about so promiscuously and associated with men of all sorts and classes so closely, they are bound to influence life in many indirect ways; but under the new dispensation, the average man will know of them only by hearsay — much as we do of ghosts: for the only ordinary men admitted into Woman's Realm will be the eunuchs who act as servants. Thus woman's influence will be circumscribed so completely that it will be practically obliterated from life in general.

This, at first, glance seems hard on the everyday sort of man; but the world being virtually free of women, he will, according to Cato, be holding converse with the gods; or, as we should say, with the angels!

What is a woman, anyway, except — as Saint Chrysostom said — "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill?"

Under the new order, life will be almost as near perfection as if she did not exist; so cut off will she be. Sin will be confined, "the source of evil" stemmed, and closed "the gate of hell!" Earth will be a second Eden — a wise Eden, with its doors fast barred against the readmission of Pandora Eve.

Both she and Adam will be happy. To him life will be a collarless shirt-sleeved paradise — a cross between a fishing expedition and a training camp, with ball games, stag suppers, poker, and horse races on the side; while to her it will be a perfectly gorgeous pink tea.

Men, who do not care for women will not be bored by their presence — save of course those best fitted to survive; while women, who love men, will have no dearth of masculine society.

Everything will be ideal, but the suspicion will intrude:

Do men wish to free the world of women merely to hold converse with the angels? Are they only trying to make life nobler and sweeter?

London Answers says in an article on the birth rate:

> Britain will have many grave problems to face with the coming of peace, but none graver than her population; for, if we are to hold our place among the nations of the earth, it is essential that our numbers increase at least as fast as theirs.

Now, how will it help England, or any other country, to have as large a population if half those born are girls, while the enemy nation produces only boys? If one land goes all to boys, so must they all. Every girl will be a weak link in the line of defense.

It has been poetically said that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male"; but among us the male seems to be both better able and more willing to wage war. That is why we want men. To fight!

Think of the good human material now being wasted in non-fighters!

Alas!

Yet surely a better, happier day is dawning, when life will be more as we want it! That "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves" may not be as distant as it seems. We may be getting warm! The supreme moment "toward which all creation travaileth" may be at hand. That moment when earth will be purified, when only the fit survive, when no more women will be born, and the men — will all kill each other!

RECOLLECTIONS OF JUDGE EDMONDS' DAUGHTER

LAST summer we happened to be visiting an old friend who turned out to have been a student in the office of Judge Edmonds, the noted "spiritualist" of the third quarter of the last century. We had read some of the judge's books, and been satisfied that his trance visions of another life were reproductions of the imagery of the religious literature of his time. Yet he accepted them as visions of an actual stage of existence outside of our experience. The alleged communications of Swedenborg and Bacon through the judge's friend Dexter are largely echoes of his and the judge's minds; and although we have glanced again at Judge Edmonds' *Spiritualism*, and find there the impression, often expressed by later students, that the utterances of the controls are much colored by the minds of the mediums, nevertheless our opinion of his judgment when not *in banc*, was so far in abeyance that we were glad to get that of our friend who had known him well. We were doubly glad because our friend's opinions are peculiarly reliable, he being a man whose name would be recognized by every reader of these lines, and his judgment accepted with confidence. He told us that Judge Edmonds' standing in the community was as high as a man's could be, and that he was as well entitled as any man of his time to be considered the leader of the New York bar. Certainly his portrait is that of a king of men — a fit sharer of the profound interest in psychical research felt by Lincoln and Gladstone.[1]

The testimony of our friend stimulated our interest in a set of reminiscences among our heterogeneous collection of

[1] This opinion is based on a photograph sent us by his daughter. It would hardly have been suggested by the engraved portrait in the Australian edition of his *Spiritualism*.

unprinted contributions on psychic subjects, which were dictated at our instance some time ago by Judge Edmonds' daughter, the venerable Mrs. Laura Gilmore, of Glens Falls, N. Y., now well past her eightieth year. Her mind is still clear, and she is waiting patiently and hopefully for the change to the wider life into which she thinks she has had glimpses from her youth till now, and where she believes most of those she has loved are awaiting her.

Some forty years ago, Mrs. Gilmore was living in New Haven, and we were taken to see her by a hard-headed professor in the Yale Law School who was profoundly interested in the studies for which she contributed so much valuable material, and who had absolute confidence in her integrity. She told us many things which have faded from memory, but which did much to establish our interest in Psychical Research. Some of the memoranda, which we print below, are confirmed in her father's books. They are brief unvarnished statements of fact, and we could well wish they had the more elaborate telling and the charm of personality which accompanied her relations of forty years ago.

We intrude a few comments suggested by some of the investigations that have been going on since the foundation of the S. P. R. in 1882.

I

When sixteen years old I had a prophetic vision which was literally fulfilled.

I was sitting on the veranda at our country home one quiet afternoon, gazing at the beautiful view. Suddenly I saw before me an angel form who showed me a peculiar scene.

I seemed to see two paths; one was a lovely woodland where flowers were blooming, birds singing, and children playing, and all seemed a happy domestic life full of peace and beauty. The other path was wide and long, crowded with busy people and events, and there I saw my Father walking quite alone; my Mother was nowhere in sight, and he seemed looking for a helping hand.

Then the angel said to me, "These two paths are before you;

one full of domestic happiness and quiet; the other with your Father through varied and exciting scenes full of care and turmoil." "Where is my Mother?" I asked. "She will have gone on," was the reply. "Choose which path you will take." I chose the one with my Father; and then the angel said: "It will last twenty-three years, and you will never regret the choice."

Just then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and my Mother stood beside me and said: "What was the matter with you; I called you to come in out of the chill air and could get no response. You seemed to be in a deep sleep." I told her of my vision, and she said in a solemn earnest tone, "Don't forget the vision, my child; it means much."

A few days later I returned to the Convent school. Shortly afterward I had a letter from my Father saying that he had taken rooms in New York and that he and Mother would spend the winter there. That night I had a vision. I saw my Mother dying, and in my distress I called to the nun who was near, and begged her to pray for me, that my Mother was dying. Madam said: "That was only a dream, my child." That morning I was called home. My Mother was dying, could not live till evening. I arrived a half hour before she left us. Later I took up life with my Father literally as the vision portrayed it, and it lasted just twenty-three years.

Like her father's visions, this one was in the seer's customary symbolism. Visions generally have that character, and the winged messenger has been a prominent feature of mythologies in general, notwithstanding the consideration advanced by a clever boy in Boston that an adult human figure to work a pair of wings would need a breastbone protruding eighteen inches. The alleged postcarnate characters which appear through the sensitives almost always describe their surroundings as those they were most interested in while incarnate: instance Mrs. Piper's George Eliot[1] and A. P. Martin.[2] Assuming that there are provisions in Nature for the conveyance of truth by visions — an assumption that seems rapidly gaining in probability, and that already

[1] Reported in Holt, *On the Cosmic Relations*.
[2] The principal subject of Robbins's *Both Sides of the Veil*.

is accepted as certainty by many reasonable people — such visions would of course have to be of surroundings which the seer could comprehend through some sort of similarity with impressions familiar from experience or imagination. Therefore to the mind most skeptical regarding the existence of "angels," the appearance of one in a vision does not logically force the rest of that vision away from the skeptic's consideration.

During this period my Father was a keen investigator of Spirit manifestations, and three years later I found that I possessed psychic powers unsought, undesired. Raps, noises and curious manifestations occurred that were witnessed by members of our household; then I saw forms and faces clearly enough to describe, and seemed to hear words and sentences.

Telekinetic manifestations are the rule with those who produce telepsychic ones. But there are many exceptions, the most prominent being Mrs. Piper.

When I found that I possessed these various phases of power, I desired to use them for the investigation that my Father and others were pursuing. I was willing to be subjected to the severest tests in order to reach the truth. This lasted ten years, not in the least interfering with my many household duties, nor with the studies that I pursued after leaving school to take up my life with my Father. I was determined if possible, to find the cause of many curious manifestations, how far the sub-conscious mind was in them, where telepathy came in, what conditions helped the manifestations, and what deterred them. I will relate various experiences.

A strange lady came to see me. I described a person I saw. She failed to recognize the person, and left dissatisfied. Upon returning home, she told her husband of her visit, and its results, saying it was all absurd. He replied: "It is not: for I know the face and form she pictured, one you never saw, and as I did not know of your visit, it means much."

A month later a party of gentlemen called. Beside one of them I saw the same person I had described to the lady. He then related the facts above stated. He had purposely waited a month.

One day a knock on the door caused me to open it. Before me stood a man I had not seen for years. I spoke to him and he suddenly vanished. Where? That evening I was told that in the morning he had fallen and was killed.

I was sitting with my Father one day, when I suddenly saw a steamship wrecked at sea, and among the passengers drowned was a friend of ours whom we did not know was on board the *Arctic*. As best I can remember he stood before me and said he was lost in the *Arctic*. It is long since, hence my indefiniteness. My Father wrote out the vision as I saw it and spoke of it. Two days later the news of the loss of the *Arctic* was in all the papers, and among the lost was the name of our friend P.

I gave four days in the week to sittings for whomever chose to call upon me, and never sought the name of the visitor, nor asked a fee. I could see forms and they were identified. Once a month we held receptions and various people called.

One evening among them was a gentleman who I supposed was French. I saw Greek letters around him, and in a few moments spoke to him in Greek,[1] telling him of the death of his child in Athens, and he conversed with me in his own language which I did not understand in the least. He later learned of his child's death.

Whenever a caller came and gave a false name, I knew at once the person was untrue, and declined to see him.

When a particular spirit came with a special message, there was a peculiar thrill running down my right arm.

I was awakened one night by this signal. I asked what was wanted, and the answer was, "We wish to write." I arose and my hand was moved and I wrote to a man out of town begging him not to despair and not rashly take his life. The handwriting was not mine. I mailed the message. He soon after came to see me and said I had saved him; and he showed me an old letter of his deceased wife's. The writing, especially the signature, was the same. She had only recently died.

An Irish woman came to me and said in the strongest brogue: "Father D. sent me to ye and wants ye to come with me to the Chapel." "What is the matter?" I said. "Sure, when I

[1] To this Mrs. Gilmore adds in a letter: "I was in a sub-conscious condition, and spoke in Greek but did not understand what I was saying." There are several similar cases on record.

go to bed the devil trots over me stomach and the blessed Virgin stands at the foot of me bed."

I went with her. There were four priests in the room. The woman went into a trance and spoke perfect English with not the least brogue or accent. I asked the spirit why he obsessed this woman, giving her trouble in her home and taking the time of the priests to whom she came daily. He said he was investigating the phenomena as he had when in this life, and had picked out an ignorant woman who was a sensitive, and he did not realize what trouble he might cause. A Priest said in Latin: "Oh, unhappy Spirit, I bid thee in the name of God to depart." Instantly the reply came, "In the name of God I will depart." I told the Fathers that they too had made a mistake; they had unwittingly fed the woman's self-love. Among her Irish friends she was quite honored because the Fathers saw her every day; that she needed a doctor, and I would take her to one and when cured I would get her work to do.

II

I found that I was sensitive to clairvoyance, mind reading also, and had various experiences in that line.

A woman came pretending great interest in spiritualism. I told her she had in her pocket a Catholic relic given her by her Bishop, and that she believed that no manifestation could go on with that thing in her possession. She was mistaken; for she had given to her a message that she could not deny as truthful.

I was in Florida intending to spend the winter there. My sister who lived in New York was well when I left home. One night I seemed to be in another world. I was with a group of my relatives who were greeting my sister, and I said: "Oh, we are all together now forever." "No," came a reply from my Father, "you have to return to Earth and live much longer there. Your sister is with us now." So impressed was I with the scene that I started for New York, travelling night and day. Upon my arrival, I found my sister dying in a hospital. The Doctor said: "I don't know what has kept her alive three days." She turned to me saying, "You know. I wanted a few words with you before I left." Then she passed on.

Last winter I had a letter from a Cousin saying, "I am anxious to go to see you, but I am a very busy man and can't

get away from here." The next week he appeared to me in spirit saying: "Here I am at last, I am glad to say," and then vanished. Two days later I learned that he had died that week.

I had a nephew in South Carolina whom, in a vision, I suddenly saw very ill and calling the names of his mother and sister whom he had never seen, and saying he was glad to meet them. A few days later his wife wrote me that he had died calling the names of his mother and sister, which seemed strange to her.

There called one day, a sad-eyed refined woman. She said: "I've come to you for help; but before I go any farther I wish to tell you who I am, and maybe you will not want to see me." She then told me she was a noted courtesan of New York. "You are just the one I want to see," I replied. She then related these facts.

Lately there had been all sorts of strange spirit manifestations, raps, moving of furniture, etc. which frightened and drove away the men who came there, and finally there came wonderful tests and messages to the young women in her house, and it aroused in her a sense of wrongdoing and a desire to reform and uplift those about her and save them.

She came from a good family, and was tempted to her downfall by a bright prominent man. Her people turned her from home and ignored her, and in her desperation she turned to an immoral life for her livelihood. No one had ever tried to help her. Now she saw a hope of a better life here, and of a life beyond full of Divine Love, and she stretched out her hand to be led to it. She had amassed quite a fortune, and now intended to use it to save the women about her, and she needed advice how to go to work.

I stated the case to my Father, and he gave legal advice, and she came often to me for encouragement. She carried out her plans successfully, and then died. She said: "A man can go astray and still be accepted in society; a woman is kicked into the ditch and never recognized by her set, where the man is still entertained."

With a young student I went Sunday evenings to churches of various denominations. We sat up in front generally, and one evening after the services were over, the Parson came down to me and said: "What did you think of my sermon?" He was a stranger to me. I said: "Come and see me to-morrow

and I'll tell you." He came, and I asked him why he sought my opinion. He replied: "I had determined to quit the ministry. I was played out. I saw you looking at me, and I thought: 'I'll get an honest answer.'" I said, "You are right. You had better go down in the coal and oil region and see human nature and souls as they are." He went, and after two years among the miners, he returned to the ministry, a far truer preacher of Christ's teachings.

Another night we went to hear a prominent preacher. Years before, I had met him in Boston. When the services were over he came to me and said: "I wish you would come to my office to-morrow." I did so. All around the rooms there were portraits hanging. He said, "Which of these did you see while I was conducting the services?" I pointed to one. It was the picture of his only son, who had lately died, and for whom his Father was mourning and wondering if he could come to him and bring him comfort. He received a message, and was uplifted thereby and renewed in his faith.

III

During the ten years which I devoted to the subject, I made a close study of the phenomena, and I ascertained many facts:

I. In no way could I produce or induce a manifestation, but there were times when I could prevent it.[1]

II. I found if I clothed myself in silk I was impervious, apparently checking the electric forces in me that were of use to the spiritual side.

III. When approaching the entrancement, my rings caused a pricking sensation, and my watch ceased to work; anything metallic had to be removed from my person.

IV. If I was to have a special sitting and I fasted, the manifestation came with less fatigue to myself.

Then I found that I was telepathic. I could read minds and knew what occurred at a distance; for instance:

While in Boston visiting, my Father, unknown to me, hired a furnished house and left his boarding house. I saw him busy fitting up one of the rooms for my use, and I wrote him that I liked that room furnished in green. I liked our new home.

Friends in Boston formed a circle with a medium in a certain house at a certain hour. The medium was to visit our house, teleptically, and tell what she saw. They were always to meet

[1] At least one of Mrs. Piper's sitters records that he could easily will her away from a topic he did not wish her to continue.

in that room and allow no outsider to join them. My Father and I were to sit at the same hour, and I was to tell what occurred at the Boston circle.

On one sitting I went, teleptically, to their house, but they were not there. I searched and travelled through distance in vain, it seemed; but finally I found them in a house at Jamaica Plains, and another man had joined them. I described the room and its furnishing in every particular, then started for home. I saw my body lying inanimate on the sofa, and not until my Father laid his hand on my heart was I able to come back to life. The effect on me was serious, and for days I was quite exhausted. Then we stopped the experiment. When I went to Boston later, one of the Circle drove me out to Jamaica Plains, and asked me to show him the house where they met. I did so, and when we entered it I showed him the room also.

This could be accounted for by telepathy from her companion.

IV

Some have supposed that blondes only were good subjects. I have seen a man, dark haired and coarse in body and mind, a good medium; also a child of seven, able to move a table and have it climb the stairs ahead of her. I have seen a strong willed intelligent army officer completely under the control of spirit influence; and no greater contrast could have been, than was between this officer and the dark brown ignoramus, and yet the result was the same.

I found that much that is called spiritual, is simply a subconscious condition, and the unconscious activity of the person in the body.

Many good mediums have come to a state of exhaustion, and have resorted to stimulants and been greatly harmed thereby; and being under the influence of spirits at these times, were often subject to remarkable messages and blamed therefor. It is well to try the spirits and see if they be of God, because there are all sorts hovering around.

Many times when people believing in the existence of evil spirits have ostensibly communicated after death, they have professed to find themselves mistaken.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Voice from the Past

HERE'S another good letter that we don't agree with. We gave one in No. 12. We like to get them.

I have to thank you for the sample copy of THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW sent me some time ago in the largesse of a generous heart seeking support from presumably thoughtful people; and to thank you doubly for the confiding invitation to give you my impressions of it "provided the task will not be uncongenial."

It is never uncongenial for me to write, and since you are the only editor that ever invited me to write to him, this evidence of your superiority to others of your craft gives me such high opinion of your personal and editorial worth, that I feel confident it will not be uncongenial to you to read what I am going to write.

In some important respects your contributors do not live up to your daringly announced ideal. They are not "unpopular." On the contrary they show irritating manifestations of a desire to be popular in one of the most popular of ways.

The sample copy sent me is No. 12, Vol. 6. In it are such populace phrases as these:

Page 223: "You pays your money and you takes your choice."
" " "You never know where you are at."
" 224: "Should be slow to tie up to."
" " "His criticism of Mr. Wilson's foresight in the light of his own hindsight."
" " "This is proved by his monkeying with the nomination in New York."
" 232: The quotation: "If we got right up on our honkeys and howled all of us for a real education, we'd get it by next Saturday night. But we don't care a damn."

Waiving the objection that in the "don't care" phrase, the word dam is misunderstood and misspelled, for the proverbial tinker's dam has nothing to do with damnation in either this life or the next, it suffices to point out that such phrases are

popular in both the highways and the byways, are pleasing alike to patrons of vaudeville and skimmers of best sellers; and form the spice that makes popular the screeds of a Sunday supplement and the sermons of a Sunday superfluity. They are in fact among the worst of those urban inurbanities that make the language of Atlantic Coast people so distressing to those whose tastes and tempers have been formed on the coast of the Pacific; and unfortunately in these days of syndicated newspapers, traveling tourists, itinerant professors and vagabond road show artists, we are continually exposed to them even in the best regulated communities.

Such offenses against the excellence of right words do not end in themselves, but lead inevitably to the sin of flippancy in dealing with serious topics; and your contributors write of academic themes in the free and flippant slang of a cabaret monologue. In my sample copy, are two papers dealing with *The Problem of Poverty*. One purports to be by a "Platonist," the other by an "Aristotelian." The Platonist writes of "squirming with delight" over George Eliot and Thackeray. The Aristotelian writes of "monkeying with economics."

Has any popular weekly or monthly ever been more vernacularly alluring to the slangsters of the multitude?

If much of this sample copy were illustrated with photogravures, or delivered as a monologue it would please the public by the familiar phrases that would flatter them into a belief they had "got the idea."

There is no demand in America for an UNPOPULAR REVIEW. There is only a need for one. You have the fairest and highest ideal of any editor now living, but you must not put your apples of gold in pitchers of earthen ware. You must teach your contributors that the skylark that heralds the dawn does not chirp like a guttersnipe. You must not permit them to "monkey" with any topic that comes under your review, for academic aspirations cannot be expressed in simian similitudes; and he that would avoid the guile of popularity must be careful to avoid also the style.

The responsibility for quoting (from Mr. Poole) the last phrase cited by our correspondent, and for the fact (?) alleged by him that "the word dam is misunderstood and misspelled, for the proverbial tinker's dam has nothing to do with damnation in either this life or the next" rests, as announced in Number 13, with no less a master than

Mr. Paul Elmer More. For all the other phrases objected to the editorial shoulders have to bear the responsibility.

As to Mr. Poole having written, and Mr. More having quoted "dam" where a little newspaper scholarship might suggest that a "tinker's dam" was meant, the implication is one than which, we fear, "the force of cheapness could no farther go." Our correspondent insists that his newspaper scholarship was shared by Mr. Poole's undergraduate, when Mr. Poole's spelling says it was not.

We are glad that our correspondent unintentionally reminds us to congratulate Mr. More on his most exact and happy phrase "squirming with delight:" it would be hard to do better. And we are not sorry to be reminded that it was our humble selves who said: "monkeying with economics," in a day when so many men act like monkeys in dealing with economic questions.

We confess that we are less surprised to find that our purist does not indicate by "single quotes" the quotation marks in which we enclosed "You pays your money and takes your choice," and the "at" in the next line, than we would have been if they had been omitted by a more "liberal" writer. A stickler for trifles is not always equally *exigeant* regarding more serious things.

As to the other editorial phrases quoted, we really feel a little "stuck up:" we didn't realize that we had used so many good ones in the space.

This letter goes down to a fundamental point in our policy. That fact may excuse our quoting from a *Nation* review of something of ours:

> The author detests shams of speech. With William James he casts them all aside, and writes as he thinks. Some readers will be repelled by his independence of literary convention and free use of colloquial language; others will welcome it as another sign of a dawn of a new era in style.

The same authority wrote elsewhere (Pr. S. P. R. Part LXXII, Vol. XXIX, November, 1916, pp. 180–181):

His detestation of pretence . . . sometimes carries him farther than all readers will follow him with pleasure. He seems to include in it the customary forms of our literary dialect and writes "colloquial American" much as William James used to do, not scrupling to use a slang word or to coin a new one in order the better to express his thought. But let those who would take offense beware; possibly Mr. Holt and his fellow-rebels are the precursors of a change in the canons of style.

It ought not to be necessary to repeat that language, like everything else — even religion — grows from the ground up: the slang of yesterday is often the strongest phrase of today. We lately wrote one of our advisers:

Enclosed opinion . . . relates to a paper whose style is too "popular" for the UNPOP. True, I let in colloquialisms, slang and even profanity, but I flatter myself that that sort of thing is admitted only when it is plain that the author "knows better," but doesn't care to do better for the purpose in hand.

We are grieved to learn that "the language of Atlantic Coast people" is "distressing to those whose taste and tempers have been formed on the Coast of the Pacific," but from what we know of the Pacific language through that in use at what we understand to be the Pacific's chief literary center — the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, we should have supposed the reason to be the exact opposite from the one our correspondent implies. His intimations of what *he* considers the language of his region suggest its fruit — fair, smooth, overgrown, but devoid of flavor.

Except where our correspondent's last paragraph flatters us (a part that we mustn't pass upon) it contains much truth, and we may hope that even that part is true. We are entirely ready to consider his advice, but we cannot agree that an occasional terrestrial sound mars the effect of the skylark's song, or that a free treatment makes porcelain into earthenware, or in any art detracts from beauty, dignity or influence — that in the scene in

Macbeth which often seems the highest reach of art, the porter's loose talk does anything but emphasize the awful power of the knocking at the gate.

"The dignity of letters" is directly descended from the dignity of the priesthood, whose character was established long before the proverbial illustration furnished by the Roman augurs. It's fortunate that its stiffness and other meretricious features are being so rapidly discarded by the clergy as well as the other scholars of today.

But, we repeat, our correspondent's letter, despite all we have said counter to it, is a mighty good letter. We hope the " mighty" is not so colloquial as to nullify for him the good opinion which it expresses.

Race or Birthplace?

Two or three correspondents have taken pains to point out to us that, as everybody knows, the birthplaces of Kant, Beethoven and Wagner were all in Germany, and to claim that therefore we were in error in the last number in denying that any one of them was a German. No one, however, has taken the pains to inform us that Heine also was born in Germany, probably not holding that that circumstance prevented our being right when we said he was a Jew. Why the same rule should not apply to the others, we can't imagine, unless the Germans are more anxious to claim them than Heine.

Regarding Wagner there seems to be a good deal of doubt as to what his race was, even who his father was, or whether he had any. So far as we are concerned, from what we have read of the gentleman's character, the Germans are welcome to him if they want him!

EN CASSEROLE

This War and the Civil War

WHEN we announced our intention of taking a hand in this business, the Germans seemed to think we didn't mean it. One of their typical lunatics professed to hail us as an adversary that could pay rich indemnities. Yet up to the time of this writing they have been pursuing, regarding our ships, the mollifying policy that they have lately followed on the Russian border. But we did mean it, even more than, at the start, we meant the Civil War. We are going in with an enthusiasm such as no living man has seen among us. The few of us old enough to remember the Civil War know, although it may not be a popular thing to say, that the rush at the outbreak of that war was nothing to compare with that at the outbreak of this one.

Then, many men, even of those who ultimately went to the war, were at first very uncertain of the right of the North to coerce the South — uncertain of both the abstract right and of the historic right. In a government based on the consent of the governed, the forcing of that consent seemed a paradox. There was much studying of our early history and the constitution, and the native hue of resolution was not a little sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. Then, too, it was a question of fighting our own kin.

There had been no Belgium and no *Lusitania*. There had been slavery, but even the North was used to it in a way. Yet Boston, the centre of abolitionism, was hot to suppress slavery, and through the country generally, if one observer's opinion is correct, the first rush was to free the slaves. To many the Union was a mere abstract topic. The enthusiasm for it did not reach its height until later

studying was done, and there had been a campaign of education. Even all through, John Brown was invoked in song as the patron saint.

Harvard, from the centre of abolitionism, rushed in much more than the other colleges, but even there, the boys generally waited to graduate. At the other Northern Colleges, not over four or five per cent left. And there is no comparison between the amount of drilling and enthusiasm then and now. Volunteers were then called for at the start. Now they are called for after the war has been going on for over two years, with all the thinking it implies. Under years of experience learned from Europe, and no end of strenuous organized efforts here, our people have been in training, at Plattsburg and elsewhere, many of our boys have been on the ambulances and aeroplanes and even in the trenches; and many of our women in the hospitals.

The outlook is vastly broader and more intelligent now, and standards in many ways are certainly higher. The world has grown, and grown closer together. Those that were hot in the old days went, as already said, to free the slave. Those who are hot now are going to free civilization.

Then a commission, from second lieutenant to major general, could be had for the asking. All necessary in the first case was that a young man's father should hold a respectable middle class position, or in the last case, that the applicant should be as high as a senator or governor. A mayor of a big city or a political boss would do very well for a brigadier general, and an editor or even a professor of martial tastes would make a colonel. Military experience was not required, though having worn a uniform and learned battalion drill at school was an instant qualification as a captain, while experience in the militia at once entitled a man to a commission a grade or two higher than he had held there.

There was a principle alleged to be behind these com-

missions, but it was conspicuous about as often by its absence as by its presence: the officer was supposed to raise volunteers for his own command, just as it has been proposed, in *this* war, with its immeasurably larger problems, to let Mr. Roosevelt raise many times the men that Banks and Butler led to disaster. That hundreds of thousands were said to be ready to go under such conditions is a discouraging comment on the material of our republic. Many of us have had occasion to thank Germany for reminding us how much better it is, after all, than an absolute monarchy.

In raising officers for the civil war there was hardly such a thing as an examination. As to even a physical one for privates, this is literal truth from a living eye-witness: A battalion of recruits, not yet in uniform, was drawn up in line. Facing them were their commanding officer and a popular physician of the town, who had just been commissioned surgeon with the rank of major. Beginning at the right, each recruit stepped forward a few paces and touched his hat to the doctor. The doctor touched his in return. That was all, except five dollars per recruit for the doctor.

Not only would going into the present war and against such an opponent as Germany with such methods or helter-skelter absence of method, be suicidal, but the situation fortunately renders it impossible. Our military and naval experts have been studying the present methods since the war began, and have already drilled into them thousands of our people. While we lack material preparation, in theory and experience, though at second-hand, probably many of our officers are now beyond where even Germany was at the outset.

To our young men, going into war is not what it was to their fathers and grandfathers. There are no more brass buttons and red sashes and prancing horses and cavalry charges. Not much movement among new places and

peoples, or even tents or bivouacs in the open. War is mainly a dull gray confinement in stinking trenches. The only improved attraction is the fireworks, but they are more dangerous than the old ones. The boys are not going in with *élan:* there's no excitement about it, nothing but sober sense of duty, and dull gritty determination. But these are more dangerous than the *élan*. The death rate is much higher than it was in the Civil War. A boy from Plattsburg said the other day that they all expect to be killed. But that makes no difference to them. We asked him whether, on the whole, it would not be braver and more effective to expect not to. He said it might be more effective.

By all odds the most important fact that the contrast between the civil war and this war has so far developed is the abysmal absurdity of the claim that war is necessary to keep up the courage of a nation. The response to the recent call to arms has been astonishing, at least to us who remember the call of nearly sixty years ago, and yet these boys crowding in so soberly for duty's sake, twenty times as much as their ancestors did for a more immediate cause, never saw war, and are seldom even the sons of men who saw it: the Civil War was fought by their grandfathers. And yet for calm courage and deliberate grasp of the situation, without any such close pressure as stirred France and England, there probably has never been such a display of warlike virtue as is now made by this peaceful people.

No! No farther proof is needed that it does not require wars to keep alive courage and self-devotion.

Mr. Choate

Of course periodicals like this cannot contain many words of obituary, or of many people. For great public characters that function is usually filled by the daily press long before our issue. But we are impelled to say

a word about Mr. Choate as a great private character — an aspect of him of which perhaps not enough has been said. The manner of man he was is well suggested by the fact that though while he was among us, we seldom heard his friends allude to him otherwise than as "Joe" Choate, never since his death have we heard him spoken of otherwise than as "Mister" Choate. While he was familiar among us, he was thought of by his friends with a familiar affection, but in front of that, his departure at once placed their profound respect. Everybody knows about his talents, his wit, his eloquence, in short his greatness. But comparatively few know about his goodness — what a joy it was to him in his glorious old age to put his talents at the free service of every good cause that asked. He would not merely give and get most of the fun when festive speech-making was in order, but he helped on many occasions that were anything but festive, and even in that least attractive way — raising money, and always of course setting the example of giving it. As a single instance, the Lighthouses for the Blind in New York and Paris are supported by organizations of both of which he was president, and for which he did more than any other man.

He abounded too in the other kind of charity usual only in those who have lived long enough to see how much even good men need it. But he saw it younger than most men: many years ago we were surprised, and not altogether edified, to see him treat affably a rich man of notoriously easy conscience to whom most people in Mr. Choate's position would have turned the cold shoulder. We suspected policy. As we came to know Mr. Choate better, we attributed a higher motive.

His wonderfully efficient old age was probably due to the equableness of his disposition and his quick response to all safely pleasant stimuli. But these were largely due to his mastery of the arts of living. We remember many years ago his exhorting us to stop smoking shortly before

dinner. He had reached empirically part of the scientific knowledge of the subject given on another page. Many years later, on our quoting an authority that walking a couple of miles a day was enough for a man of seventy, he said: "Take it in four instalments."

He knew that he was liable to sudden death. And how magnificently he faced it! He had strong reason to believe that the entertainment of the English and French envoys would cost him his life — that for him there was as much danger in banquets as in battles — yet he knew that to promote the fervor of that time he was called upon for a great service to the world — perhaps the greatest of the great ones of his life; and he stood up to it like the happy warrior. He was never jollier or wittier or more eloquent than during the long festivity of that memorable week. He went out in a blaze of glory, everywhere honored and beloved. He was blest in his life and blest in his death. The usual comments of his friends upon his sudden passing were not "How sad!" or "How terrible!", but "How splendid!", "How magnificent!"

O faustus et felix!

The Flower and the Gardener's Second Assistant

A Transposition

I

She was the crowning achievement of a gardener whom all the world honored as a creator, — the pride of his gardens, the petted darling of his assistants. Carefully they sheltered her from wind and rain and sun and frost, and they watched jealously lest her beauty be wrinkled, her loveliness stained; but, being mere journeymen, they could not know that the changing moon troubled her, nor that she was frightened by the steady stare of the stars.

When the sun rose in the morning, she would make up little songs, almost without knowing it, and sing them

dreamily to herself. All of them ended in the same way: "O Bee — Bee! See, I am beautiful . . . . And there is honey at my heart. . . ."

But, whenever an amorous buzzing drew near, she would shrink, and fold her petals.

II

One day, the gardener's second assistant, a man who thought he knew more than the gardener and could manage the garden better, watched her a long time.

"Why are you so coy?" he asked, suddenly.

She hung her head and blushed.

On the following day, he came and asked her again.

She hung her head.

The third day she answered, blushing, saying that she knew how quickly flowers faded if. . . .

The gardener's second assistant laughed.

"Haven't you heard of my latest discovery?" he cried. "Contrapollenation! — Harmless! — Absolutely Safe!" He told her.

III

She preserved her beauty and her loveliness a whole week longer than any other flower of her season. After all, that was something! . . . Besides, she lived to see a very remarkable thing: how, when the others lay dying, the gardener himself came to them, and took from their drying stalks, with the utmost care, strange little objects the sight of which thrilled her, she did not know why; and she saw how he stowed away these tiny mysteries in the buttoned pockets of his overalls. And during the nights — lonely, now — while the harvest-moon rode in the solemn sky, she marvelled at what she had seen.

Her turn came at last. Though she lay dying, she awaited the gardener in a flutter of anticipation. When he stood over her, however, and stooped — from the very

sky! — to take her up, she was filled with fear and dread, and overwhelmed with shame.

He tore her from the soil and looked at her a moment. Then he dropped her on a rubbish-heap.

IV

But that evening he sent for his second assistant. The latter knew at once why he had been summoned. With calculated self-assurance he faced his superior.

"It works!" he said, brazenly.

The vein on the gardener's forehead grew thicker and his beard trembled; but presently he sighed, and drew his calloused palm over his brow.

"Yes," he replied, quietly, "it works. But you knew it would, all along, of course. . . ."

That was true, and so there was an interval of silence. The assistant shifted his weight from foot to foot.

The gardener sat musing.

"Her seed may be no great loss, after all," he murmured, as if to himself.

"Indeed, these exquisite strains are morbid, sometimes," murmured the other.

The gardener raised his head and studied him over the tops of his big horn-rimmed spectacles. The assistant, try as he would, could not repress the flush that slowly stained his face. Then his superior spoke, with a smile that was all benevolence.

"The garden is no place for your talents, my son," he said. "You are far too clever to be trusted inside a fence! — Therefore, I shall send you out among the weeds, and to the lowly herbs in barren places. There, there is work for you: the weeds we shall be well rid of, and the others will be sightlier and happier beings if there are fewer to struggle for the slender nutriment."

The gardener's second assistant was all enthusiasm.

"I should never have thought of that!" he cried.

And so it was arranged.

Birth Control

We have printed the foregoing allegory more because our æsthetic sense highly approves it, than because our judgment unqualifiedly endorses it. Yet it does seem to us to illustrate about the clearest and best defended point that has yet been made on the affirmative side of this tremendously complicated question.

It has long appeared to us the one topic above all others which leads a certain kind of people to "rush in where angels fear to tread."

There is one consideration that appears to us broader and more fundamental than any other so far presented on either side. One of the strongest passions among women is that for children. The women who have it are carried by it through pains and dangers of maternity which to women who have it not are terribly onerous and often fatal. Birth control is apt to kill this salutary passion, and therefore to condemn many women to much suffering and not seldom to death.

This is also true, of course, of conception control, for which birth control is a misnomer. The latter has its special dangers even greater than those of conception control.

But conception control has enough. In almost every form, probably every form, it interrupts in varying degrees, a flow of nervous energy which cannot be interrupted without a strain on the nervous machinery which is inevitably deleterious, and some modes of which are persisted in to paralysis and death.

Added to the dangers already enumerated, is the incidental one that couples practising either abnormality at the outset — waiting to have their fling in pleasures or to get rich, before assuming the care of children, often find when they are ready and even eager for them, that the practices against nature have atrophied the capacity of producing them, and brought the penalty of lonely old age.

These considerations, it should be noticed, do not include what many consider the casuistries upon the subject by the legal and medical professions, although the unquestionable physical facts we have cited, do tend to the impression that the positions of the lawyers and doctors, even if on debatable foundations, may be on the right side.

Yet it is to be admitted that they are not held with the rigidity that they were a generation ago. When a man of the position of Dr. Jacobi comes out for birth control, or rather conception control, it is time for a careful reconsideration of opinions.

It is very plain that Nature is extremely jealous of any attempt to prevent her having her own way, and she carries her resistance into the psychic and social spheres. The direct attack of the attempts to circumvent her which we have mentioned, upon the institution of the family, and the indirect attack through the encouragement of illicit relations, are both so obvious that they call for no more than a mere reminder. And yet the fundamental relation of the institution of the family to civilization itself, is so little recognized by most of the agitators in these most agitating days, that it calls for constant elucidation and impressment. We cannot discuss it farther now, however. We shall reach our present aim if we lead anybody to "go slow" on the exceedingly complicated and important questions we have touched upon. To reach sound conclusions on them may take the century that James thought it may take to reach sound conclusions on the phenomena now regarded by so many as spiritistic. "Going slow" in the formation of opinions probably was never so needed as now. The need was more acute after the French Revolution began to brew, but it did not embrace nearly as wide and perplexing a mass of topics as present-day agitation does, or as many facilities for discussion and propaganda, or as strong and wide a passion for them.

The hard problem we have just considered, like so many others, seems to have no clear solution but through the general advance of mankind. Some of the most successful lives we know are in two existing families of respectively nine and twelve children. But in both, the parents are healthy, capable, honorable and rich. As people improve in health, capacity and honor, they will improve also in wealth, and the question of the size of families, like the others hinted at, will settle itself. If the agitators of the complex questions would give more of their efforts to the preliminary simple ones, they would really help the complex ones more effectively.

On Smoking

In this collection — some tell us this unique collection — of the great thoughts of philosophers, critics, publicists, economists and educators, the one article that has most frequently been mentioned to us with approval is the little one on Shaving in the *Casserole* of Number 12, called *Efficiency Saves an Essay a Year*. Emboldened by this circumstance, we now venture a second one on the art of good living — one alliteratively kindred to Shaving, namely Smoking. We have already inflicted its suggestions on many of our club companions, of whom not a few assure us that they have greatly profited by them.

A great and good doctor told us some years ago that, from the average system, tobacco is eliminated in about twelve hours, and that if the system is then given an entire vacation from tobacco for five or six hours, it will brace itself to endure any amount of smoking during the rest of the twenty-four. But the vacation must be absolute: not even a cigarette. On this principle, one can smoke the whole evening, or if he prefers it, the whole morning or afternoon.

The doctor has found this system to work well with innumerable patients, and it has worked successfully with

the present scribe, and with sundry friends to whom he has communicated it.

One may sometimes break over, say at a social lunch. In that case, if one smokes in the evening, and there has been any harm done, the mouth will taste of tobacco the next morning.

We always smoke at Saturday lunch, and sometimes at Thursday lunch. The signal has not been noticed in such cases. But lately a Thursday lunch was put over till Friday, and on Sunday morning, after our breaking over on two successive days, the signal appeared very markedly.

Smoke the whole evening if you will, but not a whiff between smokes, especially not on consecutive days.

And remember: this is for average constitutions. If it doesn't work with yours, probably tobacco is not for you.

If you heed this advice, you may not only live the longer for it, but deserve the immortal eulogy pronounced over a man who died in pre-railroad days in a remote Pennsylvania-Dutch town. The parson was ill, no other was available, and the neighbors had to inter the remains without religious rites. After the grave was filled; they stood around it silent, yet feeling that something ought to be said over an old neighbor. But he had not been a good one, and there seemed nothing to say. At last one of the silent throng gave voice to an inspiration which met with nods of approval: "He vas a goot shmoker!"

Hold Izzy!

Most households have their private dictionary of terms rich in connotation for the family ear, but needing explanation to outsiders. The full flavor of such a term comes partly from the dramatic pungency of the circumstance that christened it, and partly from the symbolism with which the expression may be ever afterwards

employed to enliven and illuminate similar incidents. I know a home where the words, "Hold Izzy" mean much when used to characterize some sudden responsibility. Explanation is appreciatively delivered by the lady of the house, a woman as graphic in narrating experience as she is intrepid in meeting it. An overhurried morning once demanded her matching some silk at a village emporium personally conducted by its owner, a gentleman of Jewish extraction. It was the custom when business called him from the counter, that his wife should slip in from the rear quarters to take his place; correspondingly, when her affairs took her away, the husband became her kitchen or nursery substitute. It was on one of these latter occasions that my friend entered with her breathless demand. Shirt-sleeved and puffing a fat cigar, the proprietor gazed back at her across the counter, eager, obsequious, but helpless, for he carried in his arms his infant son, a large and lusty babe, too old not to roll if put down, too young to sit up. Utterly unconscious of obstructing trade, the child lay in his father's embrace, fat, unblinking, and engrossed in sucking his thumb, oblivious alike to his father's difficulty and the customer's inconvenience. The devoted parent cast despairing eyes at shelf and counter and floor, but saw no secure resting place for his burden. The moment was urgent, imperative, the father bent impulsively forward, beaming relief: "Hold Izzy!" he said.

In recounting her sensations of the next twenty minutes, my friend is always peculiarly analytic and circumstantial. Surprise was her first emotion — one moment bowling along in her motor, unaware there was an Izzy in the world, the next moment called upon to be the sole depository for an armful of Hebrew baby, her entire mind, her entire muscle taut with the task of not spilling him! She notes particularly the instant absorption required of her to meet a responsibility totally alien to her training, her immediate circumstances, her volition, but unescap-

able. She recalls dreamily and distractedly striving to match silks across the redundant and indifferent form of Izzy, and trancedly trying to attend to the duty for which she had entered the store, as being still necessary in spite of the duty for which she had not entered it, by mere instinct thus endeavoring to keep to the course of her own existence, though so abruptly entangled in Izzy's.

She remembers also her boundless sympathy for Izzy's father, her sense of his utter impotence supposing she had *not* held Izzy, her responsive thrill to the faith with which, although he had never before laid eyes on her, he leaned over the counter and deposited in her automatically extended arms, his son and heir. She is too penetrating to take unction to herself for his confidence, she knows that there are moments when the most cynical of us are forced to trust others. Lastly she recalls most vividly the serenity of Izzy himself, impenetrable to any consciousness of being an inconvenience, his exquisite self-absorption, his lofty unconcern as to who held him, so long as he was held, matching his faith that all his life he would be tended, while all he had to do was to lie and suck his thumb.

We have all of us at some time held somebody's Izzy, we have all of us at some time had to have our Izzy held. The Izzy relation between any two people is an instance of the purely involuntary bearing of another's burden, or the equally involuntary dumping of our own. Five minutes before the occurrence we could not have prophesied either predicament, but there we are! We can all of us cite illustration from experience. The essence of an Izzy emergency is not its seriousness, but its intensity. As a humble instance, one is bound, say, on an errand only less momentous than life and death, which requires one's reaching the end of the trolley line in half an hour. Suddenly one discovers one's purse left at home! With what mendicant sharpness one studies the faces of one's fellow passengers! Yet it rarely happens that there is not some-

one to spring instant to meet a stranger's exigency signified by the small but supreme need of a nickel.

Holding Izzy is an experience often more enjoyed in the telling than at the time. It is likely to be too engrossing for humor, but few of us would be cheated of the mirth that shines on it in retrospect. Travel is particularly fruitful in Izzy incidents. For example, behold ourself seated in our chair, the light from the car window falling just right upon our novel, the foot stool fixed to our liking, when in hurtles a breathless friend, gasping goodbyes to a guest instantly pressed upon us to care for and comfort through all the long hours between departure and destination. Perhaps the stranger is a fidgety old lady continually popping forth frantic inquiries at the scurrying porter. Perhaps it is a garrulous old gentleman who genially thunders confidences in our unwilling ears, while neighboring chairs twinkle behind newspapers. A moment before we were free as the wind on its wanderings, forthwith we are introduced to unheardof intricacies of baggage for our polite disentangling, and must be prepared for all manner of emergency upon arrival, in the event of impossible connections, and expected relatives who fail to appear with their welcome. The problems of the chance acquaintance entrusted to our attention on a journey, present a perplexity I have never known to befall to any other class of travellers.

Holding Izzy is often as complicated for the holder as it is simple for Izzy himself. Of course, according to strict definition and explanation, Izzy is not necessarily a person; only, according to the nature of humanity, Izzy is often very personal indeed. There are men and women created to be Izzys all their lives, and never to guess it. People hand them back and forth across the counter of social commerce, because they could not get anything done themselves if they did not thus take turns in holding Izzy. Other persons may be harried by Izzy's problems, Izzy himself sucks his thumb, blindly, beautifully, unaware.

Somebody always has taken care of him, somebody always will take care of him. He is created to call forth philanthropy in others, himself fatly cushioned in complacence. He does not know enough of what goes on about him to be either critical or grateful. He is merely himself, Izzy.

Some people are foreordained to hold Izzy. Some people are foreordained to have their Izzy held. I have held Izzy, I have had my Izzy held for me: but, I am wondering: Have I ever been Izzy myself?

Enchantment

DISTANCE lends enchantment to so many other things besides the view! You heartily dislike your next door neighbor in Chicago or New York, but if you meet him in Cairo or Hong Kong the chances are that you will be ready to embrace him. A wife who forgets to kiss her husband when he returns from business in the evening, experiences a feeling of excitement and tenderness over the sight of his handwriting if he goes away on a trip, or thrills at the sound of his voice over the long-distance telephone. It is this same tendency of human nature that makes the city man remember with tears in his eyes the days of his boyhood on the old farm.

When President Wilson, aided and abetted by the press, inaugurated his recent campaign against the high cost of living, the response was immediate. Every city man was so whole-souled in his determination to till the soil, that it was evident an incipient passion for agriculture dwelt in every breast, however urban. It is a cynical thought, but I would bet that if the most eager of these devotees of the back yard and vacant lot movement could be traced to their original habitat, we would find they were the city men who, as small boys, rather than follow the plough in sweet communion with nature, ran away from the farm to the big city, to sell newspapers or sweep out some office. The dollar alarm clock insistently buzzing at seven A. M. sounded in their ears sweeter than the cock's

shrill clarion greeting the morn back home. Through the pearl gray distance of the intervening years, shimmers the rosy light of romance.

No doubt many of our amateur gardeners have been driven to take up the spade and hoe by a real fear of at least semi-starvation, but it is my opinion that the spring took the opportunity to get in some of its fine work. In the season when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, his middle aged brother, away along in the forties, who is married and of course fancy free, dreams of crunching the succulent scarlet radish between his teeth, or of nibbling on the crisp new lettuce leaves dipped in salt and oil. Those miserable hot-house vegetables on the restaurant table irritate his senses. His mind reverts more and more to the Springs that mother Nature used to make, back on the farm.

Several years ago my husband and I became possessors of the ancestral farm way up "somewhere in New York state." We consumed about sixty seconds in deciding to sell as soon as some unsuspicious customer could be inveigled into buying. Thinking back upon this decision of ours, I am astounded at the ardor with which, this Spring, we as a family espoused the cause of gardening. My husband has been especially earnest in his investigations concerning fertilizers and seeds. He has even been known to rise an hour earlier than usual to dig in the garden; and at night he has returned early, in order to plant the seeds. I myself have set out pansies, and the boy is happier over a new set of garden tools than over any of his more expensive toys at Christmas and birthday times.

The other evening, after the boy was tucked away for the night, my husband and I lingered over our coffee. The light from softly shaded candles shone down on the fragrant bowl of pansies. I saw my husband's eyes resting dreamily upon them as he lighted his cigar. I asked him casually how the garden was progressing.

"That shower last night brought out the worms from the earth. They came up for a drink. And say — speaking of worms, do you know — it reminds me of going fishing after milking, back home on the farm."

An eager glow lighted his face and he began to unbosom himself musingly, as if to the boy he had been:

"You hurried up to get through with the milking, got the calves and the pigs fed and the horses bedded for the night. You took out your rod, made from a sapling, from the corner by the house, got a can of worms and a pail for your fish, and started off down the road to the bridge. Stepping out on the bridge you picked out a nice worm or two and baited your hook. Then you carefully dropped your line over the side by the pier and waited. By and by you had a nibble, and you pulled in quickly, but you didn't have a thing but the empty hook. You baited up all over again, and flung your line away out into the stream this time, and waited. You were rewarded by catching a couple of shiners out there, and had just cast out your line for more. All was quiet, when George Havington came down the hill calling his cows — 'Co-boss, Co-boss, whey-whey, Co-boss,' then he let down the bars, and drove the cows up to his barn. George was always late milking. He was one of those inefficient mortals never punctual about anything. Then all was very still, the sun had gone down. After you had tired of fishing from both sides of the bridge, you decided to go down to Havington's pasture, and see if you could pick a few suckers out of the rapids. You climbed over the fence, and went down through the pasture to the oak tree, where the water ran swift because the brook was pretty narrow there. You found a rail that had floated down in the spring, and had caught on a stone. You laid the rail across the brook so the water ran over the top of it. Then you sent the boy who stood watching you, up the brook to throw stones in the water and splash it with a stick in all the deep places along the bank. Pretty soon the suckers

began to come down and dart over the rail. You managed occasionally to catch one with your bare hands. By and by it got pretty dark, and you started for home with about a dozen fish in your pail. You noticed how heavy the dew was on the grass. When you ploughed through it your feet were wet, and the grass whipping against your legs soaked your stockings. You trudged through the sand in the middle of the road, where it felt warmer. Your shoes got heavier and heavier. At last you turned into your own driveway, where the ground was hard, and stamped your feet. Then you scuffed along on the short grass of the lawn. After stopping at the well for a drink, you went into the house and got a sharp knife and a lantern, and went out back of the house to a plank to clean your fish, gloating over the fine time you were going to have next morning eating them fried in corn-meal for breakfast."

"Those were good old days, weren't they?" I said, my heart full of sympathy for the little boy with the pail of fish and such very wet feet.

"Um —"

"Why did you run away to the city?" I asked.

"The lure of the unknown, I suppose — the enchantment of distance."

"Would you like to go back — if you had a chance?"

"I wouldn't be selfish." The boy-man was grinning, the dreams gone from his eyes, "I'd let some other man enlist first."

Some of You Please Tell Us

if you get any fun out of the *Comments from Our Readers* in the front advertising pages. They entertain us so much that we have been tempted to retain, in addition to the new page, the page from the preceding issue; but we don't want to make more of a feature of them than you care for.

FRANKLIN TO HIS PRINTER NEPHEW

My dear Nephew: —

In View of the substantial Success of the Press now establish'd by Yale Colledge at New Haven in the Colony of Connecticut, I am determin'd to open in your Favour a Printing Office at another University.[1] Therefore, that you may prepare yourself to act as Journeyman to us, I should advise a Visit to that House, whereby you will find among its Books many that will well serve us for Models.

Give attention to "The Growth of Medicine"[2] and watch how the Printer has heeded the pleasante Character of the Book. The Enjoyment of this Account might have been lost to many a good Layman had it been buried in the Type of a Treatise.

Your Taste for Books, such as "A Voice from the Crowd,"[3] which are comfortable to read needs no Cultivation, but I commend to you nevertheless the Design of "Journeys to Bagdad"[4] whose Charm is much enhanced by the quaint Woodcuts. Small Volumes are difficult to devise. Therefore look to Dr. Lusk's "Nutrition"[5] & Mendel's "Food Supply"[6] — dealing both with Questions very vital to the Day. You will find in them an attractive, clear Page & yet one of much Convenience in Size.

Books containing the sort of Reading that People want who enjoy good Biography, History, & sound scientific Information in an attractive Form you will find to be hard to make. To give them Character without making them fanciful is often a Tax upon the Ingenuity of a Book-maker. "Civilization and Climate"[7] is such a Work of one of those rare Scholars who can put the Results of Research in a Form which Laymen appreciate. Note that its Appearance has the Dignity which the Scholar demands of it & the attractive Qualities which appeal to the Layman. The same is true of that widely-read Book — "The Diplomatic Background of the War."[8]

I will not describe the Works of this splendid Press further lest I be drawn into extolling the Majority of them. Only look well into them & admire their Adherence to high Standards of Bookmaking. Not all the Rigours of high Costs in Paper, in Binding, & in Printing have avail'd to bring down their Excellence.

I am, Sir, yr. obdt. serv't & affct. Uncle,

Benj. Franklin.

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[1] After a letter in the Yale University Library (dated October 27, 1753) from Benjamin Franklin, directing what type to order from Mr. Caslon for this proposed printing-office.

[2] By Albert H. Buck. (Second Printing.) $5.00 net.

[3] By George Wharton Pepper. (Third Printing.) $1.50 net.

[4] By Charles S. Brooks. (Third Printing.) 27 woodcuts. $1.50 net.

[5] By Graham Lusk. (Fourth Printing.) 50 cents net.

[6] By Lafayette B. Mendel. 50 cents net.

[7] By Ellsworth Huntington. (Second Printing.) $2.50 net.

[8] By Charles Seymour. (Fourth Printing.) $2.00 net.

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WHEN WILL WARS CEASE?

CHANGING this planet from a cloud of tenuous star-dust into a place fit for human beings to live in, is so long a process that many declare that it is not yet completed — that a planet with such goings-on as this one now witnesses, is not yet fit for human beings to live in. Be that as it may, no sane and instructed person will deny that the planet is nearer fit for the occupancy of man than it was as star-dust or as incandescent gas or as carboniferous forest where

> The fearful dragons of the prime
> Tare each other in their slime,

or even than it has been for most of the time since man has been upon it. This evolution has been accomplished by conflicting forces — from the centripetal rush of the star-dust leading to its centrifugal whirl; through the expanding heat caused by compression toward the center; through the chemical reactions that gave consistency and organization; through the mechanical reactions that even yet occasionally quake the crust; on through the struggles for existence among the primitive plants and beasts, that helped evolve the higher types; through the competitions of men with primitive beasts and, worse still, with each other through personal wars; then through tribal wars, then through national wars, and all the while more and more through trade.

The action of all these conflicting forces has of course tended toward equilibration. Despite an occasional earthquake or volcanic eruption, the earlier ones have

attained it for long periods; but among the later forces, the conflicting appetites of men kept individuals fighting until, within a century or two, advanced communities refused to be disturbed by private brawls, and got fairly to working the machinery for suppressing them that had been evolving with the rest of civilization. Long before the suppression of the private brawl, it had been reduced to some sort of order, in the duel; and it is most suggestive that long after that had been suppressed in England and America, and to a great extent in France, it was kept alive by Bismarck in the German universities, as an educational institution. Not only have the opposing forces leading to the private brawl been equilibrated in all civilized countries but Germany, if she is to be counted as civilized, but those leading to the public brawl — to war, seem, despite the present outbreak, to have been to a great degree equilibrated also.

Certainly the opposing forces of men's passions on the one side, and their consciences and judgments on the other, have not only long been moved toward equilibration by the general forces which we call civilization; but in relation to war especially, by the evolution of systematized arbitration, of International Morality, and lately by the rudimentary machinery started at The Hague for giving to that Morality the sanctions which will turn it into Law.

But now come along Dr. Woods and Mr. Baltzly with a study, admirable as far as it goes, called *Is War Diminishing?* They have a chart showing the time since 1450 spent in war by France, England, Holland, Spain, Turkey, Austria, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Prussia. For each nation there is a horizontal line of squares, one for each ten years. France's line is at the top, and the rest follow down in the order named. The time taken by wars is indicated by black shading in the squares. The most noticeable thing about the chart is

one upon which the authors themselves have not remarked. Up to 1720, the close of the war of The Quadruple Alliance, the chart is preponderantly black. At 1720 the black squares are cut off by a virtually straight line of white squares from top to bottom, through the whole eleven lines: the years 1720 to 1730 having been entirely free of wars in all the countries but four, nearly free in two of these, two-thirds free in another, and half free in the fourth. To the left of this line the chart is, as already stated, preponderantly black; to the right of the line the chart is preponderantly white. The Napoleonic wars blacken up some seven or eight per cent. of this right-hand section; the Crimean wars perhaps three per cent.; and Russia's other wars (mainly in Turkey and Asia) about as much. The rest are "scattering."

The decrease differed from natural processes in general, in that it was not a gradual subsidence to a lower level, but a sudden fall, as if some barrier had given way. It is peculiar, too, in the rather even maintenance of the new level. Until the present war, too, there has been little like even a temporary return to the old conditions.

How the authors with this chart before them could have asked their question: "Is War Diminishing?" is to us a puzzle. Perhaps an answer might be: Not in the usual sense of tapering off, but about two centuries ago wars gave a sudden slump to a somewhat uniform average of about a sixth of that for the preceding three centuries. They thickened up again for about thirty years around 1800, and then relapsed to their preceding average, until the present great outbreak.

Perhaps one reason why Messrs. Wood and Baltzly did not make as much as we are disposed to of the enormous falling off in the time the nations have been engaged in wars since 1720, is that that time does not cover the whole case, and that if the time could be multiplied into the destructiveness (which factor they have not attempted to determine), the contrast might not be so great. But

it has long been common doctrine that the destructiveness of wars tends to limit their duration, and ultimately to end them. This doctrine was greatly strengthened by Germany's quick victory over France in 1870, but probably it will not gain much force from the present war — at least from the mechanical and economic point of view; but from the moral and emotional point it will probably gain a great deal.

Dr. Woods and Mr. Baltzly are slow to generalize from their results, because they cover so small a period of the time man has been upon the earth. We believed, and believe still, and supposed that everybody believed, that in the period of recorded history before A. D. 1450, the time spent in fighting was at least as great as between 1450 and 1720; and, to judge by what we know of contemporary backward people, the fighting before recorded history must have been much greater than since.

In spite of the plain showings of his own chart, Dr. Woods says:

> Starting with the history of England, France, Spain and Russia, I was soon greatly struck by the failure of the modern centuries to give much diminution in the proportion of time devoted to the horrible art of war. As far as these nations were concerned, it seemed that there was no diminution of war worth speaking about. I was surprised to find that in the earlier as in the later periods, man seemed to have fought about half of the time, and not, as is often erroneously said, almost continuously in the early stages of history. I did not believe that a natural and psychological phenomenon which had persisted so constantly could suddenly cease.

Dr. Woods frequently repeats his statement that about half of each nation's time has been devoted to war. His own chart disproves it since 1720. It would be more important to be able to say what part of the *citizen's* time has been given to war. But this inquiry would probably be beyond even Dr. Wood's patience and accuracy. It would probably be his guess that the time has not decreased. It would be ours that it has decreased enormously.

Dr. Woods says that his investigations were made without any previous opinion, but the spirit in which he puts the positions of the militarists and the pacifists, not to speak of his attitude toward the showing of his own chart, arouses a suspicion that he may have a bias that he does not realize any better than most of us realize our own.

His chart and his text appearing to differ so much, we suspected that our interpretation of one or the other might be at fault, and wrote him. We have received no answer — a phenomenon not infrequent in the vacation season. If we have been stupid, here are our apologies in advance.

Much time could be well spent in searching for the causes of the sudden falling off of war about 1720, and the striking difference since then.

It is pretty plain that for some time before 1720, the passions causing the religious wars were flickering out, and that the influences of great moralists, as distinct from dogmatic sentimentalists, and of great writers on government and law, even international law, had begun to come in. Grotius's great treatise had been published a hundred years, those of Pufendorf and Leibnitz about half that time, Bynkershock's and Christian de Wolf's were at hand, and Vattel's was to appear before fighting got well going again. The statesmen behind the thrones and the wars must have felt these influences.

As to the more immediate conditions:

We have been seeing the effects of Bismarck's educational system already referred to, during the present war. The sort of man it turned out torpedoed the *Lusitania* and bombed the London school. This man has been long in the making. He was well started, though, even before the Franco-Prussian war. As we write, we recall a characterization of him given during our civil war by a young American scholar, later to become a leader in his department, who came from his studies in Germany to enter

our army. He once incidentally alluded to "that most loathsome of human beings — the German student."

His fighting education goes far back of Bernhardi or Nietzsche or Treitschke, back even before Tennyson's fearful dragons fought over their quarry. But in human records there is one place where it stands out amid its causes and present consequences, so as to fairly startle. The father of Frederick the Great, in a rescript to his son's tutors, when the boy was under ten years old, wrote:

> With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification, the Formation of a Camp, and the other War-Sciences; that the Prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. You have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son a true love for the Soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein.

Notwithstanding all of which opinions, England had not had a military king for nearly three hundred years (unless William III, who was not a successful soldier, is to be counted one) and yet some of her sovereigns, including one woman, had managed to accumulate a fair stock of glory. And during the reign of the Prussian gentleman who thought military ability so essential to a sovereign, considerable glory was acquired by one Louis XIV of France, who, though he did look on at some battles, was anything but a soldier. The fact was that when Friedrich Wilhelm wrote, the period of military rulers was nearing an end. Nevertheless Eastern Europe generally, as compared with Western, was still in a backward, not to say barbarous condition. Its rulers were quite generally warriors, and the notion of acquiring glory by fighting and plunder was natural to the stage of development. Wars outside of the religious ones were for the possession of real estate and the serfs going with it: for under the autocratic

system that's what kingdoms and their peoples have been. Whenever the owner of a kingdom died without direct heirs, there was likely to be a war involving several other kingdoms and many thousand lives. There was generally, but by no means always, some show of title set up, and there was even a pathetic attempt under Emperor and Pope to have an authority to pass on the titles and secure justice. In all except this attempt, the system or lack of system survives in the central powers and in them alone, and it is against this survival that the civilized world is now fighting. The whole thing was but one step removed from the savage with his war paint.

Yet we are not to regard King Friedrich Wilhelm with unreserved contempt. If we did, we should put ourselves on a level with the pacifists who propose to leave America open to Prussian brigandage. In Friedrich Wilhelm's time the game was, as his present successor wants to keep it, one of dog-eat-dog, and it was, as it would be now, a poor cur who would not fight for his own bone. But in so martial an age as Friedrich Wilhelm's the spirit would not be restricted to self-defense.

In any event, for good or ill, so was educated the Prussian national idol, and so have the Prussians been educated — an eighteenth century people in the twentieth century.

The day that this is written, comes word that at the opening of the Reichstag, when some members called for a policy of no annexation, the Chancellor announced that Germany was in the war to conquer, and would not declare any peace terms. But she is not to be permitted any conquest: conquest is out of date.

While most of the rest of Europe has progressed, the notion of Friedrich Wilhelm has continued a sacred tradition in the Hohenzollern family, and was taken up with special enthusiasm by the present Kaiser. But that portion of Europe to which it had begun to be alien two hundred years ago is now in intense opposition to it, and its only supporters who count in Europe are the Austrian Haps-

burgs and the Turks. Even the Spanish Hapsburg shows no interest in it, and the new Austrian emperor not much.

Reverting for a moment to the topic of the education of a prince, it may be worth while to tell a little circumstance illustrative of the change of view between the early eighteenth century and the late nineteenth. About the eighteen sixties there was exhibited in New York a picture by an eminent French artist, called "The Education of a Prince." It represented a little chap six or eight years old dressed in the fashion of the period, in a palatial apartment, rolling balls into an army of toy soldiers. The court dignitaries — one of them a cardinal enlivening the picture with his splotch of red, stood around admiringly watching the game. Now this picture was in New York because Louis Napoleon, much as he liked to dress up in soldier clothes and pretend to lead his armies — even to Sedan, had prohibited its exhibition in France. What motives were ascribed to him at the time, we don't remember, but in connection with the education of Frederick the Great and his boy battalion, the circumstance may arouse some interesting reflections.

Well! Until within a few centuries the military ruler was the standard type throughout the world. He is extinct in France and England, and probably in Russia. In America, though some successful soldiers have been rewarded by the presidency, no president has ever appeared in the field. When the soldier ruler is extinct, there are not apt to be wars of aggression. He survives in Prussia, and we know the consequences. The absolutist ruler is always, ostensibly at least, a military ruler. He always has his picture taken in uniform: even the ex-Czar of Russia did.

The anxiety with which we watch Russia's experiment by no means all comes from our interest in its effect on the present war. Before the Russian revolution, patriotic Britons have freely announced themselves as "pro-ally

on the West, and pro-German on the East": they wanted a strong Germany as a buffer against Russia. Would not the firm establishment of the Russian republic resolve that anomalous situation? Would it not also dissipate most of the war clouds hanging over Asia? If China becomes a republic, will not the imaginations that have busied themselves with the yellow peril, find it much easier to take an occasional rest?

Some people fear that Japan's success against Russia has turned her head, or swelled it, as badly as Germany's success against France in 1870 swelled hers, and that Japan may be led into war both by our discouragement of her people settling here, and by her desire to attain some sort of hegemony over China. Japan's autocratic government, and the comparative newness of her astonishing advance in civilization, may give some justification for these fears; but strong considerations against them are her wonderful good sense, her desire to stand on a par with the older civilizations, and the hope that out of the present war will arise a combination of those civilizations which she would not care to antagonize.

In view of what is now going on in Europe, a smile may be excited by the suggestion that Japan's desire to stand on a par with the older civilizations would incline her toward peace. But the reasons for such a smile would be superficial. The present war is in despite of the older civilizations. They made no preparations for it, and tried to prevent it. The civilizations of Germany, who prepared it for years, and of Austria, are very young compared with those of their principal opponents, ours of course being as old as England's. Nothing illustrates the youth of Germany's better than her exaggerated opinion of it. Turkey never had any. Russia's, it is true, is young, but there is still ground for the hope that she has suddenly made a great leap toward maturity.

The last century — the last half century, has seen a

revolution in the feeling of all advanced peoples regarding war. Its pomp and circumstance are gone, and nobody thinks of calling it glorious. Sherman called it Hell, and Grant regarded peace as the great desideratum, and told his conquered foe to keep the spoils — to take their horses home. Who expects that if we and our allies win in the present war, there will be any "spoils" beyond orderly indemnities for the damages incurred? How far have Germany's outrages been regarded by the rest of the world as matters of course, as the outrages in wars once were?

And here, by the way, we are reminded of a strange and significant circumstance, illustrating the effect of a couple of generations of militarism. When Germany invaded France in 1870, she committed no outrages, certainly not enough to be discussed in America. We even have the impression that as a rule she paid for what private property she took. But this seems too improbable, and is not worth the laborious investigation necessary to establish or refute it. Certain it is, however, that her outrages against her arrogant enemy were as nothing compared with those she has visited on inoffensive Belgium, and on non-combatants at sea. The contrast is a blasting illustration of the barbarizing effect of the conceit engendered by her easy triumph, her sudden greatness, her parvenu wealth, her rotten philosophy, her maintenance for nearly two generations of a military class, her being drilled in a system of automatic obedience to that class, and above all, her being under an autocratic ruler dominated by the ideas of the barbarous Germany of two centuries ago.

The fact that what has so far been evolved of International Law, and the little rudimentary Hague court, were as nothing before the whirling up of the present war, is not discouraging. Few doubt that their growth will continue, and still fewer that it is getting an unprecedented impulse from the present war. That impetus

comes not only from a desire to avoid such horrors in future, but from the vast mass of specific illustrations of the detailed needs to be met, and of suggestions of ways to meet them. Dr. Woods very happily suggests one wide-reaching one, when he says: "All armies that are relatively growing are potentially, presumably, armies of conquest."

Precisely! What would have been the effect regarding the present war if the nations had had twenty years ago an authority competent to determine what constitutes the proper "relative growth" of an army, and when that growth is exceeded, to say effectively: What are you doing there? What do you mean? Stop it!

We hope it is not banal to say in the connection that whatever discouragement regarding the future may come from the magnitude of the present war, is to be largely offset by the fact that it is the work of virtually a single people, and that all the other peoples of great consequence are opposed to the offender, and opposed with the unanimous declaration that they are at war to prevent future war.

When we get down to bottom facts, the dynastic element has been the cause of virtually all wars since the religious ones, and it was really at the bottom of a large portion even of them — the question being one of catholic dynasty or protestant dynasty. In the times when all states were the private property of their rulers dynastic wars were matters of course. But come down even to the last century; its wars were not dynastic on the surface, but consider them a little. Napoleon was a plain brigand, but he divorced Josephine that he might found a dynasty. The Crimean war was over "the balance of power," namely that no one dynasty should become too strong for the rest: if all Europe had been republican probably there would have been no such fear: with France a republic, England advanced in constitutionalism, and Italy a liberal monarchy, we no longer hear of the balance of power. The Franco-Prussian war was brought on by

Napoleon III to divert French attention from agitation which threatened his dynasty, and the very pretext for it was the dynastic question of a Spanish succession — not the first time a similar question has stirred Europe. And as to this war, it was begun to carry out a long meditated and elaborated scheme of land piracy. Such a scheme would never have been gotten up in a republic; but even if that is questioned, there is little doubt now that the war has come down to a question of Hohenzollerns or no Hohenzollerns. And there probably is not much doubt that the shortest way to finish it would be to let the German people know, if there's any way of doing it, what is taking more definite shape every day — that only with their elected representatives, will their opponents talk peace; but with them, will talk it gladly.[1]

Of course for some time yet, while there are so many backward peoples in the world, there will be "small wars," not so much, let us hope, from bad motives as from good — to withstand aggressions upon settlers, and to protect the investments necessary to develop the world's resources, not to speak of developing these very peoples. Such wars are the only ones England had had for over a hundred years previous to the present greater one. The causes of civil wars are too complex to consider here. But leaving them and small wars out of the question, are there not very substantial grounds for hoping that, as far as concerns the advanced nations, when their last autocratic dynasty is disposed of, wars will cease?

[1] This was in proof before the appearance of the President's reply to the Pope.—Ed.

WAR AND RELIGION

OF course everyone knows what caused the war. Nothing could be simpler. It was the murder of the Archduke; it was the menace of Pan-slavism; it was German militarism; it was the Frenchman's passion for revenge, the Englishman's jealousy of German enterprise, the Kaiser's obsession for "World Empire or Downfall;" it was caused by the jingo press, by the scheming money power, by military cliques, by economic competition, by a gloomy Malthusian outlook, by underhanded diplomacy, by the blindness of popular ignorance, by the prevalence of "free thought" and socialism, by the wickedness of variously identified Sodoms and Gomorrahs, or even by the dread inevitableness of certain apocalyptic biblical prophecies. War in general, including the present one, is a species of ethnic insanity; or it is a legitimate expression of the instincts inherent in the world-old struggle for existence; or it is the fateful fascination of the supreme occasion for heroism and strength and sacrifice; or it is due to a temporary eclipse of "vital" — i. e., dogmatic — religious interest.

If one sorts over the opinions he has heard expressed on the subject, he will probably conclude that each reflects the well-defined interest of a certain type of man. It is the economist who sees the cause of war in competition. The psychologist sees it in the primeval flush of anger. The ecclesiastic is just as sure that the basal difficulty is the alarming shrinkage in church membership, attendance, and enthusiasm. Most of these partial reasons are disputed by those who see the world from other points of view, but when this last assertion is made, there is a disposition to let it go unchallenged. If the hearer does not explicitly accept it, he is at least willing to concede that if all men were good Methodists, or Christian

Scientists, or what not (viz. whatever the speaker himself is or thinks he should be) spears would soon be beaten into pruning hooks and nations would not learn war any more.

The cause of war is not the ebbing of religious enthusiasm. On the contrary, it is possible to point out some reasons for thinking that the element common to both ecclesiasticism and nationalism is the real thing to be feared. The first stands for faith in the creed, the other for faith in the government, and in both cases such faith is set over against reason, as superior to it. One in its extreme form is fanaticism; the other is chauvinism; both are instances of dogmatism. Dogmatism (blind, unreasoning conviction) is a source of tremendous strength; it is also profoundly dangerous. The venerable sentiment "My country, right or wrong," is the legitimate expression of it on the political side. It stands for acknowledged national prejudice and even unfairness. As a matter of fact, only a very few of us really approve of it. The calm and frankness of the thing nettle us. So we make every effort to convince ourselves that whatever our country does is really right, and not wrong; thus our zeal makes peace with our conscience. And on the side of dogmatic religion one finds the same psychosis. What is "Credo quia absurdum" but the latin version of "My doctrine, right or wrong?" The heretic dares to point out some of the inconsistencies of our doctrine, and we tell him he must believe what he cannot understand. Galileo must recant; Professor Mitchell must leave Boston University. Some one suggests that infant damnation is even morally heinous; we reply that God's ways are past finding out, and then continue to believe as before. "My theology, right or wrong!" That is dogmatism. Its opposite is the openmindedness of the scientific spirit. The attitude of the latter is, "I believe this is correct, and I can give evidence to prove it." The cry of dogmatic religion, of dogmatic nationalism, of dogmatic anything, is "I believe

thus and so, and I will fight to the last ditch, give the last drop of blood, to prove it." And it is an everlasting pity that such heroic sacrifice proves nothing.

No doubt there may be public spirit that is not dogmatic, just as there may be fine religious sentiment that is not built upon determined fidelity to historical religious dogma. But is it not perfectly evident that such public spirit is *not* the kind that brings on wars, — no more than could a free and openminded attitude of religious reverence bring on the rancors of denominational strife? Whatever is rational or openminded in either religion or patriotism (and there is much, and, so far as the nature of the religious and racial instincts are concerned, there might be much more) may be left out of present account. Dogma may be defined as a proposition which we believe without rational warrant, and to which we should continue to give our allegiance even in face of rational considerations to the contrary. This is the rigid unyielding thing that sees in every national or religious question, a question of "principle," and in every compromise, a contract with death and a covenant with hell.

Nothing here said about dogmatic religion would apply to the more sincere and unprejudiced religious attitude presented, for instance, in Dr. Eliot's *Religion of the Future*. That sort of undogmatic religion would be related to the particular religious cults just as a deep and generous humanitarianism is related to petty tribal and national jealousies. But this kind of religion is obviously not the kind our war-doctors have in mind. They are thinking of the "positive," faith-like-unto-a-child's kind, the kind that finds its beginning and end in a fated unreasoned creed, — that sees the goal of life in the preservation of a dogma. The dogmatic spirit is that which, in religion, clothes itself in the hard outer shell of orthodoxy; and, in politics, sees in patriotism only the arbitrary sacrament of the flag. And this is so much the case that the identity can be traced surprisingly in even the minor

features of these twin expressions of the same inner temper of mind, — in three at least that fairly obviously indicate that relationship.

In the first place, the outer trappings and suits of fixed orthodoxy and of blind patriotism are strikingly similar. Take, for instance, the use of music and song in the two fields. If we leave to one side the songs that have to do with sexual and parental love, those remaining can be classified almost exhaustively as either patriotic or religious. The kind of conviction that lives in the words of a song is instinctive and emotional; it is the farthest remove from logic or reason. It proves things by assuming them; it moves men, not through insight, but by psychic contagion. The *Glory Song* did for the Welsh revival exactly what the *Marseillaise* did for the French Revolution, and did it in exactly the same way! And no one who has ever attended a meeting held for the purpose of recruiting men for the army could fail to be vividly impressed by the similarity between it and an old-fashioned revival. In the one case a flag-draped rostrum, in the other a cross-emblazoned altar; in both cases the use of stirring songs to prepare the souls of people for what was to come, to establish an atmosphere; in both cases an impassioned — not an argumentative — address; the pleading appeal, the occasional use of the heavy silence of deep solemnity; in both the moving of men by the intense spirit of the hour, to make a great decision. The texts in the two cases are different; the spirit, the method, the outcome, are much the same.

In general the taste for pomp and ceremony, music and emblems, group action and unanimity, is approximately parallel in the religious and patriotic moods. The cross or crescent is regarded as the emblem of the "kingdom" of God on earth; the flag is the symbol of what is "sacred" to a nation. Both stand for group interest, and in both groups there is the iron law of unanimity; the "heretic" and the "traitor" are two (and the only two) species in

the one genus "non-conformist." In both cases the sin is that they do not agree with the rest of the group; in neither case is the reason for their non-conformity a matter of any interest to the group. That is the indelible sign of group action, and it is the social mass that makes symbols or ceremony the touchstones of power. Hence the crucifix, the flag, the orders of "high" church, etc. To see how closely similar the two states of mind are, one need only think of the many flags where there is, or has been, a complete fusion of the religious and nationalistic motifs: instance the British and Turkish emblems. And what is military and stately pomp, but "high" nationalism? Generals and cardinals wear elaborate uniforms; kings and popes wear crowns.

In short, ecclesiasticism and nationalism look, on the outside as well as on the inside, very much alike. But there is a third circumstance that points also to the conclusion that these two are intimately related: they almost invariably appear together. The church always has very much about it that is essentially imperial. According to an ancient metaphor it goes forth "like an army with banners"; it is arrayed in "the complete armor of God," and the Spirit is a sword. It is no minor authority who speaks of the earthly church as a "church militant," and in 1917 as much as ever the chosen ones make up the "army" of the Lord. And all this is no empty metaphor. As a dogmatic movement, it rests essentially upon authority. Rationalism it has always regarded as its worst enemy. Better a heathen belief than a "bloodless rationalism" that tries to seek the truth without partiality or prejudice! Authority makes creed; it blinds us in advance to any other point of view. That defeats mutual understanding and mutual sympathy. That is dogmatism. That is the zeal and passion that demands the utter destruction of the enemy: for in that state of mind every enemy is the enemy of the Lord, and so of course ought to be exterminated. That is, in its totality, the spirit of War.

Not only, now, is the church essentially militant, but war has generally been essentially religious. Think of the innumerable wars that have had explicitly religious motives. In ancient times wars were indistinguishably politico-religious. Romans fought for the Penates; Jehovah was primarily the Lord of hosts; even Athena always carried, not a scroll or a mask, but a spear and a shield! Think of the Holy Roman Empire, the Thirty Years' War, the wars of the Papal States, the wars of Philip II., the Crusades, the wars of Europe against the Turks, to say nothing of the great ethnic turmoils that redden the history of Asia. Was the French Revolution a religious or a political revolt? Who will say that the liberty our forefathers of the colonies fought for was a merely political liberty? In 1864, again, a million armed men were singing "Our God is marching on!" Lately we have heard talk of a possible "Holy War" on the part of Islam. Every Mohammedan war, for that matter, is a holy war. An infidel is, in their eyes, the one object in the world that deserves no mercy. But why look so far away? The Russians did not relax their fighting as long as the Czar was the "little father" in the holy Russian church; the Germans are fighting because they are sure of a "Gott mit uns." For France the war is, according to all reports, tantamount to a religious revival. And England trusts sincerely in a God who saves the King. The whole European conflict, as seen from the heart of any actual participant, is a "Holy War"! It may fairly be doubted whether *any* great war could possibly be carried on without that solemn religious conviction.

Yet one more comparison. It was pointed out above that, in the very respects in which ecclesiasticism and militaristic nationalism are alike (i. e., in their respect for and dogmatic assertion of arbitrary authority) they find their logical opposite in the spirit of Science. Rational science knows no authority whose deliverances are im-

mune from farther testing and correction. Its conclusions are consciously tentative. It knows how to venerate its great men without canonizing their books. It can profit by the great past without fearing it. And this movement of modern science (the only great institution that is not inherently dogmatic, though even it has lately been accused of becoming so) is, remarkably enough for our present thesis, the only one that knows no national boundaries. There is no "French mathematics," or "English physics," or "German chemistry." While the German hosts were surrounding Paris in 1870, a professor in the University there was saying to his students, "I do not believe that patriotism has any concern whatever with science. . . . Whoever permits himself the slightest suppression, the smallest alteration in the facts that are the subject of his research, from patriotic, from religious, or even from moral considerations, that man is not worthy to hold his place in the great laboratory in which honor is a far more indispensable title than skill." And now, while almost everywhere in the world prayers are being hurled like shrapnel to bring down pain and suffering upon the enemy, Professor Heinrich Morf, of Leipzig, tells his class: "There will be no change therefore in the scientific character of these lectures. Now, as heretofore, I will try to school your historic thinking to dispassionate conception and judgment of the things of the past and of foreign lands. Such scientific labor does not sunder, it unites. It teaches to perceive, to understand, and not to despise." Lagrange and Lord Kelvin and Ostwald, in so far as they are scientists, are international assets; and science is an international, or perhaps rather a supernational, affair. Thus it is not ecclesiasticism, but its logical opposite (so far as the basal question of dogma is concerned) that really stands for the elimination of prejudice and the harmony of spirit that make war on war.

In conclusion: If "vital religion" be identified with

ecclesiasticism, with grim loyalty to fixed tenets, with the very institutionalizing of the dogmatic spirit — and this is obviously what is meant when appeal is made to decreasing church attendance, fading importance of creeds, and the passing of effective orthodoxy — then war is *not* due to a waning of religion in the Occident. That kind of religious life which verges toward religiosity and crushes heretics and stones the prophets of everything new, — that kind of religiousness furnishes the very arms and implements of strife; it gives conscience its excuse, and hate its ardor to burn the incense to Mars. But if religion be taken to mean a sense of the eternal importance of life, a profound desire to know God, and an unprejudiced interest in all honest efforts to know more about His boundless world of Reality, — a sincere love of Truth, a respect for Duty, and a full joy in all the Beauty of the world, — then wars may be, and in very truth are, due to a lack of religion. The more of such religion in the world, the more of happiness and peace. And if such is not the peace the present world giveth, it is surely the kind it ought not to take away.

THE COST OF WAR

MUCH has been written of the vast cost of the present War; its appalling expenditure of wealth of every description has been a frequent theme, the latent thought being very generally: What will become of the impoverished world when all is over, the powder all burnt, the vast war machinery either destroyed or "scrapped" for want of use?

Upon which there is one important and, I think, reassuring observation to be made. It relates to the nature of what is expended by the warring nations. We speak in awe-stricken tones of the vast sums of money and amounts of material wealth expended, and in those terms we lose sight of the real character of that expenditure: for what is really expended is that which for want of a better name I shall call labor power. The labor power of a nation is much like some fructifying stream that pours ceaselessly through it. Like the stream it may be utilized for many purposes; it may turn a mill or fertilize a field or it may flow on and away idle and useless. Probably in no nation is labor power used to the limit: there is always left a margin of unemployed labor; but the point of the observation lies just here — the labor power must, like the stream, be utilized at once: it is as evanescent as the stream, and flows away as quickly. It is a perishable commodity; it cannot be saved or stored for future use. Nor can it be borrowed by way of anticipation: there are no stores of it to be recklessly squandered, with the result of subsequent poverty.

It is undoubtedly true that labor power used for warlike purposes is largely withdrawn from the production of useful wealth, but such withdrawal only affects the production of non-essential wealth: the wealth essential

for bare living must not and cannot be diminished beyond a certain point. In fine, the transfer of labor power from useful to warlike production cannot rob the future, because, after all, much of the current labor power of a nation is normally devoted to the simple task of supplying daily recurring needs of food, clothing and the necessary repairs of fixed capital, such as houses, machinery and the like. These needs must be supplied more or less fully in war time as well as in times of peace. It is only the excess of labor power that is free to be expended on either war purposes or for the addition of new wealth, and it is only, therefore, in this portion of labor power that any losses of a permanent sort that trespass on the future can occur.

The great expenditures on the war come mainly from an intensive and extraordinary use of labor power. For the time being, such an application inflicts hardship on all concerned, depriving them of many wonted comforts and luxuries, but it does not leave the world permanently impoverished, save in two ways, either by diminishing the amount or the efficiency of future labor power, or by the destruction of fixed capital or its deterioration for want of the labor necessary to maintain its efficiency.

With these exceptions then, it is certain that the great waste of war is the waste of current labor power. There is no minimizing its disastrous effects; but they are strictly and only present effects: they do not and cannot draw on the future. We are often misled by our dealing with the subject in symbols of money, and lose sight of the fundamental facts not only that labor power is the real wealth we expend, but above all that it is a wealth which is not diminished by expenditure, that it has to be expended to be of any value, and at once. Its characteristic quality is perishableness: It must be used at once or not at all, and it cannot be exhausted by anticipation. The great quickening of labor power, therefore, expressed in an unusual produc-

tion of goods or expenditure of money, is really not a draft on the future, which is impossible, but simply an intensification of labor power, a more energetic application of it to its task, which, if it did not take place, would produce either nothing at all or much less than, under the spur of necessity, it now does.

The war debt of a nation is a mere symbol of all this, a piece of book-keeping, without reality save as an adjustment of credits between the various parties concerned. In that sense it undoubtedly is of the highest importance, but if all the debts of all the nations were cancelled, there would be no loss of actual wealth, but only a change of credit relations between the parties involved. In this sense of the relative rights of creditors and debtors, there is a trespassing on the future: a war debt puts a burden on the future in so far as it regulates the apportionment between the creditor and his debtor of future wealth, the product of future labor. The future wealth is not greatly or permanently diminished. Here is to be found the explanation of the rapid recovery which is often noticed in a nation after an exhausting war.

From what has been said, it seems to follow that the greater part of the wealth of modern industrial societies must be produced every year: Wealth even of the fixed capital class requires every year its due dose of labor to preserve its usefulness as wealth. What would a railroad, a machine, or even a house be without daily applications of labor by way of repair? Other forms of wealth, such as food and most articles of commerce, have only a present value. They must be produced and consumed at once or they lose their value. All of which goes to show that practically most of the wealth of the world is produced every year by contemporary labor; it is not stored up to any great extent, nor can it by any contrivance be put into such shape that its usefulness as wealth is not dependent on constant applications of labor.

According to figures from the United States Census,

in the occupation of farming, for example, in 1910 the capital employed excluding the land was in round figures of millions 13,000, and the annual product (1908) 7848. That is to say, labor power produces each year sixty per cent of all the fixed capital received from the past centuries of labor in that occupation. Similarly we find in manufactures that the capital employed (1910) was in round figures of millions 18,428 and the value of the product 20,672, in other words, labor power in one year produces 2000 millions more than the total capital, the legacy of past labor to that occupation. It is true that raw material supplied 12,000 millions of value to the product but that material is itself a product of current labor power.

If the whole wealth of the United States be taken for 1904, it is found to be 107,104 millions and the total product of current labor power for such years and occupation as are available about 24,096, that is 41% of all wealth is reproduced by current labor power every year. But in reality the percentage must be very much greater: for the census does not give the yearly products of all occupations, nor if it did would such products cover the innumerable lesser services small in themselves yet in the aggregate very large, which keep the machinery of the industrial world moving efficiently.

What then will be the net result to a nation, say, like Germany, which has not borrowed to any extent from others, or to the United States, which has not only financed itself but made loans to other nations? Probably simply this: some reduction, perhaps a very great reduction for a time in many accustomed comforts and ease of living, and coupled with this a derangement and difficulty in its commercial and industrial transactions, due to the disturbance caused by the readjustment of credit relations between the various constituents of its industrial organization. This is manifested in part in high prices and excessive wages, in short, inflation, but with this much

certain — that its labor power has not been *ipso facto* impaired, but rather quickened to increased efficiency.

So that apart from the loss of labor power by the actual destruction or crippling of its citizens — a most serious loss, but one not germane to this view of the subject — a nation exhausted by a war is much in the condition of a man returning from a prolonged debauch. He has used up his energies in an unproductive way, and by so much as he has failed to produce anything useful, he is that much worse off, or rather no better off than when he began; but supposing him not to have impaired his working power, he enters upon the next day's work just as if he had indulged in no such amusement.

No one will be silly enough to argue that he would not have been better off had he kept on with useful work, just as no one would say that the warring nations of today would not be better off had they applied the energies expended in killing each other, to the production of useful articles. But, leaving aside the destruction of the labor power (which is partly offset by the destruction of consuming power) the great loss is measured by the misapplication of labor power, and the moment that labor power is restored to its normal employment, industrial prosperity will return.

In other words, the nations as a whole could not and have not mortgaged *their future* wealth so as to burden themselves very seriously; about all they could do in that way was to establish by their war debts a different distribution of their future wealth. While this may be a burden on the debtor nations, and may embarrass industry to some extent, it will not greatly diminish the amount of wealth produced in the future.

FRANCE AND "THE GREAT RACE"

I BEG the reader to bear in mind that I have blue eyes. So have my wife and my children. No brunet [1] can be expected to discuss with equanimity the theories of Messrs. de Gobineau, H. S. Chamberlain, Vacher de Lapouge and Madison Grant. These theories are, in the main, a restatement of the old saying: "Blood will tell." I will give them in some detail. Aristocracy is a fact, not a prejudice. There are noble families. There are noble races. It was France that formulated the doctrine of democracy, and France has paid the price: with democracy came decadence. America, infected with the same heresy, is barely beginning to feel its evil effects, because the proportion of "noble blood" was larger than in France. Insofar as the forces of modern society are banded against aristocracy, they are sapping the very foundations of civilization.

This theory is based on bionomics. Race means more than surroundings. Under the most favorable circumstances, the individual can not transcend the strict limits of his type, and "add a cubit to his stature." He can not even transmit his own acquisitions to his progeny. Tend your sheep with all possible care, by all means, and make the most of the existing stock: but that is not the way to permanent improvement. If you are not careful to breed from the best, and to eliminate the least desirable, the flock will ultimately deteriorate. This holds true of the human race. Conservation, hygiene, education, are excellent within their sphere: selection alone brings genuine progress. A barbaric world in which the lower elements are roughly kept down may be on the up-grade; a well-ordered community in which these same elements are protected at the expense of the strong is doomed to decay.

[1] A brute of a word, but established in Anthropology.—Ed.

The scene now shifts from bionomics to anthropology. The supremacy of the white race is accepted as an axiom. Within the white race, there are sub-races of very unequal dignity. The Alpine, Celto-Slavic or Cévenole, short, stocky, round-headed, will, under proper guidance, provide useful "men with the hoe." The Mediterranean, slight of build, dark of hair and eyes, long-headed, is clever, but shallow. The true Homo Europæus, the Aryan par excellence, is the Nordic or Teutonic — tall, blond, blue-eyed, the race of the Gods.

There we pass from anthropology to the philosophy of history. Human progress is the record of Teutonic achievement. The Gods and heroes of Homer were blond giants: could you imagine a dark haired Apollo? David was a Teuton: are we not told that he was "ruddy?" So was Jesus Christ, for tradition represents him as blond. It must have been the Teutonic element that gave Rome the empire of the world. When that element was weakened through war and miscegenation, Rome perished, and the tall "blond beasts" from the North assumed control. They have kept it to the present day. The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation was the center and leader of Christendom. It was the Franks of France who evolved Gothic architecture and chivalry; the Goths of Spain who conquered the Indies; the Goths and Lombards of Italy who were responsible for the Renaissance. England spread over the seven seas the sway of Saxondom. All the kings of Europe are Teutons. World-supremacy at present is in dispute between three Teutonic claimants, Germany, England, the United States.

One last leap: from history to sociology. The "struggle for life" was supposed to bring about the survival of the fittest, and therefore to be an automatic instrument of progress. We no longer accept such a simple optimistic view of evolution. The best may not be the fittest to meet certain natural or artificial conditions. The Nordic race is not easily adaptable to a warm habitat: condemned

to common labor under the tropics, it would sicken and die. Then, being a minority, it is in constant danger of absorption by intermarriage: race-pride must be instilled as an indispensable means of self-defence. Adventurous, reckless, this aristocratic race has repeatedly turned its weapons against its own members. Franks and Saxons massacred one another in olden days, as English and Germans are doing under our eyes: the lesser breeds would stay at home, and replenish the earth. Finally, democracy is restricting at every turn the spacious freedom so essential to the strong; while maudlin philanthropy is coddling the weak, and protecting them unfairly in the battle of existence. Compelled to compete with races who accept a lower standard, the noble-born have to restrict their offspring: and limitation is the harbinger of extinction. Thus is democracy weeding out the best. England has shorn her Lords of all real power, and entrusted her destinies to a Welshman; America is slowly killing its old colonial stock. They are going the way of Imperial Rome and Revolutionary France. The result, in spite of all the appearances of material success, is already mediocrity; to-morrow, it will be stagnation; and soon after, decadence.

To such a situation, there appear but two remedies. The first would be for democracy to abdicate, of its own accord, into the hands of "the great race," to reserve all positions of wealth and power to the tall blond element. There are still enough descendants of the Nordic blood to save the State, provided they be granted the privileges they need, and provided a process of selection be kept up for generations. But it is inconceivable that our democracies should display such heroic abnegation. Have we not, on the contrary, applauded the revolution by which the Celto-Slavs of Russia have overthrown their partly Teutonized aristocracy? So the last hope lies in the victory of the one nation in which the Great Race, al-

though not unmixed, is still in the ascendant, and conscious of its mission. The Germans can once more save the world from decay, as they once rescued mankind from the abyss of Mediterranean corruption. Universal democracy was hemming the Strong in a circle of laws, aristocracy at bay is attempting to hack its way through. If it perishes, it will mean "The Passing of the Great Race," the triumph of the Celto-Slavs and Mediterraneans, and ultimately Pan-Mongrelism, or Pan-Mongolism, if the Chinese, who have pride of race, seize the sceptre of the world.

These theories might seem little short of grotesque if they were propounded exclusively by Germans. But such is not the case. The heroes of German thought, Leibniz, Kant, Goethe, Schiller, were cosmopolitans. This "Xanthocratic" theory (from *xanthochroi*, the fair whites, according to Huxley) was not "made in Germany." Early in the XVIIIth century, at a time when the German princes had no thought but of aping the splendors, and if need be the vices, of Versailles, Boulainvilliers protested, like St. Simon, against the bourgeois government of the Bourbon kings; the privileges of the nobility, he claimed, were based upon the Frankish conquest, and the superior race was entitled to rule. The Revolution was a rebellion against the Franks: at least Siéyès implied as much when he said: "Let them (the nobles) return to their German marshes, whence they came!" And Balzac shows us an old aristocrat who, when the Revolution of 1830 broke out, exclaimed: "The Gauls are victorious!" Thus the assimilation of aristocracy with Germanism was clearly established, at least in certain French minds. The Romantic school in France was from the first imbued with Germanophile ideas; Madame de Staël opened the way with her epoch-making book on Germany; Michelet, Quinet, Hugo, even Cousin, followed suit. We recognize in them the same strain of thought as in Cole-

ridge and Carlyle. But the theory had not yet received its definite form. This honor was reserved for a Frenchman — I beg his pardon, a Scandinavian, a scion of the Vikings, Count de Gobineau. Gobineau was a diplomatist and a gifted amateur in Oriental studies: according to Oppert, he gave no less than seven different readings of the same Cuneiform inscription. His *Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines* (1853–1855) is a classic — in Germany: for Gobineau remains an "illustrious unknown" in the land of his birth. His theories, however, were not allowed to lapse. We find, a generation later, the well-informed, impassioned, thought-compelling rhapsodies of the anthroposociologist Vacher de Lapouge. Dr. Gustave Le Bon, in ante bellum days, was another Teuton-worshipper. Demolins studied "The Causes of Anglo-Saxon Supremacy" at a time when England seemed the chief representative of pure Teutonism, before she had capitulated to the "dark forces" led by Lloyd-George. The masterpiece in that line is the work of an Englishman educated in France, Houston Stewart Chamberlain: his monumental *Foundations of the XIXth Century*, warmly lauded by the Kaiser. In English we have such books as *Race or Mongrel?* and *The Passing of the Great Race*. It is an extensive literature, in many respects a fascinating one, like many philosophies of history, and all Utopias and similar fairy-tales. It is characterized in all languages by the same sombre vehemence of expression, and the same contempt for "sentimentality." As a survival of Romanticism, it is of no mean interest.

Aside from the fatidical style of its exponents, the theory has its appeal — at least for "Xanthocrats." Did any one ever believe in the concrete equality of races, sexes or individuals? Not I: natural inequalities are too glaring. I never thought that Booker T. Washington and the average man in the street were equals. If any of our peerless leaders, W. J. Bryan or Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, were to encounter, unattended, an irate prize-fighter, no ab-

stract theory would avail against hard facts. Christianity is often accused of preaching equality. Christianity does no such thing: there is no equality between the Pharisee and the Publican; between Dives and Lazarus; between Simon Bar-Jonah the fisherman and Herod Tetrarch; between Paul the tent-maker and Gallio the Proconsul; Christianity has simply introduced a new test of worth — a paradoxical one, I must confess, which hampers the great of this world, and opens wide to the humble the gates of excellence. Democracy itself is not based upon equality: ideally, it is based upon justice, which is just the reverse. Even in its most debased form, the political machine, it does not treat alike the ward heeler and the presidential candidate. Aristocracy, therefore, is a word which should have no terror for us. If democracy is to be justified, it is a method of selecting an aristocracy. The government of the people for the people never implied the government by all the people in exactly the same capacity. The substitution of civil service examinations for direct election would, in most cases, not be considered undemocratic. An examination is but a crude way of testing what a man knows: it never fully reveals what a man is, or what he is likely to become. If we had some more scientific method, should we refuse to use it? The problem, therefore, is merely to compare criteria. If selection for office on the basis of race were indeed safer, more efficient, than examination or the ballot, it would better serve the interests of the people, and therefore the essential purpose of democracy: "Let the best people rule!"

But is the superiority of any one "Aryan" sub-race as well established as Messrs. Vacher de Lapouge or Madison Grant affect to believe? The sons of Missouri are a formidable brood in this land, and their skepticism will not be swept away by brilliant generalizations. I have not the least claim to the staggering omniscience displayed

by all anthroposociologists. I am not going to argue with them about the color of Jupiter's hair and of Minerva's eyes, or the cephalic index of Apollo. But there are a few things well within the reach of any careful student interested in modern history. France has often been used as an illustration, and France, if you please, will be our battle-ground: that way seems to lie her destiny. So long as she obeyed her Frankish aristocracy, so the thesis runs, France led the world; the resurgence of the Celto-Slavs and Mediterraneans under a democratic régime spells decay.

We do not know what the primitive population of Gaul was. The Gauls or Celts, and particularly the Belgae, were late invaders, tall, blue-eyed, red-haired, and therefore of Teutonic race. Throughout the four centuries of Roman rule, there was in Gaul a constant infiltration of Teutonic blood: voluntary colonists, "laeti" or auxiliaries settled in all the provinces, German prisoners sold into slavery. When Clovis and his handful of Franks embarked upon the conquest of Gaul, he had therefore to face a mixed population, with a large Teutonic element, especially in the North. His policy was to rely upon the alliance of the Church against his fellow Teutons, the Arian Burgunds and Visigoths. For that reason, he found it advisable not to disturb the existing Gallo-Roman gentry: those of his warriors whom he rewarded with estates simply took their place among the Senatorial families. Military service was then the chief avenue to success; but the army was opened to all free men, and Clovis had Roman troops under his command. The majority of the counts he appointed were Gallo-Roman. No doubt the triumph of Austrasia and of the Pepins two centuries later meant a recrudescence of Germanism. But even in Austrasia there were non-Teutonic nobles. In Neustria, it is doubtful whether the Franks were even the majority of the ruling class. In Burgundy, they were still fewer; in Aquitania, they were hardly represented

at all. On the other hand, there were many Teutons among the common people. There is no sign that the original aristocracy of France was founded exclusively on race. In French history we find a great deal of class and sectarian prejudice: but no race feeling at all. The aristocracy was renewed over and over again by a constant process of extinction and new creations. Adventurers, servants of the Kings, even merchants, were admitted into the nobility. And provided they were rich enough, the new families were allowed to "re-gild the old coats-of-arms." The French nobles are fond of tracing their origins to Crusaders; they never allude to the Frankish conquest. As a matter of fact, few can go farther back than Francis I; and many won their coronets under the Third Republic. In spite of the fanciful theory of Boulainvilliers, confirmed by Siéyès, the French nobility belong to the same race, or rather to the same races, as the commoners. From the time of the Renaissance to the present day, we have a number of authentic portraits: it is impossible to say that the nobility are more Teutonic in appearance than the rest of the population. Those Kings whose faces are most familiar to us, and seem most typical of royalty — Francis I, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, are just plain, every-day Frenchmen: no one would mistake them for Goths. Our idea of the aristocratic type, Anatole France remarks, is derived from actresses and the models of artists and dressmakers — all daughters of the people. There is no single "aristocratic type" in French literature. The ingénue may be a blond: but how much more interesting is the dark, "fatal" woman! As for the hero, dark eyes and hair are in great demand, as more "distinguished." Our present "King" — in partibus — the Duke of Orleans, is blond; look at his portraits, and you will agree with Anatole France about "sa beauté un peu vulgaire."

The Duke of Orleans, of course, is not a French noble, but a cosmopolitan, and predominantly a German. It

is a curious phenomenon, that recent corner in crowns that the Germans have been able to make more complete than the Bourbon trust in the XVIIIth century. H. G. Wells is now trying to tease his compatriots — that is the essence of the prophet's business — by referring to their idol Victoria as "that German Queen." This quasi-monopoly is due to the fact that Germany has long been infested with petty sovereigns, and that the "mediatized" princes, now listed in the second part of the *Almanach de Gotha*, retained the privilege of intermarrying with royalty. Thus, in the closed royal caste, the Germans form an overwhelming majority. But this is an artificial arrangement which implies no genuine superiority, and is not likely to endure. America will not easily be persuaded that the social queens of Bar Harbor are not the equals of anybody in the Gotha, first or second part. As for the third part, that is half-Yankee already, and soon the rest will hail from Chicago. Take for instance our latest Vicar of God on earth, Wilhelm von Wied of Albania: does anyone sincerely believe that this obscure German colonel was better qualified for the position than such democratic empire-builders as Doumer, Galliéni or Lyautey?

Supposing we should admit that the French nobility were racially different from the common people, what would be the lesson of French history? The growth of France is due to the coalition of the monarchy, the Church and the people against the nobility, who have always made a tremendous nuisance of themselves. Up to the middle of the XVIIth century, they formed innumerable leagues of rebellion, not for the public weal, but for their own selfish purposes. In so doing, they frequently accepted the aid of foreign princes, particularly of the King of Spain. The best that can be said in their favor is that they have never been quite so openly venal and so indifferent to national interests as the German princes. Louis XIV appears in history between Colbert and Bossuet, the great administrator and

the eloquent theorist of absolute monarchy, — both commoners. He imprisoned the nobility in the gilded cage of Versailles, and reduced them to a position of magnificent domesticity. As Napoleon said: "Those people alone make good servants." When the Bourbon monarchy, which had been essentially a bourgeois monarchy, was captured by its noble prisoners, its fate was sealed.

In 1792, the crucial experiment was made. Through intimidation, emigration or the guillotine, France lost the bulk of its noble class, all its "fighting blood." The result was the most wonderful epic of war the world had yet seen. Hemmed in by more enemies than Germany to-day, without allies, bankrupt, and torn by civil war, Republican France conquered in two years (1793–1795) the whole left bank of the Rhine — the immemorial dream of the Capetians. Nor was this the work of one commanding genius: no one claims that Carnot alone saved France, and Napoleon did not reveal himself until 1796. The Corsican, by the way, short and dark, can hardly be claimed for Teutonism, although he has more worshippers in Germany than in France. We have the portraits of the heroes of the Grand Army, Marshals and Grognards: good French faces, most of them, plainly the ancestors of Joffre, Sarrail, Foch and their Poilus; of a predominance of Frankish blood among them, no trace.

We are asked to believe that XIXth century France, democratic, was decadent; a glance at the roll of French fame for the last hundred years, is sufficient reply. Perhaps Cuvier, Comte, Claude Bernard, Taine, Pasteur, were all Teutons? Such an assertion, in most cases, is difficult to disprove. We may, at least, pick up a few facts at random. Renan, who was a believer in race, and a great admirer of Germany, gave his ethnic formula as "a Celto-Gascon mongrel, with a dash of Lappish blood" and added modestly: "This ought to correspond to perfect imbecility." Henri Poincaré was a mathematician

of rare genius: it is said that in the last years of his career, he suffered from the solitude of the discoverer "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." We have a minute physiological description of him by Dr. Toulouse. This pioneer was an Alpine, a "vile brachy."

The supreme argument is the decline of the birth-rate in France — the curse of the hybrid, barrenness. A very complex problem indeed, only very lately, and not yet widely, attributed to any involuntary cause, which I am not competent to consider in all its aspects. I shall be satisfied with a Tu Quoque. Were not the Prussians alarmed at the higher birth-rate of the Poles, and did they not consider the Poles, in spite of their prolificity, but because of their prolificity, an inferior race? The superior races breed with less *abandon!* Lions do not teem like rabbits! Does not Mr. Madison Grant heap up eloquent abuse on the French-Canadians — who are certainly not guilty of race-suicide? Are we not told that it is the highly desirable "Teutonic" colonial stock that is in danger of extinction, unless it be artificially protected? Well, such protection does exist in Australia. No colored immigration is allowed; hardly any immigration at all, except from Teutonic lands. What is the result of this race-exclusiveness? A birth-rate almost as low as that of France.

I need hardly say that I am not defending France: France has placed herself beyond the need of such defence. Neither am I depreciating the Teutonic element, which I sincerely admire, in Germany as well as in France, where it is still plentifully represented. I am simply attempting to test a theory. It seems to me that the lesson of French history is exactly the reverse of what the Xanthocrats are teaching. All European races have produced geniuses in all lines. In their purity, it is difficult to tell which is the most desirable. And their mixture, far from bringing decay, seems to have been singularly success-

ful. Both the Alsatians and the Burgundians are the result of an Alpine-Nordic crossing: and they are among the finest populations in Europe. The "melting pot" of France has been boiling for over two thousand years, and the world does not think the result so base.

I am unable, therefore, to accept the Xanthochroic test of aristocracy; and, until the matter is farther elucidated, I should be extremely sorry to see any law passed, or any prejudice fostered, that would establish a hierarchy among the physical types of men. It would be a sin to deny "the promise of American life" to an Italian, a Pole or a Bavarian, because they happen to be round-headed. It would be tyranny to prevent, on the strength of a mere pseudo-scientific hypothesis, the mating of a blond with a brunet. Have you never peered into brown eyes that were attractive, and even intelligent? H. S. Chamberlain himself confesses that many members of the Anglo-Norman aristocracy have brown eyes: for it was a French, and not a Scandinavian, army that conquered in 1066. Alexander the Great, truly eclectic, had one eye blue, and the other dark.

I am not challenging the main thesis of the "selectionists." It is obvious that not all human beings are endowed with the same gifts. These inequalities may be due partly to more or less favorable opportunities for development; partly, if you please, to the caprice of some unknown power: "the wind bloweth where it listeth." But it seems difficult to deny that, in the main, they are, like bodily traits, the result of heredity. If this be true, we are bound to admit that there must be certain strains in the human family more valuable than others. And it is only too evident that our rough-and-tumble, free-for-all competition is not well adapted to the selection and preservation of the finer, more subtle characteristics. Once more, I am not shrinking from the idea of an aristocracy: Republican France did not object to a dynasty of Carnotvingians — Lazare Carnot was the organizer of victory under

the first republic; Sadi Carnot was a pioneer of thermodynamics; Hippolyte Carnot was Minister of Public Education under the Second Republic and Senator under the Third; Sadi Carnot was President of the Third; and the sons of President Carnot are now holding honorable places in the political world. But the test must be convincing. No one wants an aristocracy of the "effete" European type. Mere self-assertion and disinclination to work are not sufficient credentials. Of all the criteria for the selection of a ruling class, careful dressing, correct dancing and a mastery of etiquette are by far the most preposterous. Neither is the mere acquisition of wealth a sure sign of superiority. It may be due to energy, foresight, service; but it may also represent unscrupulous greed and cunning coupled with luck. It is no safe basis even for a life-aristocracy, still less for an hereditary one. Neither is culture: much of our culture is mere cramming or shibboleth. Although I respect the Brahmin class and the Levitical tribe, I would be the last to advocate an hereditary mandarinate for America. But I would rather rely upon any of the tests that made the Brahmin and the Levite, than upon the color of the eyes.

In the present state of our knowledge, there is nothing safer than plain justice. As our knowledge increases, our justice will be more enlightened: but knowledge will never justify injustice. If certain physical types are better able to perform certain services, let their deeds fulfill the promise of their eyes and hair. If you want tall men in the police, do not accept an undersized Scandinavian and refuse a gigantic Italian on the plea that the Scandinavians, *as a race*, are taller than the Italians, and therefore ought to secure a monopoly of such positions. If our present tests are too crude, let us make them more accurate. If the rewards for the finer kinds of service are inadequate and discouraging, let us put our trust in the attractiveness of congenial work, in the gradual enlightenment of the masses, perhaps in the generous wisdom

of a few individuals. The Xanthochroic theory is merely a bridge between a loose heap of facts and a mass of prejudices. It is interesting, but it is far from harmless. It has hurled Germany against the world. It is clamoring for the conquest of Mexico. It is preparing Armageddon between America and Asia. There is no reason why we should abandon Lincoln and Wilson for Gobineau and Chamberlain.

THE GREAT FALSE PROPHETS

PERHAPS there is no rôle so difficult as that of thorough-going reformer. Were Socrates to try it to-day he would be even more severely handled than he was in classical Greece. Plato seems to have confined his activities chiefly to mere speculation and the teaching of a few disciples; yet there are signs in his later writings of a bruised spirit. A number of reformers have lost their heads, and a still greater number their reason, men like Rousseau, Ruskin, and Tolstoi with spiritual conflicts that led to mental unbalance. For it is not safe, clad only in the armor of abstract theory, to cast oneself into the conflict with reality.

Yet nothing is more stimulating than to read the hearty appeals of these men for a nobler and more rational system of living. "The divine pattern, which is laid up in heaven," and which they call upon us to behold, is at first glance so flawless that for the moment we would gladly enroll as their followers; but they stumble so pitifully against the most obvious realities, and contradict each other and themselves so brazenly. Perhaps it is to the heartache because fact will not square with theory, that we must look for the tragedies of their lives.

To see the full significance of the effort to produce a social state that shall be founded upon reason and justice, and thus do away with the ills of humanity and the meaninglessness of life, we must turn to the first great speculator upon purely human problems. Like any great teacher, Plato had two methods of conveying his teaching — the one direct, by means of analysis and exposition, the other allegorical. And in the *Republic* there is as much of the one method as of the other. Thrasymachus has maintained with some heat that injustice is more prof-

itable than justice, that the wicked prosper in their wickedness, and that even the gods may be blinded by oblations. Glaucon and Adeimantus, near followers of Socrates, though they cannot accept this unorthodoxy, are nevertheless shaken, and look to Socrates for a final defense of their faith. The rest of the ten books is a justification of Socrates' "will to believe" in the transcendental and yet practical worth of justice.

Justice in the individual consists in the harmonious working of man's whole being under the direction of his higher nature, his reason, — the classical ideal of restraint, or culture, as Matthew Arnold, borrowing the term from Goethe, has defined it. Likewise culture or justice in the state, for Plato, consists in an ideal harmony between the rulers, the soldiers, the tradespeople, and the menials, who respectively correspond, in the individual, to the reason, the will, the passions and instincts; with the three lower orders under the direct control of those in whom the principle of reason and discipline is most developed.

All this seems excellent enough. It is only when we take his allegory of the perfect state too seriously (as some are tempted to take a new effort along Platonic lines by H. G. Wells in the perfect planet on the other side of Sirius), that difficulties begin to multiply. For Plato himself is more than skeptical concerning his own polity.

> However, in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it, which he who desires may behold, and beholding may set his house in order. But whether such a one exists, or ever will exist in fact, is no matter: for he will live after the manner of that city, having nothing to do with any other.

Precisely! the man loving justice, will, when he knows what justice is, have nothing to do with the allurements of this earth. But so long as things are as they are, "a man must take with him into the world below, an adamantine faith in truth and right; that there he may not be dazzled

by the desire of wealth or the allurements of evil." It is with the individual, after all, that Plato, as a genuine teacher, is rightly concerned. The state, according to the true individualist may look after itself. It is after all only a means to an end, forms and constitutions are nothing more than an outward expression of the inner man. Reformers who can see no farther than the external faults they would correct, are like boys playing with the mechanism of a clock, not knowing the end which the springs, balances, and wheels serve. For "they are always fancying that by legislation they will make an end of frauds in contracts, and the other rascalities, not knowing that they are in reality cutting off the heads of a hydra." Granted, but why then all the minutiæ of legislation in the *Laws*?

But, paradox of paradoxes! Plato, in his philosophy an individualist of individualists, when he would illustrate his notion of the just man by showing a just state, gives us a picture of monstrous injustice. It is true that his state produced order, the one thing Athens needed after the collapse of her democracy. And orderliness in the state may be of the nature of cleanliness, and a great blessing, but it is not Platonic justice; for it is not founded upon any general sense of responsibility and free choice. To this end we may quote Plato against himself. "Virtue is free, and as a man honors or dishonors her he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser — God is justified." But freedom based upon responsibility to one's self, except for the philosopher-kings, is at one blow swept from his state. To say that all have the opportunity of becoming philosopher-kings holds out the terrible possibility that all may imagine themselves philosopher-kings, like Bronson Alcott and his company at Fruitlands. It is hard for one who thinks of himself in terms of infinity to occupy himself with cabbages.

But there is one still more serious difficulty. Ants and bees have perfect order because there is no difference of

opinion among them. Similarly in the perfect social state, there must be perfect wisdom and perfect unanimity! It is easy to speak of perfect wisdom, but who shall recognize it? Who shall know the man with the happy balance of faculties, with none in a greater or lesser degree, and cognizant of all the errors and all the needs of his fellows? And above all, who can imagine a body of such single-minded personages as Plato's philosopher-kings? Angelic wisdom would never suffice; for even angels need the direction of Omniscience.

Later in life Plato, after a disillusioning sojourn with a pseudo-philosopher king in Syracuse, sought by means of compromise to make the dream of the *Republic* into sober waking reality. But his adjustment with things as they are, is far from desirable. He begins the *Laws* with an assumption which is more than startling. The state is to be as nearly perfect as possible; he shall see to that by admitting none but good citizens, and hence there will be no need for a general purgation nor a division of lands or settlement of debts. In consequence "there ought to be no disputes among citizens about property." And thus by the simple expedient of begging the question, we get rid of the chief cause of distress in the modern state. "Moreover in every state, above all things, every man should take heed that he have no deceit in him, but that he be always true and simple." And thus by this simple categorical imperative, we destroy the root of all present evil. The problem with the *Laws* is now simply to provide such an education, and such an environment, as will make the virtue perennial.

But does he succeed in this? We might overlook a few inconsistencies, though they would bulk large in any modern society. There was to be no use for gold or silver except as money, though how they could be accepted for legal tender unless they represented some other than a mere symbolical value, we are not told. There was to be

no interest on loans. Ruskin also fell afoul of this. "No one could grow rich, since the good man gains half as much as the bad, and spends twice as much." And yet the constitution of the state was to be a timocracy of wealth modified by an aristocracy of merit. He had learned, perhaps by sad experience at Syracuse, to distrust philosopher-kings. Even the number of the citizens was fixed at 5040, and the necessity of this mystic Pythagorean symbol in the state, was insisted upon as much as the need of justice and moderation.

These idiosyncracies of a great man we might ignore were the constitution and the laws such as would preserve the happiness and welfare of the individual. But what Plato desired was the one thing that human nature may never attain without stultification. He admired the rigidity of Egypt, forgetting that social fixity means destruction of individual development. It is natural to long for stability, but to forbid progress in any direction, even in art or literature, is to do what the foolish wise men did with the constitution of India. Plato's state to be perfect must have "the quality of unchangeableness," there must be no change even in children's games; for changes "breed revolutionists." He affirms "that much learning is dangerous to youth"; and no one must be allowed to travel abroad until he has reached the age of forty, when his ideas and habits are firmly crystallized.

The tragedy of Plato's state is that, looking for a simple formula for justice, he found it in perfect harmony; transferred to the state, the formula too underwent a transformation, and became iron-clad order. Here even Plato was guilty of the sophist's fallacy of introducing a fourth term into his syllogism.

The ideal of freedom which Plato allowed to slip through his fingers when he passed from the individual to the state, is the one thing which the romanticists of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries set most store by.

To Rousseau, and to a host of others, even in our own times, the chief source of man's misery has been the assumed loss of divine freedom, with which nature is assumed to have endowed him, when she created man good in her own assumed image. And the task before the reformer is to restore to man this priceless heritage of which he has been unjustly deprived. Rousseau says:

> If we ask, in what precisely consists the greatest good of all, which should be the end of every system of legislation, we shall find it reduce itself to but two main objects, liberty and equality — liberty because all particular dependence means so much force taken from the body of the state, and equality, because liberty cannot exist without it.

And Rousseau even deprecates any possible objection to the worth of his ideal.

> When I observe [a free people] sacrificing pleasure, peace, wealth, power, and life itself to the preservation of that one treasure, liberty, which is so disdained by those who have lost it, when I see free-born animals dash their brains out against the bars of their cages, from an innate impatience of captivity; when I behold numbers of naked savages that despise European pleasures, braving hunger, fire, the sword, and death, to preserve nothing but their independence, I feel that it is not for slaves to argue about liberty.

Precisely! To Rousseau, animals and savages have one virtue, and that a very high one, which more civilized peoples have learned to forego. And thus has arisen the cult of the natural man, the primitive man, the man free from all the extravagancies, luxuries, and slaveries of conventional civilization. For the great cardinal assumption with Rousseau is that man in nature, the primitive man, was virtuous because he was unrestrained, because he suffered no human superiority and exercised none, but was in every way free of his manhood. Man was by nature good, that is free, that is virtuous, and Rousseau would add, also moral, — was, in short, as fine as Cooper's Indians, when as a fact, primitive man is less than civilized man in all these particulars.

The advance in civilization out of this primitive state was the original fall of man — all this has a familiar enough ring in the outcry we hear against these our degenerate days. Then originated difference in degree between the master and servant, then originated that vain curiosity in science which has been the primal source of all our ills. For Nature, the fond and wise mother, never intended that man should inquire too curiously into her secrets.

> Let men learn for once that nature would have preserved them from science, as a fond mother snatches a dangerous weapon from the hands of her child. Let them know that all the secrets she hides are so many evils from which she protects them, and that the very difficulty they find in acquiring knowledge is not the least of her bounty toward them. But man has been an erring child, has inquired into her ways, and paid the penalty. For "as the light of science has arisen above our horizon, virtue has taken flight."

Allowing for the rhetoric in this outburst, by means of which Rousseau hoped to draw the prize from the academy of Dijon, there is yet at bottom, a profound conviction that man and his ways were once good, that knowledge and science and civilization came and corrupted him, and that the only real cure lies in a return to nature.

But it is a serious mistake to suppose that Rousseau was not clear enough in his thinking to realize that after these many centuries of civilization a return to the freedom of nature is impossible. Though he praised the instinctive and emotional life of primitive man, he saw clearly enough that the intellectual life has gained such a control over man's destiny that henceforth the best we can do is so to order the intellectual life that as much freedom may be left for the emotional life as is consistent with its freedom-loving nature. In other words, if science and the arts are the great evil, the evil has gained such an ascendency over us as cannot be shaken off; and we must in consequence be satisfied with compounding with the

devil, compromising by a *quid pro quo*, hoping by the exchange to get enough of good at least to save our souls, even if it does not leave us in a permanent state of perfect bliss.

This he strove to do in his *Contrat Social* and *Émile*. Man has a dual nature, he asserts, one social and intellectual, the other individual and emotional. The problem of society is to reconcile these and give to the second the greatest measure of free play. The state as the embodiment of man's life of reason is to have jurisdiction over only such matters as concern man's social nature. Outside of that lies the indefinite region for his individual expansion. Morality and conscience belong exclusively to this second realm, for they are matters which concern purely the emotions. The *volonté générale*, the common will of all, directs the action of each individual only in public matters, and by a queer twist to Rousseau's definition, there it stops. But to state thus clearly Rousseau's main thesis at a glance gives its refutation. Man's nature is not dichotomized in this way into mutually exclusive categories. The desire for individual expansion will in Rousseau's state be, as now, in constant effort to subordinate the *volonté générale;* and the common opinion has frequently in the best of states been a tyranny guilty of the most heinous of crimes.

As Plato's state provided for a highly intellectual aristocracy and a populace in subjection, so here Rousseau's democracy provides for an unintelligent populace with the higher intellects in subjection. Or, putting it in another way, as Plato strove for justice, and lost freedom, so Rousseau strove for freedom and lost justice, and losing that also lost freedom. Plato's rule, if possible, would at least have the virtue of being intelligent, and hence, in a degree, moral; but Rousseau's brawling, capricious populace, with each person seeking his individual freedom of self-expansion, would have little room for morals or for freedom; for a mob or a *demos* may be as tyrannical as

the worst of tyrants, since it also has no sense of responsibility. And its resentment is doubly sharp against one whose intelligence is a standing insult to its brutishness.

But however paradoxical Rousseauism may be when applied to the state, it has been exceedingly potent in nineteenth and even twentieth century Europe and America. As keen a thinker as Bosanquet has remarked in the Rousseau centenary number of the *Revue Métaphysique et Morale:*

> In truth the present movement in the philosophical world, which takes for its motto, life, sentiment, the practical, and which is in permanent conflict with the word intellectualism, is born, whether it be found to be good or bad, from the new point of view and this passion for democracy, which Rousseau was the first to feel and which he expressed so forcibly.

The reason is not far to seek. For it is true, as John Locke once pointed out, that the untrained and superficially educated would rather guide their actions by emotional standards than by the arduous labor of the intellect; and among the things of highest significance to the emotions, is the natural desire for a fuller and higher expression of free individuality. To gain this man must acquire a practical command of his environment, must find his contact with his fellows sweetened with the milk of human kindness; in short, he must live in a little paradise, prepared not by the labor of his hand and brain, but sumptuously laid out ready for him by the benign efforts of society. This feeling, due directly to a type of mind of which Rousseau was the first great apostle, has been responsible for the thousand humanitarian sentimentalisms that disfigure the pages of nineteenth century thought.

Rousseauism has also its philosophical creed, which sinks its roots in transcendental idealism. The individual soul, as a manifestation of the cosmic spirit, has a transcendental worth above any class distinction or social

machinery. It was made, like the eagle, to soar aloft, to hold communion with the soul of the universe, and if we set it at a more humble task, so much the less its worth to society and to itself. All this, too, is in Rousseau; but shorn of its philosophical verbiage, it may be read in any pamphleteer from Jefferson to Bouck White.

Wordsworth had much the same quarrel with science and the arts.

> Enough of Science and of Art;
> Close up those barren leaves;
> Come forth, and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives.

What we need is, not more knowledge how to use what we already have, but to forget what we have, and allow Nature gently to instil into our open hearts her teaching. So Wordsworth went to peasants, herdsmen, his Michaels and Peter Bells, his idiot boys, and even to a young ass, to learn the secret ways of Nature, forgetting completely that it requires a sophisticated mind to enjoy Nature, and that a man whose sole communion has been with the mountains and the naked sky and the wide earth, has a mind as dull as the clod, and as vacant as the cloud that feeds his eye. It is a curious comment that nature poetry originated only after men became cognizant, in a measure, of Nature's laws.

But one very positive evil which might be traced to this emotional worship of nature and the origins, and this contempt of the intelligence and its creature, Science, has been a long hostility between Literature and Science, that only now begins to show signs of ending. While science was making its largest strides, during the nineteenth century, even Browning with all his resoluteness could exclaim in impatience:

> Wholly distrust thy knowledge, then, and trust
> As wholly love allied to ignorance.

The same love of the primitive led Wordsworth into the most brazen contradictions. In his desire to write in a diction that would reflect the humble and rustic life where "the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of Nature," he fell at times into abysmal euphemisms:

> For often times
> Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
> Had done him female service, not alone
> For pastime and delight, as is the use
> Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
> To acts of tenderness.

The ordinary speech of peasants would be much more direct. At other times when he had a poetic subject his diction was as artificial as any:

> Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
> Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

He hated specialized labor which reduced man to "the senseless member of a vast machine, serving as doth a spindle or a wheel." He loved primitive people, his shepherds and rustics of Westmoreland. He hated aristocracy as the instrument that crushed man's natural rights. Yet he was horrified when the Reform Bill tended to make natural and political rights synonymous. He hated dogma, and yet defended the Established Church in his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*.

It is curious how Ruskin gains his power over immature minds. From a very early reading of *Sesame and Lilies* I learned that Shakespeare has no heroes, only heroines. Now I had been taught otherwise by a diligent and enthusiastic master, and the discovery that there was a difference in literary judgments was painful and yet fascinating. And it is the fascination of paradoxes like this, that is the fascination of Ruskin. "What do you suppose fools were made for?" he asks in a book once much read. "That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the

better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them." All this is probably most devoutly true; but usually we do a great deal more: we give them votes and elect them to high office. We proceed now, — and there is nothing in Ruskin to gainsay us, — by declaring in practice that there are no fools.

But there is something tremendously inspiring in Ruskin's paradoxes.

> In some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housing of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at least attain to the virtues and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying,— "These are *my* Jewels."

But how shall we arrive at this far-off divine event? What political economy, what social reforms, what simplifications of life shall we require before we can realize this idyllic picture? The difficulty with us to-day, says Ruskin, is that our economics do not distinguish between "what avails for life" and "what avails for death." It is also necessary to know that what avails for life will do so only if it be in the hands of a person who is "valiant and himself avails for life." And this person is one who is not entirely occupied with his own concerns: for such a one, according to Ruskin, is the only true idiot. Thus to get anywhere through the maze that surrounds us, we must first of all get rid of the "let-alone" principle, the doctrine of individualism in society and labor. It is strange how reformers like Ruskin, Plato, and Rousseau play fast and loose with the principle of freedom. "The 'let-alone' principle is, in all things which man has to do with, the principle of death; it is ruin to him, certain and total, if he lets his land alone — if he lets his fellow man alone — if he lets his own soul alone." Coöperation, then, in pro-

ducing the things that avail for life is the principle and heart of Ruskin's creed. It might be presumptuous, but it certainly is necessary to ask by whom this coöperation shall be directed. And here, we ask in vain, unless the answer be, by the whole mass. But we daily see the futility of such an answer, in even the sacrosanct workings of a university faculty. How can it be expected to work with better result in a mass nation-wide and with infinite complexity of interests? But direction from somewhere there must be, lest our energies go off into the old "let-alone" morass, and we find ourselves in an orgy of interests that avail for death.

But what in detail are the things that "avail for death"? They are the ugly things in our civilization which put off the day of final reconciliation. But when we push further for an answer, we are still left in a state of uncertainty. In general we are forced to conclude that Ruskin, trusting his instinct and calling it reason, measured the worth of a political economy by its personal and æsthetic rather than by its ethical value. In brief, though he longs for a socialistic state, he is yet at heart a profound individualist, and for standards of social worth accepts his own instinctive likes and dislikes. And here, I believe, is to be found the secret of the futility, not only of Ruskin, but of the vast majority of our socializing reformers. Each man wants in the state, what he likes; and would bar what he dislikes.

Ruskin bewails the ugliness of our railroads, our mines and slag heaps, and the engines of production and destruction they have worked to create. He hates our concentration of labor into the factory system, because it has destroyed the independence of labor at home, forgetting that a sweat shop at home is still a sweat shop, and independence under such conditions a figment of the imagination. He praises the joy of a worker in his work, and the beauty of heart-inspired labor; and yet forgets that the Parthenon, St. Sophia, the Alhambra, the Taj Mahal,

and nearly all the great works of architecture have sprung from ages of corruption and sweated labor.

But we see the futility of Ruskin's ideas best in his effort in his Company of St. George to create a modern society upon a mediæval model. It was to be purged of the cruelty of feudalism and the superstition of catholicism. There was to be chivalry without war; devoutness without a church; nobility without luxury; monarchy without pride. The task of St. George was first to slay the dragon of individualism, and to deliver the people from the abominations of city life. There must be no competition, no huckstering, no fraud, no luxury, no idleness, no vain erudition, no engines. The only essential material things were to be pure air, water, and earth; and the only essential immaterial things, admiration, hope, and love. The company was to order its own coinage — how we are not told — which was to be without baser alloy; and it was to endure the wearing of only uncut jewels. The community was to be socialistic, in that it diverted all productions to the public use; and yet it was to maintain and encourage hereditary property. It was anarchistic in its defiance of all conventions of modern life; and yet was to be inflexible in requiring strict obedience to its own rules. It defied capital, but tyrannized over labor. It forbade interest on capital, and yet allowed rent of land. In short the whole scheme is a curious mixture of the Sermon on the Mount and the rules of the order of St. Francis.

The essence of Ruskinism is at heart a distrust of civilization and an ethical and economic anti-intellectualism.

The same mood, and the same desire for simplification, given this time with a religious fervor, is the heart of Tolstoi's message to his age. He accepts the definition from the Darwinians that civilization is an unequal conflict at the end of which comes inevitable death. As an allegory of man's life he tells the effective little eastern tale of the man who, escaping from a wild beast, falls into

a chasm, where he hangs to a bush whose roots are slowly giving way. To his further horror he sees near a venomous snake; yet with greedy tongue he licks a drop of honey from the leaves of his momentary support.

Pessimism in the darkest colors is the foundation upon which Tolstoi erects his faith. Civilization is a meaningless struggle, in which the richly endowed and the poor, the scientifically trained and the ignorant, Dives and Lazarus, all go hugger-mugger into the same grave; and unless man be raised with a higher hope it were better that he had never been born. Indeed civilization and science have been guilty of the greatest of crimes to humanity; for they have given rise to hopes which they can in no wise justify. They have hardened man's heart, made him forget the law of love and duty to his neighbor, have been a positive hindrance to the spiritual life. The only escape from this rank evil that has us so completely in its toils, is to turn again to the primitive life and primitive religion; and so Tolstoi made the great renunciation. In such a spirit he praises a boyhood acquaintance, the idiot Gricha. "Gricha, notable Christian! So mighty was your faith that you felt the approach of God; so ardent was your love that words rushed from your lips — words that your reason could not control. And how you used to celebrate His splendor, when speech failed you, when, all tears, you lay prostrate on the ground!" But to Tolstoi was granted the articulation of discourse.

It must not be thought that this return to the primitive with him was a thing of a day, or two years; all his life he had learned, when oppressed with this world's problems, to fly to the ignorant; but after his conversion, the occasional habit became a settled impulse. "The more I learned of the lives of peasants, the lives of the living and of the dead of whom I read and heard, the more I liked them, and the easier I felt it so to live. I lived in this way

during two years, and then . . . the life of my own circle of rich and learned men not only became repulsive, but lost all meaning whatever. All actions, our reasonings, our science and art, all appeared to me in a new light. I understood that it was all child's play, that it was useless to seek a meaning in it. The life of the working classes, of the whole of mankind, of those that create life, appeared to me in its true significance. I understood that this was life itself, and that the meaning given to this life was a true one, and I accepted it."

Perhaps no great man, at least in modern times, has so openly come out for the simple life in its boldest simplicity. Simplification became with him an ideal in itself. And he justified himself by himself. "I must be judge of what was right and necessary, not by what men said and did, not by progress, but by what I felt to be true in my heart." Thus he found it possible to sustain life without eating flesh; to associate with men without accepting class distinctions and conventional prejudices; to feed the mind and thrill the heart without having recourse to an art and science that are meaningless to the majority of mankind. And thus at one blow, he thought he had struck off all superfluities.

But there is one curious paradox running through all this. The life of the peasant is communal in thought, opinion, worship, even property. But Tolstoi was always in theory and character the rankest of individualists. "I had a hatred of the general tendency." He opposed instinctively all trains of reasoning, all conclusions, which were generally admitted.

It is for this reason that he hated liberals. "These free men recall the prisoners who imagine that they are enjoying freedom when they have the right to elect those of their goalers who are intrusted with the interior policing of the prison. . . A member of a despotic state may be entirely free, even in the midst of the most brutal violence. But a member of a constitutional state is always a slave;

for he recognizes the legality of the violence done him." And "political agitation arrests true progress." He is just as severe and paradoxical with socialism. He desired a division of the soil, and yet abused socialism, because its object "is the satisfaction of the lowest needs of man." It is the amalgamation of two lies, "the lie of liberty and the lie of science."

But it is a mournful paradox that while he cultivated the primitive in external conduct, his heart and his mind remained where civilization, and not his eccentricity, placed him. Though he might follow the cult of utter simplicity and ignorance, he was always in spirit Count Leo Tolstoi, the man into whose making centuries of tradition and culture had poured their fullest treasure. It must sometimes have entered his soul as an afterthought that the appliances and luxuries of civilization do not make civilization and culture, but that they are its creatures, and that to deny them is as though a man were to deny his clothes.

And yet was it not exactly this vain denial that Tolstoi argued? It would be as easy to deny the multiplication tables or the laws of geometric progression, because they have assisted some men to lay by greater stores of this world's treasure than seems justly their due. It would be no less absurd to deny and renounce differences in degrees of intelligence, which would, and do, lead to differences in comfort even between moujiks. Yet their differences only illustrate on a small scale the greater differences in the world at large. And there are injustice and greed and cruelty there, but we shall not get rid of them unless we can carry our denial also a step farther and deny human nature. For there is no evidence of more brotherly love and coöperation as we approach the primitive condition, and were all mankind to become moujiks, and all thought and science to be swept to the level of their powers of comprehension and application, be the brotherly love and coöperation between the afflicted

peasants never so rare, what toll would not the newest plague and famine take?

Tolstoi used to feel that if he could turn round with sufficient rapidity he would find himself face to face with nothingness, and at times a reader feels tempted to remark that the feat has been achieved. For in *Life* he writes, "True life begins at the moment when reason is manifested;" but in *Anna Karenina*, "Evil is what is reasonable to the world. Sacrifice and love are insanity." It is obvious that all his passions are purely individualistic, and yet he also maintains that "humanity has done with the idea of life considered as an individual existence." He writes *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, and the *Kreutzer Sonata*, in some respects the most minute studies in modern realism; and yet in his *What is Art* he would reduce fiction to the bald outline of a chronicle, and asserts that "the category of the emotions experienced by those who do not work in order to live, is far more limited than the emotions of those who labor." He encourages education among the poor by making spelling books; but believes that if the people do not value "the art of reading and writing which the intellectuals force upon them, they have their reasons for that; they have other spiritual needs." He asserts his love of humanity; and yet exclaims against marriage and marital love as an obstacle to the true human ideal. His whole life was a tirade against injustice and suffering; and then he justifies suffering, "for the assuagement of the sufferings of others is the essence of the rational life." To escape "the eunuchs of science and the corsairs of art" man must renounce wealth, work with his hands, and utterly forget all cerebral activity. Yet he never added to the portion of the peasants upon his estates; he had the chagrin of seeing a pair of shoes he had cobbled proudly displayed under a glass case by a purchaser; and the only piece of his work which might be found lacking in cerebral function was an abandoned garden plot.

"I often picture to myself a man brought up in revolutionary circles, and at first a revolutionist, then a populist, then a socialist, then orthodox, then a monk at Afone, then an atheist, a good paterfamilias, and finally a Doukhobar. He takes up everything, and is always forsaking everything; men deride him, for he has performed nothing; and dies, forgotten, in a hospital. Dying he thinks he has wasted his life. And yet he is a saint." And this, in a way, is an allegory of Tolstoi's own life and its essential futility.

There is one word more that would fain be said. His doctrine of non-resistance to evil is based upon an inspiration and an essential fallacy. It was meant not only for nations but even for individuals in courts of law. But evil is an active and malignant thing that at times takes joy in the tortures of its victims, and it has a fatal habit of propagating itself a thousandfold. And for such manifestations of its power there seems no remedy save the sword of a Saint George. Besides, so long as there are differences of opinion, there must be some means of settling them. Those of property rights are of least importance. There are religious, political, social, literary, and heaven only knows how many other opinions on which we are liable to come into conflict. Indeed, did not Tolstoi himself wage a long conflict with society, none the less deadly though in the end[1] it affected nothing but his own reason?

Finally it ought not to be so very difficult to give a broad definition to what has been attempted by these prophets. Life is so big, so monstrous, so utterly irrelevant, that our reason quails before it. The average man takes it as he finds it, with an easy optimism. But these

[1] It did not wait for "the end." We recall a passage written somewhere about his middle life, where, in one paragraph, he proclaims it essential to social salvation that money be done away with; and in the next paragraph he proclaimed as essential to social salvation some arrangements which could not be carried out without money being in circulation.—Ed.

greater men are at first stunned by its meaningless clamor, then roused to inspired effort to make reason and the will of God prevail. The demands of the inner life ring clear as a bell, and from its music they catch the melody that they would hear reëchoed from the chaos about them; and they set their imaginations to work. They will simplify according to the inner pattern. But straightway a host of difficulties appear and the problem becomes more complex and the unknowns begin to multiply, until in desperation they wipe from the slate all the distracting inconsistencies, leaving only what is fair and reasonable and fit for the divine taskmaster's eye.

And yet from the beginning, wherever we see fit to place it, man has been evolved into an intellectual and moral being by recognizing the facts, especially those in his own nature, and working and enduring in the effort to shape them to the ideal.

We cannot solve the problem by simply rubbing it off the slate. Perhaps the will of God they seek to have prevail, is a far more complex thing than they thought it. The solution lies through the approximation of reason and fact. Because these great men refused to look at the outer fact, instead of solely at the inner vision, they were prophets that led astray.

"*YOU* CAN DO IT"

IN the advertising section of a widely read magazine appears the picture of a well-dressed, rather repulsively virile-looking man, evidently a lieutenant if not a captain of industry, advising his twin brother in overalls to "sign the coupon" that accompanies a correspondence school advertisement. Illustrating a correspondence school advertisement himself, the successful fellow holds in one hand a similar advertisement, stares with hypnotic intensity at his overalled subordinate, and points an earnest finger at the miniature coupon.

"Jim," says he in large type, "you're just an ordinary workman now, but you have ability, and I'm going to give you some good advice. See that coupon? Well, it wasn't so many years ago that I signed one just like it. At the time I was in the same position you are — holding down a little job at low wages. I was losing ambition every day — had almost concluded I'd never be anything but an underpaid shop hand, when I happened to notice one of these ads. I signed the coupon, and the job I hold today I owe to this school."

The direct suggestion is that if Jim signs the coupon he, too, will discard those overalls.

As I have never signed a coupon myself, or known anybody who has, I cannot absolutely deny either the sincerity or the value of this advice. Jim looks skeptical. Perhaps he is in doubt whether he really wants to be an electrical engineer, an architect, a lawyer, a moving picture operator, a private secretary; or, on second thought, whether it wouldn't be better to take the College Preparatory course and go to Yale or Harvard or perhaps both.

It is doubtful if at any earlier time has the call to ambi-

bition been so insistently shouted as now at the race of Jim. Printing presses were necessary, magazines and newspapers, correspondence schools, and the vociferous genius of modern advertising. To me the correspondence school in its dress of printer's ink is hauntingly reminiscent of the late Lydia E. Pinkham. Lydia signed herself "yours for health;" the correspondence school changes a letter, and in effect signs itself "yours for wealth;" and both present testimonials from grateful patients. Whereas we wondered in the days of Lydia that any woman was ill, we marvel now that any man is poor.

As the New England Primer used to say —

> He that ne'er learns his A, B, C,
> For ever will a Blockhead be;
> But he that learns these letters fair
> Shall have a Coach to take the Air.

Alas and alas! how many of us have learned those letters fair, and haven't even a little Ford car.

Milton called ambition "the last infirmity of noble minds," but it must also have been one of the *first* incentives that lifted some prehistoric strugglers above others, and so established the foundation of all later civilizations. Strongarm the first, I imagine, got to the top without much ambition; he had the punch, as we say nowadays, and arrived at eminence by the blind operation of natural forces. But once at the top he became willy-nilly an object of envy and a source of dark and sinister ambition in others. It needed no correspondence school to whisper the thought: "Be a Ruler of Men and hold down one of the Big-Paying Jobs! You, yes, *you* can do it." Thus was born ambition, from the spectacle of somebody better placed than oneself, with more cattle and wives, and the proud privilege of standup on his bow legs when everybody else in sight groveled on stomach. It was not the kind of ambition that Emerson had in mind when he wrote: "I hope America will come to

have its pride in being a nation of servants, and not of the served. How can man have any other ambition when the reason has not suffered a disastrous eclipse?" But it was the kind that has so far most generally influenced men. If you doubt it, examine with cold honesty your own ambitions, and see how far Emerson might grieve that your reason had suffered a disastrous eclipse.

To drive a donkey one must needs have a stick; and as the young mind, when turned into the educational path, often develops a donkeyish disinclination to travel, the adult mind has long used ambition for this stirring purpose. Sometimes, indeed, it may have drifted across the adult mind that ambition is not altogether a desirable quality; that it is directly opposed to the first and unsophisticated teachings of Christianity; and that if all children became actively ambitious there would be the dickens to pay in a world where there is always room at the top only because so few are natively endowed with the ability to get there. But the idea is still potent that education, valuable as it is for raising the average of intelligence, will of itself provide a "Coach to take the Air," with all that such a coach stands for; and the siren song of the correspondence school — "*You* can do it" — simply applies to education by mail, a delusive notion that has been long associated with education by schoolma'am. Educated men of the time distrusted the invention of printing, which they thought would commonize and debase learning. Plato distrusted the invention of alphabetical writing, and feared a deterioration of the mind when men took notes instead of memorizing. But the learning of the few remains as distinct as ever from the learning of the many; and as for Plato — did I not recently receive in my mail a little folder entitled "Stop Forgetting!" which settles that question? For only $2.50, it appears, I can buy me a memory system that "fits any type of mind from the ripe scholar to the young student" — or, in other words, from Plato to Jim.

It is an odd notion, which seems to have come in with democracy and universal education, that good habits — or what some rather painfully pithy persons have considered good habits — are invariably rewarded in hard cash. Practice economy, my child, and you will be rich. Early to bed and early to rise, my little one, and you will be healthy *and wealthy* and wise. Learn your alphabet, my pet, and you will ride in your own coach. But it is yet more odd that we should be surprised to find that this seed has produced a garden in which one very conspicuous blossom is the gaudy and alluring "Get-rich-quick."

Truly the man who invented the printing press has much to answer for. Until that time proverbial wisdom had tended to comfort the great majority: there had grown up a kind of "*You* can't do it" philosophy which consoled inability with the thought that, after all, the thing in question wasn't so awfully well worth doing. And if, in one sense, this helpful way of thinking suggests the fox and the grapes, the fox was better off when he thought: "*I* can't do it," and remarked "Sour!" than he would have been if he had thought: "*I* can do it," and spent the rest of the day jumping. In short those grapes (and herein lies the difference between the old and the new teaching) were too high for that fox. They may have been too high for any fox. Nor would it have helped matters if he had trotted off sullenly, and dragged his tail in gloomy conviction that he was somehow the victim of a conspiracy to deprive him of an inalienable right to jump higher than his own legs would let him.

The Book of Proverbs holds many a consolation prize of proverbial wisdom; but it contains, to my reading, little if anything in praise of ambition. Solomon in all his glory never advised saving the pennies for no other purpose than accumulating the pounds: he regarded knowledge as better than rubies, and certainly not as a means to getting them. I wonder indeed what would

have been his feelings if he had one day observed a new clay tablet in the market place reading—

> Look at Solomon!
> He is rich and has 700 wives.
> But he is only such a man as *you*
> *would be* if you were *trained.*
> *Don't you want to be a*
> *Solomon?* DON'T YOU?
> Others have done it.
> So can *you!*

Fortunately for the peace of mind of Solomon, it was impossible to convey this encouraging thought to enough people through the medium of cuneiform writing on clay tablets.

THE FARMER AND THE SOCIALISTS

I

A CENSUS of the Socialist Party has never been taken — in fact no census of any large political party in the United States is feasible — but so far as an analysis of the Socialist vote can be made by observation of specific localities, it appears that the farming class is scantily represented in this movement. The Socialists claim that their propaganda has "made deep inroads among farmers;" but the proof of this advancement is not forthcoming. The support of the party is really confined to the proletarian class, and to the *literati* who for various reasons have embraced the Socialist cause. Perhaps as many of our farmers vote the Socialist ticket, as do college professors and college graduates — not a numerous body when compared with the total vote cast in our presidential elections.

In failing to win the farmer vote, the American Socialists are not unlike the Social Democrats of Europe. In almost every civilized nation the Socialist propaganda appeals to the city workingmen; but among the farmers little sympathy for the cause can be found. Why are the peasants and farmers, the world over, opposed to socialism? Fundamentally because, like all the bourgeoisie, they are property-owners and capitalists. And why is their opposition to socialism such an obstacle to the coming of the co-operative commonwealth? Obviously because they form such a large part of the population of nearly every great state. Indeed as long as rural lands remain in the hands of small farmers and peasants, the great part of the agricultural population will find themselves allied with the property-owners of the city in opposition to the socialist program. In other words, the land-owning farmer will be converted to socialism only

when the bourgeoisie as a whole is ready to embrace this propaganda. Nay, perhaps the peculiar regard for his fee-simple acres, and the peculiar pride of independence that swells the heart of the freeholding farmer, may make him the insurmountable obstacle to the gospel of socialism.

The first great teachers of scientific socialism believed that the bulk of the agricultural population was bound to be reduced to the same condition as that of the city proletariat. Karl Marx was sure that the concentration of industry which had transformed the manufacturing city of his day was also on the point of transforming the country-side; that the small capitalist — whether in manufacture, commerce, or agriculture — was fated to disappear. Frederick Engels too was convinced "that capitalistic production would out-distance the powerless antiquated small farm as a railway train would run down a wheelbarrow." Firmly believing in the doom of the small peasant, Marx and Engels never attempted to conceal their hostility to this class of society. In their Manifesto of 1848, they contemptuously relegated the land-love of the peasantry to the limbo where all the prejudices and superstitions of mankind must retreat before the progress of new eras. They even praised capitalism for rescuing a "considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life."

Whatever may be the future, the past sixty years have not seen the fulfillment of the Marxian prophecy. In fact, the tendency — so far as agriculture is concerned — has been in the opposite direction; for, instead of losing ground, the peasant-proprietor has actually gained ground. In France, Germany, Holland, and even in Great Britain to a slight extent, there has been in the past half century a decentralization of agriculture. The number of small farms has increased instead of declined; and at the same time the peasants have gained in prosperity and ease of

life. In our own country a similar increase in small holdings has occurred. In 1850 there were 1,449,073 farms in the United States; in 1910 there were 6,361,502. Of course we must remember that during this period the population also increased more than threefold; the significant thing is that while the number of farms increased, the average size of farms decreased — from 203 acres to 138 acres — a decrease partly due to the breaking up of the large plantations of the South and of the bonanza farms of the West. Statistics from all available sources show little evidence of the approaching doom of the small farmer which the Marxian philosophy described; nay, many eminent economic scholars, even in the socialist ranks, have frankly admitted that concentration of industry stops short of the realm of agriculture, that the small farmers are crowding out the large land-owners, and that the standard of life among the agriculturists everywhere to-day is far higher than ever before.

Years of experience have taught the modern socialists [1] that the Marxian hostility to the peasants does not pay. These socialists have found that they cannot, for the present at least, forego the peasant support. The case is stated by Wilhelm Liebknecht in his *Grund -und*

[1] It is possible to divide the modern socialists into two general groups — the Marxians, who adhere to the teachings of the father of "scientific" socialism, and the Revisionists who would "revise," correct and amend the theories of Karl Marx in the light of modern science. Marx believed that all history was the story of the warfare of classes, and that the conflicting interests of the classes were incapable of reconciliation. He also held that a new epoch was dawning — that concentration of capital in industry was on the point of transforming the capitalistic system into the industrial democracy. So firmly did he believe in the approaching inevitable downfall of the present social order, that he utterly refused to compromise with any program which abandoned the demand for the collective ownership and control of all means of production and distribution. A large group of socialists to-day are as unrelenting as their master. The Revisionists, on the other hand, are more amenable to facts. Harboring no illusions about an impending collapse of the capitalistic system, they are willing to compromise with the existing order of things. Without altogether abandoning hope of the industrial commonwealth, they are not adverse to forming a socialist party in the legislature, competing with other political parties for votes, and building platforms with an eye to winning favor here and there. Indeed, they will even discard, on opportune occasions, the demand for the collective ownership and control of all means of production and distribution.

Bodenfrage as follows: "We need the peasant and the small farmer if our struggle is not to be a hopeless one. The fatal opposition between the city and the country-side that has so far hindered and frustrated every movement in the direction of freedom must cease. The warning example of France is not lost upon us. . . . The French peasantry of 1848 created an empire through their blind fear of proletarian socialism. . . . The nation is what the peasants make it."

This appreciation of the political importance of the peasant class has led the Socialists of Germany and France into some curious political manœuvres. In the Social Democratic Convention at Frankfort in 1894, the proposal was made that a different jargon be used when talking to the peasants. "The socialistic medicine must be administered to the country people in homeopathic doses, otherwise it will kill them," said one of the supporters of the new policy. A program was accordingly adopted, which proposed an exemption of peasant-holdings in the socialistic régime. But this attempt to win the agricultural vote by a radical compromise of the socialist doctrine was more than the unrelenting socialists could brook. They raised their voices in indignant protests. The agrarian program of Frankfort, moreover, sadly lacked an element of sincerity; it had too much the appearance of political charlatanism. In the following year it was repealed. Nevertheless, the tendency to trade in politics has remained one of the characteristic features of the Social Democrats in Germany and France, and all too frequently we are reminded of the deplorable statement of the most astute of the German socialists, that "tactics and principles are two different things."

The same tendency to play politics has been true of the American Socialists. The Socialist Labor Party is, of course, an exception. They have consistently stood for "the restoration of the land, and of all the means of production, transportation, and distribution to the peopl

as a collective body." "Restoration" is specially good! "the people as a collective body" never had them. But the Socialist Laborites are a small party, polling scarcely fourteen thousand votes in the presidential election of 1916. The larger party — the Socialist Party — has pursued a course somewhat like the revisionists of Europe. The first national convention of the Socialist Party, held at Rochester, New York, in 1900, adopted a platform which called for the "complete overthrow of the capitalist system of production," and which said nothing on the subject of agricultural properties. In the convention of 1912, however, the party included in its program the following principle: "The collective ownership of land wherever practicable, and in cases where such ownership is impracticable, the appropriation by taxation of the annual rental value of all land held for speculation or exploitation." Certainly here we may suspect a concession to the small farmer whose property-rights it may or may not, in the opinion of the Socialists, be *practicable* to annihilate. Quite true it is, that the above quoted principle is put forward by the party in a group of six measures which are "calculated to strengthen the working class in its fight for the realization of its ultimate aim." But the flexibility of the wording of the platform and the failure of the Socialist Party's campaign books for 1912 and 1916 to clear up the matter, suggest the conclusion that the American Socialists are still at sea in regard to their attitude upon the agricultural question. The omission of the topic of Agriculture from the *Socialist Party Handbook* for 1916, and the somewhat bitter protests of Mr. Simons — editor of the Milwaukee *Leader* and well known writer upon agricultural economics—against the trading tactics of the present party leaders, are indicative of the conflict of opinion within the Socialist ranks.

The American Socialist, like the European Social Democrat, has reason to be solicitous over the farmer vote. For what advantage will it be to gain the entire proleta-

rian vote of the city — which at best is scarcely a majority of the urban vote — when nearly all of the farmers in the country are ranged on the other side? The farmers constitute at least a third of our population to-day, and quite likely will remain a third of our population for a long time to come. If then, the bulk of the agriculturists of America are arrayed on the side of private property-rights, and if they furnish few recruits for the co-operative commonwealth, the ideals of the Socialists will probably never attain fruition. The problem of the farmer vote is indeed a difficult nut for the Socialist politician to crack. And the leaders of the party are becoming keenly aware of the necessity of an agricultural alliance. The Socialist candidate for the presidency in 1916, Mr. Allan L. Benson, has told his party that "so long as the farmers and factory workers remain apart, the problem will remain unsolved." "If ever the victims are to throw off their masters," he adds, "they must get together." The editors of a recent handbook of socialism have this to say of the situation: "The large class of agricultural laborers, and small agriculturists practically in the condition of agricultural laborers, must be won to Socialism if there is to be a Socialist majority and a Socialist government."

II

In the past all attempts to join the farmer and the city wage-earner into one party have failed. The Greenbackers and the Populists assumed that, because both classes were manual workers, both had a common cause in dealing with the exploiters of their labor and the products of their labor. They did not clearly perceive that the farmer-proprietor was a capitalist, and belonged to a class radically different from the rural and the urban wage-earners who possessed no property. In pointing out the fallacy of the Populists we cannot say that there is a fundamental difference between the farmer-proprietor on the one side, and the farm laborer and city workingman, on the other

side, based upon the distinction that the former is a capitalist and the latter are not. No such distinction can be made; for, an agricultural laborer or an urban wage-earner who has saved a few dollars in the bank has put himself in the capitalist class by his own efforts. The proletarian mass in the Marxian sense — that prolific, miserable, gaunt rabble who create the "surplus value" — is by no means a large part of our population; to say nothing of claiming a majority for it. Less than forty per cent of our adult male population is in the receipt of wages, and this forty per cent includes a large number who are already capitalists themselves, or who expect to accumulate a capital stock from the savings of their wages. It is a highly varied group, from the "aristocrat of labor" who drives the locomotive, down to the humble section hand who digs the embankment. In the sense of being property-owners, then, a large part of the workingmen of the cities are in the same category as farmers.

And yet there still remains a radical difference between the interests of these two groups of citizens — the farmer and the city wage-earner. For, the farmer is a producer of food products, and the workingman of the city is a consumer of these products. Obviously: in the matter of the price of foodstuffs the interests of the two classes conflict, the farmer demanding high prices against the consumer's demand for low prices. The "high cost of living" in recent days has made the antagonism more apparent, perhaps even to the degree of exaggeration. In England and the Continent, the Labor Party and the Social Democrats, long before the present war, attempted to secure the state regulation of the price of food. For several years past the problem has also engaged the attention of all the political parties in America. The increasing cost of foodstuffs has made the city laborer extremely suspicious of the farmer as well as of the middlemen. And this antagonism, it seems, will always exist, until the days of the socialist régime — if those days ever come —

because, even in case the middlemen were eliminated, and even in case the government should assume the regulation of the price of food products, yet there would ever remain a struggle between the farm-owning population and the urban population to control the action of the government.

The antagonism between the rural and the urban population which we have just described, would cease to exist, of course, if the present majority of freeholders in the country should ever dwindle to a small minority — that is, if an overwhelming class of landless agricultural laborers should arise. Here would be a rural proletariat who, while taking part in the production of foodstuffs, were without a share in the business profits — a proletariat who would sympathize more or less with their brothers of the city in their struggle for cheaper bread; yea, a class, who would demand cheap bread for themselves. But at present this class of laborers in the United States is very small. The Census of 1910 reported 2,896,439 laborers working on farms not owned or operated by themselves or by their immediate families, in other words, "hired men." This is a comparatively meagre number when we remember that the total number of persons engaged in agriculture is about twelve and a half million. Furthermore the figure which we have quoted for the farm laborers in the United States includes a large number of farmer lads — sons of farm-owners and consequently heirs to farm property — who have engaged themselves to work for wages on neighboring farms. These wage-earners cannot well be classed as among the landless class. Certainly not a fourth nor a fifth of the agriculturists of America come under the category of the rural proletariat in the Marxian sense; and the increasing substitution of machinery for hand labor (it is now applied even to the milking of cattle) tends to keep the proportion down.

Small as is the body of agricultural wage-earners, it would seem to furnish, nevertheless, a promising field

for the Socialist propaganda. The experience of the past, however, has been discouraging. As Compère-Morel has confessed, the Social Democrats in France have gained little support from this quarter. And the Socialist Party in America has failed altogether. One reason for this ill-success in America is obvious: the farm laborers of our country are ambitious; and, not only ambitious, but they are able to improve their condition and rise to the independent status of land-owners. Anyone familiar with farming neighborhoods can cite instance after instance of prosperous farmers who began as "hired men." It is a common occurrence — eminently characteristic of American life — for a farm laborer to save from his wages sufficient capital to set up as a renter. In a few years he is able to buy a farm, with the help of a mortgage; and when at last this encumbrance is paid off, he has reached the independent status of a freeholder.

Withal the Socialists have not as yet bridged the gap between the farmer and the city workingman — to say nothing of their failure to win even a considerable portion of the wage-earning class. The problem which confronts the Socialists seems well-nigh insurmountable. On one side the politicians of the party find the question of the "high cost of living," with the farmer demanding good prices for his products, and the working people demanding cheaper bread. On the other side the practical politician is sorely tempted to play the political game, and exempt small properties from the socialistic régime. The only logical solution would seem to be that of steering a straight course whatever the outcome — to demand cheaper bread and to refuse the exemption of the small farm from the annihilation of property rights in the social democracy. But both of these programs tend to alienate the farming class, and to restrict more and more the support of the party to the proletarian mass and to the *literati*. All that can be offered to the farmer, then, is the economic theory of concentration, and the altruistic appeal. A few farm-

ers already have responded to these arguments: for even among the agricultural class we find ideologues who believe that the socialist régime can soon be attained; but these farmers are few — very few.

III

What is the possibility that the hope of the Socialists lies in a revolution of the farmers themselves? What are the chances that an agrarian movement in the West or the South may some day sweep along, making demands that lead to socialism, receiving the support of the proletariat as a body, and finally ending in the creation of the much dreamed co-operative commonwealth? We think that such chances are very small. In the agrarian movements which have appeared from time to time in our history, there has been very little that savored of socialism. Whoever has studied these agricultural upheavals must be convinced of their esoteric and sectional character. Shay's rebellion of 1786 was fundamentally a demand of the farmers in western Massachusetts for paper money and for scaling-down of debts. The Anti-rent War of 1839 in New York was a demand of the farmers living on the old patroon estates for the absolute title to their farms. The Greenback Party of the seventies was a second demand for paper money to pay off their mortgages — this time on the part of the farmers of the Mississippi Valley. The Granger Movement of the seventies and eighties was another outcry from the Mississippi Valley, chiefly directed against the railroads — a demand for their supervision by the government. And finally the Populist Party in the early nineties was the culmination of the agricultural discontent throughout the West and the South, demanding primarily a greater consideration, at the hands of the federal government, for western and southern interests as opposed to eastern interests, and urging among other things a federal income tax, government ownership of railways and telegraphs, postal sav-

ings banks, the initiative and referendum, popular election of senators, free coinage of silver, a national paper currency to be loaned on the security of lands and crops at two per cent interest, the prohibition of land monopolization for speculative purposes, and the forcible disgorgement by the Pacific railway corporations of the lands granted to them by Congress.

Radical as these demands were, for the time when they appeared, they were by no means the fruit of a socialistic philosophy. They did not aim at the collective control of the means of production and distribution. Populism was not socialism: rather it was a demand for the intervention of the state in a few limited fields. The Populist farmer (and a majority of the party were farmers, in spite of the appeal to the city workingman) did not approach the problem of the day from the Marxian standpoint. Equally oblivious was he of the respective merits of the unrelenting socialist and of the hopeful revisionist. He would have the government regulate the great public service monopolies, such as the railroads; but his attitude toward society was hardly such as would permit the extension of state regulation to his own fields. Who was he to take orders from Washington when to sow and when to reap!

Another crisis resembling the earlier movements which we have mentioned has lately appeared in the Northwest, particularly in North Dakota, where the farmers have organized themselves into the Non-Partisan League for political purposes. At the autumn elections of 1916 this organization swept the State, capturing the Governor's chair and the House of Representatives. The control of the Senate too, would have been secured by the Non-Partisans were it not for the two-year term of office which left enough old members in that body to block the enactment of the program of legislation proposed by the League. But, although little at present has been accomplished in the name of reform, yet it appears that the new agrarian

movement will run the course of its predecessors. The agitation has spread into other states and well may be the beginning of a movement which will cover the entire wheat area of the Northwest, and perhaps more. The Non-Partisan League is another farmer's crusade. Its platform demands the state ownership and operation of grain elevators and warehouses; state standardization in cleaning and grading of grain; state ownership of flour mills, cold storage and meat packing plants; state insurance on crops; the exemption of farm improvements from taxation; and the establishment of a rural credits system. These demands are radical indeed, but they do not indicate any departure from the traditional views of the American farmer upon the question of property rights. In fact, they are a good example of what we mean by the esoteric and sectional nature of the agrarian movements of the West. In the northwestern wheat belt, the interests of the middlemen and of the flour manufacturers have conflicted with the interests of the farmer and he is determined to get the whip hand. At the same time he proposes an exemption of farm improvements from taxation; which is purely a piece of class legislation for his sole benefit. Withal, like the Greenbacker, the Granger, and the Populist, the Dakota farmer of to-day demands the intervention of the state — an intervention limited to the control of crop insurance and crop-marketing. The collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution is in no sense desired. Few Dakota farmers would submit to dictation from Bismarck as to when to sow and when to reap; nor from Washington either. Call it prejudice if you will, but in the opinion of the American farmer, the call of the land does not mean the surrender of his acres or the surrender of his labor to the co-operative commonwealth.

The agrarian agitations of the last three or four decades have undoubtedly sent us in the direction of state control.

But the impetus has been almost exclusively limited to the field of distribution — the only field in which, according to Mr. Simons, concentration of industry has really oppressed the farmer. The realm of agriculture has heretofore been a sacred precinct where the state has seldom encroached. But in case of a long and exhausting war the exigencies of the republic might bring state-control into many realms of industry, even into the domain of the farmer. It may be deemed necessary to mobilize the farms as well as the factories. This was not the result of the Civil War, because in those days there was superabundance of agricultural production. But to-day America finds herself encumbered with a peculiar obligation to feed the Allies as well as her own people, and at a time when her urban population far exceeds in number the people on the farms. Already the subject of government regulation has been broached in many quarters.

It is interesting to note that under the Democratic administration of the last four years, the Department of Agriculture has studied the problem of the distribution of foodstuffs as it was never before studied in our history. And now perhaps the European War has brought a happy opportunity to correct our antiquated system of the marketing of farm produce. The tendency of the federal government, however far it may ultimately carry state-control, will be to limit its action in the beginning to distribution and transportation, rather than to enter immediately upon the field of production. And we may look for a nationalization of the process of distribution before the federal government undertakes the complicated business of directing the operation of individual farms. Indeed we believe that it will be many a day before the socialization of America, even under the abnormal conditions of war, will go so far as to undermine the independent position of the farmer.

IV

The American farmers have never since the days of Thomas Jefferson thrown their strength entirely into one political party. Lack of co-operation, and the existence of sectional rivalries, have prevented the agricultural interests from speaking with a united voice. Under the two-party system the tillers of the soil have been quite evenly divided against themselves. Even if a political combination of all the farmers were possible at the present time, they no longer comprise a majority of our population. Nevertheless the farmers remain the backbones of the two great national parties; and the Socialist will have a difficult task to win any considerable support from either side. Late years have witnessed a peculiar attention lavished upon the farmers by the great parties. In 1910 Mr. Roosevelt said in his introduction to the *Country Life Commission Report:* "So far the farmer has not received the attention the city worker has received, and has not been able to express himself as the city worker has done." Pregnant words indeed; and from a political leader who has always called himself a "thorough-going Westerner!" The farmers of America have long felt that neither of the great parties between which they divide their allegiance, has been as attentive to their needs as might be expected.

The Democrats lately, however, have made some remarkable advances in the direction of the agriculturists, the most notable of which has been the Federal Farm Loan Act, passed — obviously as a bid for votes — on the eve of the last presidential election. By establishing a system of government loans to the farmers, it may be that the Democrats have inadvertently opened the door to the socialist régime: for the American Federation of Labor, taking the cue, has hastened to urge upon Congress the need of financial aid from the federal government for the erection of modern tenements to house workingmen, and

Congress may be hard pressed to keep the doors of the treasury shut against the onslaught of demands which would eventually bring about an approximation to the social democracy. What an irony of fate, if a measure calculated to insure the independence of the farmer, should lead to the dream of the socialists! But we may be sure that if the Democrats have wandered a little erratically in the matter of the Federal Farm Loan Act, they will probably correct their mistake before the Republicans have an opportunity to do it for them. A deep-rooted opposition to socialism permeates the rank and file of the great political parties. The public consciousness of America is more distinctly adverse to socialism than is the public consciousness of Europe. Perhaps this is because we know less about socialism. But certainly one cause is the fact that we have so recently evolved from an agricultural nation into an agricultural-manufacturing nation. Our institutions, pioneer traditions, and our prosperity are all opposed to the socialist propaganda. We are no longer a nation of freeholding farmers; but nevertheless this class of society — the bulwark of property rights in Europe as well as in America — is still the most powerful element among the forces of our democracy.

THE AMATEUR REVOLT IN OUR THEATRE

I ALWAYS hesitate to use the word "provincial," because I can never employ it without recalling what Henry James is reported to have said to his brother — "You are the only person in America, William, who is not provincial." There must have been witnesses present, for William James himself would surely never have repeated this unfortunate remark. Perhaps, indeed, Henry never made it. Yet, if he did not, somebody invented it to show what he thought of the famous novelist's attitude of mind — and that, perhaps, is even more significant than if the tale were true. At any rate, "provincial," among a certain class of critics of aesthetics, has come to be a term of tolerant or condescending contempt, and by the same token, I suppose, "cosmopolitan" stands for something superior and correct. With this taint of aesthetic Pharisaism over both adjectives, the merely ordinary mortal hesitates to use them.

Yet they have no substitutes, and if we wish to speak of a drama, say, which is narrow and localized in its content and immediate appeal, we have to call it "provincial," and then do our best to rescue the adjective from its unfortunate connotations. Perhaps we ought to rescue the adjective before we discuss the drama. If all Americans except the James brothers were (and doubtless are) provincial, then against the cosmopolitanism of Henry we must contrast, let us say, the provincialism of Mark Twain, against the cosmopolitanism of Whistler, the provincialism of Winslow Homer or George Inness. Thus starkly stated, it is not difficult to see that there is something to say for the provincials. It would be a rash critic who should affirm that *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyberg*, are not as enduring art as *The Golden Bowl*, or any other of Mr.

James's novels; or that the rich, warm, human quality they draw from their very proximity to a certain piece of local soil, their ignorance of the scented draughts of cosmopolitan culture, is not an element of their greatness, and an explanation of their wide appeal — for, be it noted, the provincial Twain has been translated into more languages and been read by many hundreds of thousands more readers, than the cosmopolitan James. I readily grant that immediate popularity is no test of true art; but ultimate popularity, on the other hand, is an infallible test; and both men began to write so long ago that Time has now applied this test. Similarly, the provincialism of a painter like Inness, catching the golden poetry of his beloved October swamp which the wild fowl haunted, emerges triumphant as the years go on. Far from being necessarily a slur, the term "provincial" may very well indicate a depth of true observation and local feeling which results in the human note universal, the art which endures for all men.

All of which is by way of preface to the statement that so far as we have a cosmopolitan city in America, it is New York, and so far as we have a cosmopolitan theatrical taste, it might supposedly be the taste of Broadway; and for many years now as our theatre has more and more intensively come under the control of New York, more and more we have produced plays primarily to please this Broadway taste. Conversely, less and less have our provincial theatres had any independent existence, our provincial tastes any influence. And look at the result!

Until recent years, to be sure, the drama was the literary pariah in America, save for a decade or so before the Civil War, when something like a dramatic awakening seemed impending. Certain literary leaders — Mr. Howells, for example, and even Mark Twain — tried their hand at dramatic composition, but to choose play-writing as a genuine career was simply not done in the aristocracy of letters. It was not until Bronson Howard began to

fight valiantly for the recognition of native drama on a footing of equality with European importations that either our men of letters or our theatre-going public took the native product seriously; and it was not until James A. Herne, an actor, had written and produced *Marjory Fleming* in 1890, and *Shore Acres* in 1892, that our stage was at all prepared to accept and make use of the revolutionary realistic technique of Ibsen. As the years pass, we can see ever more clearly the debt our native drama owes to Mr. Herne. In *Shore Acres* he made a New England kitchen the hero of a play. He raised the homely, the intimate, the provincial, into sudden beauty and significance. Our dramatic development during the stirring nineties was much slower than the development in France, Germany, even England. We enjoyed the nineties vicariously, as it were — through *Magda*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Arms and the Man*, and *The Devil's Disciple* (no one of which we then quite understood), and, of course, the belated Ibsen productions. For ourselves, we were getting *Alabama* and *Arizona* from Augustus Thomas, *Secret Service* from William Gillette, *Nathan Hale* and *Barbara Frietchie* from Clyde Fitch, as well as the plays of Mr. Herne; but still more we were getting the traditional Victorian repertoire of romantic or "well made" plays, with more or less liberal applications of "the classics," chiefly administered by Mr. Daly. Sothern played *The Prisoner of Zenda*, or made ardent love over a sundial. Hackett employed such sundials as Sothern left at liberty. The dramatized historical novel was in vogue.

But in 1900 Clyde Fitch's satirical and touching drama of current New York life, *The Climbers*, was produced, and also Herne's last play, *The Reverend Griffith Davenport*. The new century began with two American plays which at last welded fundamental human facts of American life into truthful, effective, realistic stage narrative. American drama had reached man's estate. Thereafter,

for nine years, Mr. Fitch produced play after play, of greatly varying merit, to be sure, but almost all of them attempting to track down the facts of American life and character, or, at the very least, to do no violence to those facts. Before he died, the percentage of European importations on our stage, which was as high as 75 or 80 per cent in the nineties, had shrunk to less than 50 per cent. Other men of first rate literary ability had given their talents unashamedly to the theatre, notably William Vaughn Moody, who wrote *The Great Divide* in 1907, followed it immediately with *The Faith Healer*, and had settled down to a life in the theatre, when his tragic death robbed our stage of its most promising talent. George Ade, a provincial surely, had given us *The County Chairman*, *The College Widow*, and the best musical comedy libretto yet written by an American, *The Sultan of Sulu*. Eugene Walter had written, and Belasco produced, *The Easiest Way*. Augustus Thomas, growing into a new style, gave us *The Witching Hour* and *As a Man Thinks*. Joseph Medill Patterson, burning with a reformer's zeal, attacked a fettered press in *The Fourth Estate*, and the Roman Catholic opposition to divorce in *Rebellion*. Edward Sheldon wrote *Salvation Nell* and *The Nigger*. Langdon Mitchell wrote *The New York Idea*. A year after Fitch's death Miss Rachel Crothers wrote the drama of the new feministic awakening, *A Man's World*.

What was equally significant, during this same decade Harvard College, our oldest and in many ways our most conservative university, established the first course in practical play-writing in the history of university education in America, under the guidance of Professor George P. Baker, and other colleges were not slow to feel the rising tide and to respond with greater attention to the practical drama of the hour.

The opening decade of the twentieth century, then, saw the American drama reach a point of interpretative significance and literary distinction which it had never at-

tained before. It saw the profession of playwright attain a new dignity in the eyes of literary men, who no longer hesitated to become practical workers behind the footlights, and in the eyes of college authorities as well, who suddenly began to offer their pupils opportunities better to understand and more intelligently to enjoy the playhouse of the present. All this was accomplished, it must be carefully noted, within the four walls of the so-called "commercial" theatre, or, in the case of the colleges, with an eye on the "commercial" theatre as text book and laboratory — the only theatre recognized as worth attention.

But, just as surely as the first decade of the present century marked a rising tide of accomplishment in our playhouse, in our native drama, the second decade has marked a steady decline. The percentage of native plays, to be sure, has not grown smaller; if anything, it has risen, especially since the Great War. But the percentage of native plays of any serious interpretative significance and literary distinction has shrunk almost to the vanishing point. Against Fitch's *The City*, against *The Easiest Way*, *The Great Divide*, *A Man's World*, *The Fourth Estate*, *The Witching Hour* — all plays of the closing years of the first decade — we have to offer during the past year or two almost nothing except Mr. Anspacher's *The Unchastened Woman*. Even Miss Crothers, in *Old Lady 31*, during parts of her play wallows in sentimentality quite like the author of a best seller (*Pollyanna*, for instance), while the newer writers who have come into the theatre, instead of carrying on the work so well begun by Herne and Fitch and Moody, all strive for the success which has crowned the plays of George M. Cohan. This second decade, in fact, is the decade of Mr. Cohan and his school. The characteristic of the Cohan drama is rapid-fire farce glossed over, veneered, with a superficial realism learned, perhaps, from Fitch. The veneer is cleverly applied, and as most theatre goers never scratch the surface, the cheap

pine is not discovered. However, it is there — and nothing else is there. *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, *Broadway Jones*, *It Pays to Advertise*, *The Boomerang*, *Potash and Perlmutter* (the veneer was pretty thick and sound in this play), *Turn to the Right*, and a dozen more of the "hits" of recent seasons all belong to this shoddy school. They are superficially realistic, they are undeniably brisk and clever as farces, but just as undeniably they have no significance whatever as interpretations of American life. They mark a distinct retrogressive step in our native drama. Instead of advancing from Herne and Fitch, we are going backward.

Why? I would not pretend that the answer is simple, but I believe it is far less complex than many suppose.

After the Civil War our country began to expand with rapid strides, and coincident with this expansion came an increase in the number of places where theatrical entertainments could find profitable audiences, and hence increased profit for a play which was produced by a traveling company instead of a resident stock company. By the nineties, the traveling company system, with its natural result, the star player, was in full vogue, and the resident stock companies were fast disappearing. The Boston Museum Company passed out of existence in 1895, Daly's in 1899, and only the Lyceum Company in New York lingered a year or two into the twentieth century. But the nineties were also a period of business combinations, and it was then we began to hear about "efficiency" (it was called at that time "putting things on a business basis"). Hence the formation of the Theatrical Syndicate, which by obtaining possession of chains of theatres through the land could dictate alike to players, producers, audiences. This syndicate was composed of only six men, not one of them an artist, and it operated from Broadway. It was organized strictly on a business basis — that is, to increase revenue by killing competition — and although we hear little about it now, a rival "Syndicate" having re-

stored a kind of competition, the fact remains that for twenty years the theatres of America have been controlled from Broadway, they have been unable to offer any attractions not produced primarily for Broadway, and produced, furthermore, with the sole object of attracting the largest possible number of spectators. For a time, our drama, following its initial artistic impulse, swept on in spite of this condition. But it could go only so far without a fresh impulse, and this fresh impulse was not supplied. It could not be supplied. By 1910 the physical organization of our playhouse was making itself felt too strongly, and from then on the newer dramatist had to yield to the imperative business commands for plays which should appeal to the largest number, irrespective of truth or literary values, which could run two hundred nights on Broadway, and then go out and appeal to the crowds from Maine to California. In other words, he was working for real estate men, and he had to bring in the highest possible rental. We are but now, in fact, reaping the full harvest from our theatrical system which was going to "put the theatre on a business basis." We are but now realizing that where you put art on a business basis, you ought first to call in the minister and hold a funeral service.

But we *are* realizing it — and that is the bright ray of hope in the present gloom. We are realizing, too, that the taste of Broadway, which now dictates to our stage, is in no true sense a cosmopolitan taste, but rather a strange mixture of provincial tastes, not one of them ordinarily operating under normal conditions. So far as Broadway taste represents New York, too often it is hectic and flashy and thoughtless, the taste of the scum of the melting pot. What is sound and stable and truly cosmopolitan in New York taste will be found rather in the concert halls than the theatres, only occasionally coming to the rescue of a play like *Peter Pan* or *Magic* or *Justice*. But far more than New York, Broadway

taste represents "the provinces," in the persons of the 500,000 transients who are to be found every day in our vast city, here for twenty-four hours, or a week, transacting business by day, perhaps, and by night determined to "have a good time." They are in the mood of orgy, as the scientists would say; they spend money ridiculously, they throw off normal inhibitions, they are out for a spree. To such people, a seriously interpretative drama is not the one to give pleasure and satisfaction. They want *Turn to the Right* and the Ziegfeld *Follies*. And that is what they get. As a result, of course, that is what all their neighbors at home get, too, for that is what the managers produce and ultimately send on tour. It would be the height of the ridiculous to call such drama cosmopolitan. It has neither the urbanity and subtlety of cosmopolitanism, nor the deep-ploughing humanity of provincialism. As much as anything, it is a sort of nationalized cockney.

But the impulse for true drama is too profound a stirring of the human spirit, and the impulse for self-expression too profound a stirring of the provincial soul, for such conditions permanently to endure. Already sounds of protest are being heard, and definite steps are being taken to throw off the yoke. That is the real significance of the Drama League of America, and of the numerous amateur efforts, the "Little" theatres, the clubs and pageants, so characteristic of the past few years, and daily increasing in size and number in spite of occasional failure, disappointment, ridicule. The professional theatre is completely in the hands, not of professionals but of real estate operators. These men have put it on so sound a "business basis" that scarcely a section or a city or even a theatre in the land has any dramatic independence, provincial self-expression is impossible, and the playwright is virtually forced to write in that flashy or sentimental idiom which will please, first, a thousand people

a night for two hundred performances in New York, and then go forth through the nation. In other words, it is exactly as if no professional publisher in the United States would issue any book which he did not think stood a good chance to become a best seller. What would become of our literature? It is safe to say that even certain works of genius which have been best sellers would, under such conditions, never have seen the light of day. The work of genius is seldom widely apparent on first inspection, and the vast proportion of best sellers are of a sort which follows a formula. The trail of that formula is now over our drama. Here is the logical and inevitable outcome of our theatrical system, of the playhouses through the land controlled from New York, supplied with attractions from New York, of the abolition of local companies, the exclusive employment of the traveling "star" or road company. And it is to break up this system that the amateurs, consciously or unconsciously, are rallying. The professional manager in New York who recently said that our playhouse must be protected from the amateurs was, in reality, voicing the protest of outraged privilege!

It may seem, at first blush, a hopeless task the amateurs have set themselves. And with the amateurs in this fight, of course, we must class all such professional players as have broken away from the present theatrical system, and produced for the love of the work, content if the results gave them a living. Yet the results are already so considerable that I, for one, am greatly heartened.

For instance, in two short years, the Washington Square Players, a group of young amateur writers, artists and actors, have entrenched themselves firmly on Broadway, proved that they can make a living, experimented with radical stagecraft, given us our livest theatre, and done more than any other single agent (more than the commercial theatres in fifty years!) to bring the one-act drama into serious practical repute. They have repeated the exploit of Antoine, the gas company clerk, in Paris. Again,

the amateurs — various groups of them — aided by Stuart Walker and his Portmanteau Theatre, have popularized the plays of Lord Dunsany, and at length compelled the commercial theatre to take him up. Again, in various cities, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Galesburg, (Illinois), and especially St. Louis, Little Theatres have been built and conducted, or companies organized, wholly or in part by amateurs, with complete independence of Broadway, and with far higher play standards than prevail on the commercial stage. Of course not all of these ventures have succeeded. Some have even come to grief through unfortunate and unworthy social squabbling. Yet even those which have ceased operations seem to have accomplished something. The Toy Theatre in Boston, for example, directly contributed to the development of the new scenic art in America, and also provided a theatre building for the occupancy of the Jewett Players today, who are giving Boston a season of stock productions of first rate dramas. In other cases, the theatres, far from failing, are growing in the regard of the communities, they are advancing the local appreciation of fine drama and imaginative stagecraft, they are giving local artists a laboratory for experiment, they are even, in some instances, actually putting on original local drama. It would of course be foolish to maintain that as yet these small and scattered theatres are of great influence. But they are of great significance. They are of great significance because they represent tireless effort, a vast expenditure of time and labor and, in some cases, of money, by men and women who love the theatre enough to make these sacrifices in order to secure what our present system does not supply — vital drama, progressive experiment, literary values, local self-expression. It was so the Abbey Theatre started in Dublin, and that amateur and provincial experiment gave to the world, as dramatists, Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany, and many more.

By the same token, our local theatres, now springing up, may yet give us a drama of the cornfields, or the southern highlands, or the yellow Mississippi. It is certain, at any rate, that at present we can get it in no other way. To write for the world, Synge had to write first for an Irish audience, Ibsen for a Scandinavian, even Mark Twain for that more nearly homogeneous America which is now fading so rapidly into the mists of the past. The man who writes for a world audience, indeed, is only too likely to find none at all. As George Moore once remarked, "Art must be parochial in the beginning, to become cosmopolitan in the end." One reason, we believe, why Fitch's plays were so successful was because he so exclusively depicted the life he knew — a narrow corner of New York; they were truly provincial. At any rate, for an understanding of, and a demand for, interpretative literature, in contrast to mere sentimental story telling, it is essential that a people shall have seen their own peculiar life interpreted in terms of art. It is doubly essential in this day of the dreadful movies. Merely for an appreciation of "cosmopolitan" literature, a provincial literature is an indispensable preliminary. And the hope of such a literature in the American theatre seems to lie today in the hands of the amateurs.

The Drama Leagues were organized at first, five years ago, to rally people to attendance upon meritorious plays in the commercial playhouse. The Leagues have, in most cases, rather signally failed to affect the commercial playhouse in the least by this method, though in the smaller towns they may have been influential in attracting a company not otherwise likely to come. But the Leagues very soon branched into other lines of endeavor, where already their work is bearing positive fruit. They have organized numerous pageants, for example; and the community pageant is at the very base of local dramatic self-expression. They have inspired study courses, thus profoundly influencing the sale of printed plays in this country.

They have organized the amateurs, and in hundreds of towns and schools they have caused the production of worthy dramas where, a dozen years ago, that sort of trash would have been presented which you and I remember under the name of "amateur theatricals." A proof of this is the statement recently made to the writer by the leading American publisher of plays for amateurs, that in the past year he has at last found it profitable to issue first class original dramas for amateurs, after thirty years of vain hoping. Thus not only is better taste being fostered, but amateurs everywhere are creating for themselves theatrical pleasures which the commercial theatre does not afford them, and authors are beginning to find a market for their serious product.

Again, in our colleges, the amateur movement is finding its own expression, independent of the professional playhouse, and year by year graduating men and women fitted by laboratory training in the college theatre workshops to act, to write plays, to paint scenery, to design costumes, to devise lighting effects. Some of the most ambitious and talented, of course, are already breaking into the commercial theatre — witness Robert E. Jones, the scenic artist. Still more, however, will become teachers in other colleges, or in high schools (where already the standards of "dramatics" are being raised, and a few schools have even gone so far as to instal stages for the practical teaching of Shakespeare and the guided expression of the normal dramatic instinct common to boys and girls), and thus bring a better equipment to the task of training the dramatic tastes of the next generation. Still more, no doubt, will simply go back into their various communities, to aid in amateur effort, to lead, perhaps, in the rising revolt against Broadway, to talk and work for independent local theatres, for a return to the repertoire company.

All these amateur experiments we have mentioned, all this amateur effort, represents a disinterested and sur-

prisingly spontaneous enthusiasm for the arts of the theatre, and a widespread and profound discontent with present conditions. The enthusiasm is contagious, the discontent only too easy to share. More and more converts will be made every day, more and more, therefore, an audience will be assembling ready to welcome larger efforts at practical production. When those efforts are large enough, the professional players (who are, of course, and must always remain, the backbone of the theatre), will be drawn in to coöperate and guide, as many of them are already doing. The "Provinces" will sign a declaration of theatrical independence, and the work of Herne and Fitch and Moody, the work of creating an interpretative American drama, will go on again.

THE PILGRIM AND PSYCHOLOGY

I HAVE made an interesting observation — perhaps a discovery — that under certain circumstances not yet fully determined the contents of books standing adjacent on shelves, or lying upon one another on the table, may become in a manner mixed and transfused. It is my personal belief that this mingling occurs most often in the presence of an idle mind, but at the moment it is less causes and explanations than a bare account of facts that I wish to present; and the main fact is that the contents of adjacent books do sometimes intermingle.

I first noticed something of the kind some years ago when I took up to replace on the shelves a copy of Mrs. Hemans' *Poems*, which had accidentally been left lying on top of a copy of Kipling's *Barrack-room Ballads*. As I lifted the book it opened of itself at the well-known verses on the *Landing of the Pilgrims*. What was my astonishment, as my eye fell upon the page, to find — what I had never seen there before, and what I knew had no place there — a choral refrain following each stanza. It made the poem run like this:

The breaking waves dashed high,
  On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
  Their giant branches tossed.

On the road to Plymouth bay,
  Where the simple red men play,
Can't you see the Mayflower rolling
  Half-seas-over toward the bay?

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

In the roads of Plymouth bay
What is this the exiles say?
Ain't there any return tickets?
This here ain't no place to stay.

And so it went on through the whole. It was plain enough that Mrs. Hemans' stately lyric had become infected with Kipling's *Mandalay*. This was curious and shocking, and I looked promptly to see whether Kipling also would show any effect of the juxtaposition. I turned up the *Mandalay*, and there, sure enough, was clear proof that the exchange had been mutual. The last stanza reads in the original:

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is as the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', and it's there that I would be,
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea.

As I now read it this is what I found — very much perhaps as it might have been worded by a Salvation Army songster:

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the heathen are the worst,
Where they don't know no commandments saving those they like to burst;
For the mission spirit calls me and 'tis there that I would be
Doin' Christian-martyr duty by the lazy Burmah sea.
On the road to Mandalay,
Where there ain't no God they say,
And the heathen idols flourish, gettin' chesty day by day!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the spicy breezes play,
And the prospects all are pleasing save our brother far away.

Kipling infused with Mrs. Hemans was, if anything, worse than Mrs. Hemans Kiplingized; and I hastily put both books out the window to air and cool off. And I am happy to say that after a time both poets "came back" and were again normal in words and spirit.

I have noticed many other minor instances of such transfusion, but the most remarkable case occurred when a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* had been left standing for some months between a volume of *Life* and one of the *Philosophische Studien*. The volume of *Life* which had stood on the left of the copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* showed considerable moral improvement, but its jokes had all become antiquated and its illustrations resembled those of the *New England Primer*. The effect upon the *Studien* on the right was less in amount, perhaps because of its serious character, and was represented chiefly in a lapse toward the "faculty" psychology.

Of the state of the allegory, which had suffered invasion from both sides, and therefore showed the most marked effects, it is hard to speak descriptively. Let me quote a sample instead. The one which I select, almost at random, is from the fifth chapter, in which in the unpolluted text, Christian comes to the House of Interpreter and is shown in symbolic representation some of the experiences to be met in the religious life. In the corrupted text the visitor is everywhere called Pilgrim instead of Christian — an effect, I suppose, of the preponderatingly secular character of the contaminating works.

"The guide at once led Pilgrim along the main corridor of the House," so the book read, "explaining to him as they went something of its plan and purpose, and telling over the rooms they were about to visit. Even as he was speaking they came before a large door over which were painted the words 'Psychological Laboratory,' while in letters nearly as large there stood below the threatening legend: 'Who enters here must leave his soul behind.'

"As he read this last Pilgrim began to tremble, and turned as though he were half minded to run away. The guide, however, caught him by the arm. 'Be reassured,' he said, 'you are in the House of the Interpreter, and no harm can come to you here. You will not lose your soul; you will only need to leave it in check here at the door

while you are inside. You cannot take it in, because if a single live and active soul got loose inside, it would make no end of trouble, and might wreck the whole science of psychology.' Then Pilgrim looked and saw that on each side of the door there was a large set of pigeon holes and an attendant in clerical garb, in whose care all those who entered left their souls, each receiving in turn a check showing in which hole his soul had been placed.

"Not without misgivings, but still with trust in his guide, Pilgrim made the exchange, and the two entered the laboratory. Down the center of the spacious hall were cases of shiny brass instruments while many students and assistants were moving quietly hither and thither. On each side smaller rooms opened off the main hall. All this Pilgrim took in at a glance while they advanced toward the first of the cases, where stood a man, looking like a philosopher yet also something like a mechanic, whom the guide presented as Mr. Try-'em-out, Director of the Laboratory.

"'The Interpreter begs, Mr. Director,' said the guide, 'that you will show this guest of his what you may now have in the laboratory that is notable.' 'Right gladly,' replied the Director, and turned at once to a door on the right which was marked Haptics. 'This room,' he explained, 'is devoted to the study of Touch, the mother of the senses.' As he pushed the door open Pilgrim saw a tattered pan-handler 'touching' a reluctant attendant for the price of a night's lodging. 'Yes,' continued the Director, smiling and answering Pilgrim's expression without waiting for his question, 'Yes, it's all real. This study is one on "active touch" and we have called in a professional to assist us. We have great hopes for the future, particularly in the line of applications. We hope soon to be able to furnish charity collectors and even college presidents with precise directions for the most efficient "touching" of wary millionaires.'

"A little further down on the same side the Director

stopped before an open door marked Olfaction. 'This room,' he said, 'like the other is for the study of an important sense — the one having the closest connection with the brain — the sense of Smell. I think you will be interested in our cabinet of odors and essences. Some of them are really unique.' And with that he showed the visitors a case of many bottles, all carefully labeled and some of curious shape and color. 'This bottle,' said the Director, taking one from the shelf and handing it to Pilgrim, 'contains the Odor of Sanctity. We are trying to analyze it. What do you make of it?' Pilgrim took the bottle and removing the stopper took a strong whiff of it. 'It is indeed a strange mixture,' he replied. 'There is something in it of mustiness, of that I am sure; something also, I should say, of stale incense, and something perhaps of unwashed humanity.' 'Well done,' exclaimed the Director; 'few recognize so many elements at the first attempt. And now try this one,' he continued, handing him another bottle. 'This is the Essence of Pragmatism. Some say they can smell nothing in it but the odor of the primroses of the path of dalliance; and others nothing but dry logic and the spirit of progress. How does it seem to you?' 'I can hardly say,' said Pilgrim, trying it once or twice. 'I seem to have smelled something like it before, but I cannot give it a name. The odor is pleasant, though, and penetrating. I rather like it.' 'And here is a third,' said the Director, holding up before Pilgrim a curiously shaped bottle containing a little muddy looking fluid at the bottom and having its cork carefully tied in and sealed, 'but I shall not ask you to try it. You would not like it; of that I am certain. It is the Essence of Freudianism. We have to keep it tightly sealed not only because the odor of it is outrageously rank but because it is very volatile and a good deal of it evaporates if it is left open even for an instant.' And with that he replaced the bottle and led the way still farther down the hall to a room marked Vision.

"'The most interesting thing here,' he began, pushing the door open, 'is a new instrument which we call the *introspectrometer*. Its purpose is to facilitate the most fundamental process in all psychological investigation — introspection. The invention of this new instrument rests upon a thought so simple that I am constantly surprised that it has never been hit upon before. Peripheral vision is, as you know, binocular; it is therefore practically certain that the inner visual activity is also binocular. It was only necessary then to find an apparatus which would enable one eye to look into the other, and then to add a little special practice, to accomplish the same feat for the inner binocular vision. This U-shaped tube with a polished mirror surface inside,' he said, picking one up from the table and handing it to Pilgrim, 'is the instrument. It is as simple and as epoch-making as the ophthalmoscope. We are now engaged in calibrating it and furnishing it with a metric scale. When that is accomplished we shall be able to treat introspection quantitatively and at last the day of precision in psychological investigations will have dawned.'

"While the Director was saying his last words in praise of the introspectrometer the party had left the Vision room and were passing a door at the end of the hall opposite that at which Pilgrim and his guide had entered, above which stood the words: Department of Comparative Psychology. 'I shall not take you in here,' said the Director, 'for it is a kind of holy of holies and before you could enter here you would have to lay aside your consciousness as you gave up your soul at the other door and without your consciousness you would hardly profit by what you might see.'

"'This room,' the Director began again as they passed before the first of the rooms on the left of the hall, 'is the Departmental Library. There is nothing much that would interest you here on a short visit unless perhaps it be our new system of classification. All our books were first

arranged in a twofold system according as they dealt with Consciousness or the Unconscious. Now we find it necessary to recognize Conscious Consciousness, Unconscious Consciousness, Conscious Unconsciousness and Unconscious Unconsciousness.'

"'And now,' said the Director, 'since your time is short and I fear to weary you, I will show you but one thing more;' and so saying led them to a room near that end of the hall at which they had entered. 'This room,' said he, 'is devoted to Psycho-physics and the Measurement Methods. Even in the City of Destruction you must have heard of the Psycho-physic Law, the great law of Weber and Fechner, the first triumph of experimental psychology — the law which recites that sensation increases as the logarithm of the stimulus, or, as others prefer to state it, that while the stimuli increase in a geometrical series the corresponding sensations rise only in an arithmetical series. The room, as you see, is now much crowded with machinery and is getting hard to work in, but we have nevertheless just reached certain most interesting results, — nothing less than the demonstration of the validity of the Psycho-physic Law in a wholly new field, namely, in that of psycho-physical publications. All our recent figures go to show that while the length of papers tends to increase in geometrical ratio the value of the contribution which they carry creeps along on a beggarly arithmetical basis. We have reason to suspect that this interesting principle holds also in many other fields beside that of psycho-physics, but we have not yet been able to establish it with the same certainty.' And with that the Director opened the door for them and bade them Good Day.

"Once out Pilgrim hastened to exchange his check for his soul and gladly placed it again within his bosom, feeling that thrill of mingled relief and familiarity which, we are told, is the psychic root of all pleasure.

"'You have now seen something of the methods and

results of pure psychology,' his guide began; 'I must take you next where you can see something of its application — to the Afflatus Turbine and the Time Distillery. The first of these,' the guide continued, 'is one of the most interesting sights of the place; look carefully at what you see and Mr. Watts-and-Ohms, our efficiency engineer, will explain it all to you.' While he was speaking he opened the door of what seemed like a large studio. In the center of the room, seated so as to form a ring, were ten or a dozen painters — not facing the center, but each facing the back of the painter before him so as to make a complete circuit without break. Besides these painters there were also several assistants not in the circuit, who every little while took away finished pictures from before the artists and supplied them with fresh canvases. Nothing could exceed the speed with which these artists worked or the excellence of their productions. They kept the assistants so busy, in fact, that it was some time before Pilgrim could ask Mr. Watts-and-Ohms what the peculiar placing of the artists and all the rest might mean.

"'I am not surprised that you ask,' said the Manager, 'nor am I loth to explain it to you, for it is the outcome of a little idea of my own. It is all in reality but a means for using economically the inspiration and enthusiasm which these artists generate. We have discovered that the flow of inspiration is universally from before backward. You have perhaps noticed the tendency of painters and poets to throw their long hair backward from their foreheads. It comes from this very cause. Now if one artist sits behind another facing the same way, he gets the advantage of the overflow of unused genius from the man who sits before him and is mightily helped thereby. From this simple arrangement it is but a step to placing them in a circle so that no genius goes to waste at all and each man gets the full advantage of the contribution of each man in the circle, including his own which comes back to him after having made the round of the company. And

even this is not all. When once this combined stream of genius is given a circular motion it takes on a cyclonic character and sweeps everything before it. That is why we have called the arrangement the Afflatus Turbine. Our great difficulty, so far, is in controlling it. We are considering the hiring of a quartette of conscientious professional critics of the classical school to sit in the corners of the room, to see if that will not act as a brake.'

"'Your turbine is certainly a most wonderful device,' said Pilgrim. 'Would it, perhaps, be possible, to use it also in education?' 'Yes indeed,' replied the Manager. 'We know that the principle holds for education. You may yourself have observed that the best work in a school room is commonly done by the pupils in the back seats, and that back seats are generally chosen in churches. I believe that these observations point the way to the application of the methods of efficiency not only to education but also to religion.' And then as the Manager turned to give fresh canvases to his artists, the guide fetched Pilgrim on to the rooms which were occupied by the Time Distillery.

" Here he ushered Pilgrim without ceremony into a small office in which was seated at a desk a very old and white-bearded man of alert manner and evident efficiency. 'Mr. Superintendent,' said the guide, 'this is a guest of the Interpreter who would like to learn about the Distillery. Can you spare a moment to tell him?' 'Certainly,' replied the superintendent, seeming like other busy and efficient people to have unlimited leisure. 'Have seats, gentlemen, and let me give you a point or two before we go into the works. You are doubtless aware, Sir,' he said, addressing himself to Pilgrim, 'that all the recent advances in the machinery of civilization, the railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and automobiles, which have been heralded as time-savers, have been but temporarily helpful. No sooner are they generally adopted than they become necessities; they are presupposed; and no one has more time than before. The difficulty is that all these inven-

tions are merely devices for saving time and not for gathering new supplies of it. Our Distillery, on the contrary, is aiming to gather up time from those who have it to spare for the sake of those who need it. We have found that of all men the hobos have the most spare time and in the Distillery here we are extracting by appropriate and humane methods the superfluous hobo time, disinfecting it and putting it into a shape useful to others. Let us now step into the works.' And with that he led the way into the Distillery.

"Pilgrim's wonder as they entered knew no bounds. On either side of the room he saw a dozen immense chambers or show cases of plate glass, each in fact a sumptuously furnished apartment. In each was seated, or lying on a couch, an unmistakable hobo surrounded by all the appliances of creature comfort and each waited upon as need or fancy might require by a trained nurse of singular beauty, skill and kindliness. From moment to moment these nurses were mopping the hands of the hobos with wads of surgical gauze and quickly passing the cloths, as they became saturated, through openings in the glass to white clothed male attendants who clapped them into the great glass retorts which stood, in number equal to the hobo chambers, in the middle of the Distillery. From the tops of these retorts descended coils of glass tubing like the worms of stills, with here and there gauges and indicators, all leading down at last to small vessels in hour-glass shape in which the purified and disinfected time, now looking for all the world like very fine sand, was collected.

"'The essential point of the process, you see,' said the Superintendent, 'is to supply each one of these hobos with absolutely perfect creature comfort. He then has no unsatisfied desires, and time not only hangs heavy on his hands, but actually drips from his fingers. The rest is merely refining, collecting, and preserving;' saying which he beckoned to one of the attendants, who was passing with a tray full of vessels of the distilled time about the

size of a three-minute egg-boiler, and taking one handed it to Pilgrim. 'Take this with the compliments of the Distillery,' he said, 'and at your leisure try it. Treat it precisely as you would an hour glass and you will find that while its finely divided fractions of seconds continue to run you will have time for anything you wish.' And so he brought them to the office door and bowed them out.

"As they stepped outside Pilgrim stopped a moment, drew his hand across his forehead once or twice and then murmured to himself: 'I begin to see what the old man is driving at. Time is mine for the taking; when I will take the time for anything, I surely will have it. Psychology is indeed a great science!'

"And now the guide would have shown Pilgrim many other things, the Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture and the Museum. But Pilgrim begged him rather to take him to a place where he might rest a little, inasmuch as he had come far that day and what he had just seen had given him food for thought. 'Let me then take you out upon the terrace,' said the guide, 'for you can there both rest and enjoy the prospect.' So Pilgrim sat upon the terrace and mused of what he had seen, until a messenger came saying: 'The Interpreter bids you spend the night and the morrow here, and the third day you shall set forth again.' So Pilgrim abode there two days, and the third day took his departure along the road that it was appointed to him to travel."

This, my dear reader, is a sample of what I found in our time-worn family copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* after it had been for some time in company with the volume of *Life* and the *Philosophische Studien*. One must, I am sure, admit the strangeness of the phenomenon, whatever he may think the cause. To what it may lead I do not know; but it justifies, I should say, the prejudice which many scrupulous people have against piling other books on their Bibles and prayer books, and lays heavy emphasis on the need of keeping one's library in order.

MANNERS AND MORALS

(An Unconventional Dialogue)

Part I. *Manners versus Morals*

IT was "Scrip's" evening at the "Interrupters," which is a Club of a dozen ancient and honorable diners, mostly of the academic persuasion. It was named upon the experience that good talk, like mixed drinks, must not have too much of any one ingredient. "Scrip," (which is short for Scriptorius, as "Cad" — which is my honorable title — is a libel for Academicus) after five years' absence, had travelled far to return to the fold for his fiftieth birthday. So we drank his health, and let him talk. He had always chafed a bit under the academic harness; when the chance came, he was enticed New York-ward to the editorial cubicle of our foremost magazine. Scrip was always thought of as *the* writer in our little company, in which few were innocent of a book. For the rest, there was "Zeno" our Greek scholar; and "Plautus" our Latin one; "Cosmos" our encyclopedic biologist, who devoured novels like breakfast food; "Chaos" our iconoclastic sociologist, who took Scrip's chair and his place in the Club; Eliot "The Puritan," who held forth on things in general, though officially a philologist, — all of the Faculty of Athenopolis. To this hub of the mid-west, Scrip and I attached ourselves — young, eastern, and effete — seventeen years ago, if so unreliable a document as a college catalogue may be credited. With us came "Mac," sometimes known as "Popular Error," — Scotch, controversial and chemical, and to be silenced only by letting him read "McAndrew's Hymn;" and "the Kid," who wasn't appreciably younger than the rest of us, but declined to grow up. He taught English, and abused his privileges frightfully. The out-

siders were "Pluto" — Plutocrat — a man of generous ways and hospitable autos. He was the only moneyed member of the group unless I except "Bruno," whose name was Brown, and who practiced law on lawyers lucratively; the "Judge," who really was a judge; and the "Senator," who once ran for office but was outstripped, and was primarily an Interrupter. The talk was much less of a monologue than my report suggests; but it was Scrip's evening and a lively one; Talk that seems worth reporting is rare in these syncopated days. Scrip's talk was always an inspiration to me, and that is how I came to Boswell him. Boswelling, to get by the editor, must be trimmed to set proportions; so the high points alone are left. Talk is a way train, sprinting and lounging at pleasure, and touching leisurely at small stations; this is an express version.

It started rather innocently, — just a reference by Mac to anti-cigarette laws and "dry" campaigns, which set Scrip off with a fling at "the clumsy hold on the values of life that passes for wisdom in this melting-pot of ours, and makes legislatures so childishly solemn when they call out the whole fire-department of morality to extinguish an innocent bit of smoke. Whether a cigarette or a temperate mug of ale makes for a fine habit or a coarse one, depends entirely upon how it is mannered; and that's what we're all going to preach and teach as soon as people are sensible enough to stand the gospel.

"This isn't a little matter, because it's part of a big one. I want to hasten the day when we can talk and write and act as we feel and think, and still pass for as respectable as we happen to be. We can't do it to-day because we are carrying along an old-fashioned, words-of-one-syllable, Puritanic notion that we can solve our problems by simple home-remedies of morality, that leave a bad taste in the mouth. You all sport a public, moralizing, dress-parade self, and a private one, far more attractive and comfort-

able, which makes this Club possible. In fact you're all frauds and hedgers, trimming your professions, and dulling your insight to the feeble capacities of students and the prejudices of their parents the tax-payers. I hope you enjoy it. That's what I'm going to talk about. I'm rather full of the thing now; and I'm beginning to find inklings of it in a book or two just off the press. So I want to announce my discovery before it gets commonplace. It's *my* story now — a poor thing, but mine own.

"Perhaps it's not quite modest to claim to be a moralist, so I'll only claim to be *a mannerist;* curious to relate, that has been the actual working division of men since they stopped regarding one another as venison, and enjoyed peace at the family board. Go as far as you dare in any direction, and you come to the great divide: the men who want to save the world by morals, and the men who propose to redeem it by manners. What I intend to point out are the limitations of the moralist's program, past and present. So if you have cigars to light, (or cigarettes, if you've broken the law) prepare to light them now; for I'm off.

"What I object to is this senseless brandishing of the slogan that life is simple, when it is bewilderingly complex, and, like the cost of living, going up all the time. Ten commandments! Why, a thousand wouldn't fill the bill. The program of the simple life is about as sincere as a log-cabin with hot and cold water, porcelain tubs and electric lights. Marie Antoinette and her frivolous bevy playing at being peasants were models of sincerity compared to the modern pretenders. I sometimes suspect our many-sided Ben Franklin of starting the cult. Our greatest amateur was also our first and readiest moralist. He had a pagan streak that let him compare the charms of the Parisian dames with the virtues of his wife, which he lauded in precept and found dull in practice. Things were really simple enough in his day to permit an amateur with a good head to make great discoveries and start big

things. Franklin could afford to moralize; but he taught the trick to others who couldn't. He overdid the thrift idea: "A stitch in time, saves nine" and makes a wretched rhyme. "Early to bed, and early to rise:" "Healthy, wealthy and wise!" Wall St. was a pasture in those days! Lamb pricked that bubble; exposed early rising as a foolish fallacy or a bad habit. Nowadays we know that when not a necessity it is a disease.

"Fortunately for American habits of mind, Franklin has had two great foils — Emerson's transcendentalism and Lincoln's humor. And because we took the best of all of them, and compounded their wisdom, we are, among other things, the sanest people on earth — at times. Lincoln's Grant–whiskey story is a classic, though it won't do for the First Reader. You can't do big things on small moralities. 'Hitch your wagon to a star' is a finer way of saying it. Either way, you've *got* to have illumination and inspiration, get it as you will."

Here Plautus and Zeno broke in — Zeno first. "But that *is* morality. That's what the Greeks taught. They wanted men to grow bigger and better and lose their littleness. I'm sure the Greeks would have been evolutionists if they had only known the facts. As it was, they kept guessing at it. They subordinated the little moralities to the big ones, and drew a fine perspective of the virtues and the graces alike. I don't know that I ever thought of it in just those terms, but *that* was the Greek idea: to be a mannerist and a moralist in one. *Kalagathia* was *their* slogan. The good is the beautiful. It's the same glorious spectrum broken up in different rays."

Then Plautus: "And it was the Roman ideal as well. The patrician was the generous gentleman, disregarding the minor annoyances of life, and keeping his eyes set on the real values, while maintaining a philosophical composure, a fine indifference. He may have overdone the disregarding business. I don't set him up as a model for a more careful age. But he stands as an antidote for

the New England conscience, which, I take it, is what annoys you."

Scrip: "I'm always tickled to have the Greeks and Romans on my side. No one is jealous of them any more, and so we generously allow them all the good qualities that we miss in our friends, even if they didn't have them. And my idea wouldn't be true if it weren't valid in any coin, and couldn't be spread all over the ages, and applied backward and forward as well as sidewise. It's just one of those obvious distinctions that has to be rediscovered with every renaissance of insight, and put on the map in the geography of culture as she is taught."

"But aren't you forgetting Christianity, the religion of gentleness? The gospel of the gentle-man, of manners, is as easy to find in it as the gospel of morals; and it's lived as well as taught in the life of the Master and the disciples." This obviously from Mac, the theologian.

Scrip: "Unquestionably so, but neither exclusively nor unreservedly. Christianity by the flavor of its works gave manners a chance. But it wasn't quite direct about it, in fact rather jealous of it. You know the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx: 'All sensible men are of the same religion, but no sensible man ever tells.' I am foolish enough to rush in and tell. Christianity didn't, for fear of losing its hold. But Christianity has no monopoly of manners. Christianity couldn't improve the manners of the Japanese; and have you forgotten the *Letters of a Chinese Official*, which were so true to the part, though they were not written by a Chinaman, and so mannerly and so plausible, and exposed the moth-holes in Christian civilization so ruthlessly and yet so truthfully, that these *Epistles to the Boeotians* were accepted at their par value by our late Secretary of State, then quite unused to what the colored preacher called the 'insinuendo' of diplomacy?

"But I've never been particularly interested in systems or precepts. I suspect that I am an unsuspecting prag-

matist. To me nothing short of the test of life proves anything. The missionaries taught more by example than by text. When we find what fine fellows men can be, we're perfectly willing to give their Christianity a share in the product, and a great one in the historical outlook. But the squaring of practice with profession is a treacherous procedure, and often an acrobatic one. When a man is dead set on a conclusion, and is running to it as fast as he can, he'll pick up anything that his eye lights upon in the roadside, and call it a reason — and what's worse, a justification of conduct. You've got to consider that the Christian conscience went in for persecutions and trials for heresy and the damnation of the innocent and the self-righteous superiority of the saved and total immersion and the 'heathen' superstition and the rest of it. Christianity seems to my heretical mind to have just the same kind of double-entry slate as any other solution that supported men's faith in the trying days of darkness. Perhaps it is just because its light is so strong that its dark corners seem so deep in shadow. But let's get back to the issue.

"Morality has always depended on a conscience; and what men (*pace* women) will and won't do for conscience' sake is about as predictable and reasonable as what they'll do for fashion's sake. Yes, I said *men*. For a ring in your nose, or a slash on your cheek, or a wig on a perfectly good head of hair, or a stove-pipe hat, or an asphyxiating collar, all look alike to me. Mind you, I don't condemn fashion, I commend it. I cultivate it, in a way; I want it to come under the chaperonage of manners and the tutelage of art, to be on good terms with everything that will keep it from folly and indiscretion, as well as from prudery. Fashions come and go, and go fast; but fashion has come to stay. Use it, I say, to help manners and morals alike. Make morality, as well as good manners, *good form:* for the best things in fashions, like the classic styles, survive. You needn't be afraid of an age of cubist

morals; mannerism doesn't last. Just remember that you can judge a man by his Clubs as well as by his Church; and don't forget that not all the degrees worth having are conferred by the colleges. If it weren't for fashions, some people would simply stagnate or dessicate. Of course 'manners maketh man,' and woman too — and not style, but style helps. When it's well done, it's an emphasis on quality approved by manners. There are as many ways of following a fashion as of following a principle.

"Lest we forget, I repeat: the instrument of morality is a conscience. Now, a conscience is an admirable bit of mechanism, and worth all the trouble that it takes to build it. It should be powerful and reliable and under control, with an emergency brake, a good hill-climber, and equal to rough roads as well as smooth ones. What I dislike is this ostentatious and laborious cranking-device that goes off noisily every time the thing starts. I believe the day of self-starting, silent, odorless morality is at hand, built in with the machine, and taken for granted. Living will then be a fine habit. A man should use his conscience, not take a joy-ride in it.

"Morals are indispensable. That's obvious and won't be forgotten. In the last analysis, the world is built upon honor; and about every tenth man in it is more or less of a fraud. He may profess morality, or he may not. He annoys me more if he does. Your sententious Sunday School Superintendent going the limit six days of the week, saving souls by precept and damning them by practice, is just the fellow I should like to haunt if I were in the haunting business. Between you and me and the electric light, we've at last become properly suspicious of piety and profession. Two generations ago young men were given *Persuasives to Early Piety* to read; ——"

"Oh! come off!" from the Kid.

Scrip: "Fact, my dear boy; I'll give you chapter and verse if you like. Now the idea makes you titter, even if you're a deacon; and why? Well, for a peck of reasons.

One of the big ones is our faith in works; and one of the almost as big ones is our appreciation of *manners*. It isn't profession but practice that counts; and people who practice don't need to profess. If we can make a young fellow less of a cad or an ass or a prig or a boor or a know-it-all, we're well satisfied. We've got him started right toward becoming less of a liar or a coward, and he'll turn out a gentleman despite himself, if he's got it in him. What other things he happens to have been taught, is a side issue. And that's what you extreme moralists can't or won't realize.

"The case against morality enough, is a serious one. Looked at through the telescope of history, it leads to literalism; literalism leads to ritual — the letter for the spirit, empty form, lip-service, not to say hypocrisy — and there you are. The descent to Avernus is the inclined plane tilted upon the preacher's barrel. It isn't the sermon, but the habit of mind that I'm talking about. You'll find it outside the usual orbit of morals as well as in it. For an off-side instance, take translations, with which I have had some sorry experience. If you have that kind of a conscience that you have to translate an author literally or lose sleep, you libel him. In your determination to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, you perjure yourself. (Sounds like Chesterton, I know; only it isn't said for the sake of saying it.) Your conscientious translator makes a botch of it. Your real translator exposes himself judiciously to the original, absorbs it, and puts it down as though he wanted to say it himself. He gets the flavor or the reaction, and tells how it feels. He may improve on the original, like the darky witness who insisted that he told the whole truth: 'An', Jedge, I took a little rise on that.' It's the conscientious translator of the gospel of living who misses its meaning, and the darky who gets its flavor.

"The literalism of morality is one of its devastating liabilities. It's the same thing in the law, only more

irritating. (At this the Judge smiled, but said nothing.) So morality is needed to humanize the law, as manners are needed to palliate morality. I am afraid that literalism is a masculine disease. It attacks lawyers, theologians, educators, moralists of all types; and by that token you may guess the nature of the microbe.

"There's a feminine variety of the malady, but the tact of women usually saves them. If, in the present imperfect stage of human development, lying must be done, they know when to lie and how to lie. I had a fishing-guide in Nova Scotia some years ago, who was introduced to me as the most inexpert liar in the province; he had lost all ambition to be believed. Women don't fish. But when a woman has a conscience, she works it overtime. The normal woman, when she reaches the New York Customs office, shortly after saluting the Goddess of Liberty, smuggles as naturally as a man swears. A draughty dock on a wet day when you're anxious to get started for home is no place for nice distinctions. What would happen if every woman decided to obey literally a law — about which she hasn't been consulted — and itemized and identified every last folderol that a deceiving foreign clerk induced her to add to her collection of things that she couldn't afford *not* to buy! Why, the whole customs machinery would stop — and good riddance! It would take a week to dispose of a ship's load that are hustled through on a reasonable amount of lying in a few hours.

"But stern morality disregards all this, and bids you tell the truth, and hasn't any closed season. Manners tell you when to keep it to yourself, and advise that you do it gracefully. For morality, flattery is a poison; for manners it's a cordial — which to your prohibitionary literalist are one and the same thing. A person who told the whole truth indiscriminately and shamelessly would be a freak and a nuisance in one. Everybody knows this and acts accordingly; but when you *say* it, it sounds bad and bold, and makes you uncomfortable to hear it, because

the Puritan blood is still undertowing in your veins. Morality knows it; manners know it; but they aren't supposed to know it; and you mustn't talk about it until the cigars are lit, the ladies having been left to practice it delicately by themselves. Copy-book morality is inexorable. I have no doubt that these same copy-books flourished in young ladies' finishing schools where the fine art of lying was taught to a finish according to the etiquette of the day. Diplomacy is the art of official, likewise polite lying. I don't like the brand; but I recognize that it comes of good stock. I'm not that kind of a mannerist exactly. I go farther still. I believe that morality and manners can keep house together, to their mutual advantage, if they will give up their mutual suspicions, and, like well-bred mannerists, have a decent regard for one another's tastes and foibles. If morality won't insist so strongly on eating what's good for you, and if manners won't complain too constantly that every-day dishes lack flavor, will remember that wash-day is an ordained institution, and will relegate frills and frosting and sauces to a proper place in the household, all may yet be well. Nor need manners rush to the door when a visitor is announced, and apologize for her sister, still wearing the badge of service."

"Sorry to be so stupid," said Plautus, a good talker when disposed to exert himself, "but I don't see much occasion for a quarrel. We don't all use the same cook-book in life, any more than in the kitchen. Some cook by food-units and talk wisely about domestic science; and others go by the taste. If you weren't so educated you couldn't tell which is which. The proof of the pudding (even bread pudding) is in the eating. We're all moralists *and* mannerists, and like the bread pudding, which we accept as it comes, we can't tell how it or we are composed."

Scrip: "True enough; but there are differences of flavor even in bread pudding. The flavor of life comes

from manners; they are needed to temper the crudity of the daily diet. We Americans are pretty poor cooks, you know. But my point is that there really is a quarrel, when either morals or manners ignore the other side. Of course they should be married, and live happily ever after. But divorces will occur even in the best regulated families; and incompatibility of temper is the common excuse. Really incompatible people shouldn't have married; morals and manners make the best kind of a match. Their quarrel is a family quarrel, I grant you, — a curable incompatibility. Take affectation for example. Morality frowns on it, hates it, sees only the insincerity of it. Manners see the ambition of it, tolerate it for its intention, or pity it for its futility, and regret that what people pretend to be is often so much less worthy than what they really are or could become. Morality is suspicious of all indulgences; manners rather like the innocent ones, and try to make a fine habit of them. It was a witty man of letters who in declining wine and a cigar, and a liqueur and coffee, asked his hostess not to think badly of him as one with no vices small enough to show in public. Morality is irritated by any touch of conceit or vanity; it feels the obligation of taking people down a peg. Manners prefer to set them up, if there's the least justification. Morality is inclined to overdo humility, and may lead to a door-mat manner of showing good will. Manners equally cultivate good will, but choose a self-respecting welcome. Morality squelches; manners ignite.

"Of course, if you overdo either you generate about the same degree of discomfort. People who bristle with scruples are as uncomfortable to serve as people on a diet. It doesn't take many of them at the table to spoil the cheer of the occasion. The formal worshippers of good form — which is an authentic god, but a dead one — generate a freezing mixture that is just as killing to the buds of good cheer. But the true mannerist never overdoes. He doesn't go to extremes; he objects to capital

punishment (except for people who abuse children or don't answer letters); and he isn't provincial. He doesn't seek insulation, either crudely by surrounding himself with barbed wire, or subtly by carrying a portable pedestal and posing as his own statue.

"To cap an indictment, morality in the wrong temper — and in this it has such strange bedfellows as politics and religion — is apt to divide men bitterly. Manners tend toward the right temper which unites men pacifically and congenially. In fact hobbies, manners and science are the only genuine pacifists. I grant you morality has the same intention, but its insistence makes it tactless. And that isn't quite the whole of the charge. In pursuing its aims — " ("in the wrong temper," interrupted Plautus) "morals breed a blind faith in democracy. They urge you humbly and democratically to adopt the bad manners and the slovenly language and the vulgar disregards of others in order not to hurt their feelings. Manners share Bentham's doubt when he defined democracy as 'a machine for extracting golden conduct from leaden instincts.' One of the things that make me most uneasy about morality, is that its loudest sponsor in these modern days is democracy. Now democracy has many virtues; and when it comes to include manners in the list, it is going to have the odds in its favor. But at present I can't dismiss the charge — the awful democratic character of morality. Anybody can be moral, and be a nobody at that. I can get used to that. But what I can't or won't swallow is the notion that there is to be one standard for all. One vote for all, I don't mind: for I think it can be demonstrated to a finish that the result would be just the same if one man in ten voted, or one man in a hundred — yes, or one woman either. Whatever may be the case for morals, you can no more have one standard for manners than one standard for food, or for dress, or for architecture, or for furniture, or for pictures, or for magazines, or for butter. The things that are really worth while are

our differences. Civilization is an institution for cultivating the right kind of differences. Unless we have different standards there is no chance for one of them to be higher and better. And my point is just this: the best way to refine a person's morals and to bring out his individuality, is to give him a finer standard all around; and the easiest way to do it is by way of manners. The fastidious man is saved from a lot of vicious and nasty habits quite as efficiently (pardon that unmannerly word) as the moral man. And when you come down to sources, good morals mean fine manners. We've tried to make it mean something else, and almost succeeded; we tried it because we wanted to cut our manners to fit the average man and a ready-made, shirt-waist civilization."

There was a break here; the talk drifted or I lost the bearings. When I caught my mooring, Scrip was saying:

"On the rare occasion when I go to a shop, find myself (not rarely) asking for an article which isn't in stock, and get the stock answer: 'We haven't much call for that,' I never can quite decide whether it is the irrelevance or the insult of it that galls. If I need a certain kind of lens in my glasses, what in the name of common sense has it to do with the case that other people's eyes are differently afflicted! If I need them, I need them; I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I'd like to oblige that clerk, if he showed any consideration for my feelings, and take something else that I don't want and wouldn't use. Well! that's the case of the democratization of morals. The finer qualities of manners that the shop-keepers haven't much call for, wouldn't be available for those who appreciate them. Only the stock moralities bought in job lots would be popular. Yet these nicer resources are in their place as indispensable as life-preservers, which also one doesn't have much call for, but cannot be replaced by anything else."

"All very well," said Cosmos, our other church member,

"but why evade the truth? There's a lot of average work to be done in the world, and by an arrangement so fortunate as to be almost providential, there are plenty of average folk to do it. They need the stock moralities, as they need common schools. What they want is a decent safeguard for decent living, and morality supplies the article. Up in Maine last summer, I was buying a padlock for my boat; I thought the lock offered me by the captain of industry of the general store looked rather cheap and easy. But he said with a twang: 'You know a lock only protects against honest folk.' That was a mighty wise Yankee remark! What's a lock to a burglar? A mere toy. But the security of conduct depends upon common cheap cast-iron padlocks, which to the average honest man who wouldn't pick them if he could, but might be led into temptation if they weren't there, says: 'Keep out; this means you!'"

Then Eliot got his chance. "You're asking too much of morals. I'm not a platform democrat, or a catalogue democrat, as you once called college presidents. You remember: when twenty of them were asked by an enterprising newspaper to mention the peculiar characteristics of their colleges, nineteen replied: 'Its democratic character.' The twentieth said: 'Its extreme democratic character.' And so against the notion that popularity is either a virtue or a test, I join you in solemn protest. *Vox populi* is just as apt to be *vox diaboli* as *vox Dei.* I believe that I am the only don bold enough to tell students that a mass-meeting to stir up reluctant rooters is a foolish and caddish performance. I object to the spirit of their 'mixers.' I tell them the story of the Wisconsin professor who reminded the boys assembled at a 'mixer' that what made Wisconsin famous was the 'separator.' Birds of a feather will and should flock together, and that means flock apart from the others. In the college flock each chap has a chance to find out of what feather he is. That, as *you* say, is where the emphasis belongs; and yet

the common staff of life must be plain wholesome bread. I don't see how anything but plain morals are really possible for the masses. They can be restrained by morality, when manners seem just frills. The masses are too few to count in that kind of an issue."

Scrip resumed: "I'm glad both of you said all that, not only to give me a chance to light a cigar, but to save my saying it. The point is exactly that morality goes about as far as that, and even quite a bit farther. But it doesn't offer a guide to the perplexed, even to the ordinary desirable citizen and worthy neighbor, who, if he does any looking, or reading, or thinking is at times perplexed, despite the *Ladies Home Journal*. To speak of the limitations of morality doesn't imply that its confines are narrow. But it isn't the whole of even a simple life, as so many pretend or proclaim. The cast-iron view of morality has sunk into the back consciousness, and insists that morality is supreme and always adequate, is all that young people and most old ones should know.

"The need of needs is the recognition that it takes a complicated kit of tools to do the work of the world, and morality is only one of them, though the most indispensable. The limitations of morality may be driven home on its own ground. Morality tells you, among better things, that honesty is the best policy, that it pays to be good, that a kindly man gets on well, that the considerate man succeeds, and so on. Of course you reply that that's a middle-class morality, which is all too true. But I urge that the only thing that can redeem middle-class morality is not more morality of the same type — which is the democratic answer — but a finer type of morality, which includes an appeal to manners. Your higher morality will tell you to be honest whether it pays or not, but a minor reason is that the use of honesty, as of Sapolio, is a fine habit. Be honest not only for the higher reasons, but also for the same very helpful reason that you wear clean collars, because clean-collared people are pleasant to deal

with, and in so many respects the right persons to copy. Not that a clean collar of itself will save a neck from hanging if it deserves hanging, but that it is an outward symbol of your standards — an uncertain one of course, and may be a pretense, but better than none. Though we don't wear our hearts on our sleeves, we can't help showing our sensibilities on our cuffs. Godliness with its near neighbor cleanliness is morals plus manners; and that has double power. It's more than the cleanliness; it's the nice aesthetic fitness of things. The aesthetic is a great big slice of life; and it will be a happier and a wiser day when we all admit it and act upon it. But art is long, and time is fleeting.

"When you face the facts (which nobody does, because we all wait until the facts turn our way) — the kind man can be too kind, and is likely to be imposed upon — dead certain in fact. The fellow who really has more than his share of his own way in the world is the nasty man with the bad temper; people will go almost any length not to stir him up. Mephitis mephitica is one of the most respected of animals. Bad temper ruins more lives than drink. I wish you sociologists would make some Ph.D. give us the correlation of morality with bad temper. I have a suspicion that more professedly moral people have it than non-moral (I don't say immoral) people; I mean those not aggressively moral. The chief moralist weapon is reproof; now, scolding, no more than shooting, as I observe it, ever did anybody any good. I don't mean well mannered correction, but reproof superiorly administered. To the mannerist, scolding, like bad temper, is bad form; he educates so far as he must, by tact, mostly by example. The habit of reproof, he finds, is generally worse than the habit reproved. And furthermore: the moralist tells you that a gentle answer turneth away wrath; the mannerist says it's true, but claims it as a mannerist maxim. Yet candor and insight compel him to admit that a gentle answer sometimes makes the other

fellow madder because you don't seem to be taking his anger seriously. If you really had any case of your own, you would be shouting and flying off the handle yourself. And if not this, then the gentle answer may leave the spoils with the worse cause. For as I observe it, it is often the impertinent question that gets and deserves an impertinent answer. At all events things are never simple when they come my way, — in this vale of tears with a bad climate. I confess that when in doubt, and that's about half the time, I turn to manners. Of course I'm handicapped. Being only of Napoleon's height, I find most things out of my reach. I suppose really good people, like tall people, have no serious problems. Well, such is my thesis or my confession; whether I should be proud of it or should be cured of it, you will decide. For next to manners as a guide to the perplexed, I rely upon the Interrupters."

(Cries of "Hear! Hear!" in derision and approval.)

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This was not the end of the discussion. In fact we talked long and earnestly. But the trail was lost. A good deal was said of the actual work of morals in an imperfect world, which restored the balance but was not otherwise notable. And I got a chance to point out that only old civilizations, which have worked their spirit into the flesh and blood as well as into the hearth and home of the people, have universal good manners. We shouldn't expect too much of one so young as America. But I was promptly informed that times have changed: what has never been is about to be. Thus drifting, we found ourselves again with Scrip at the helm; but he had changed his course, and was launched on a wider voyage of exploration. He kept on demonstrating the limitations of morality, but the emphasis had changed. There was a good bit of moralizing in it; the text of the closing movement I should call: "The Sin of Literalism."

HERBERT SPENCER

UNDER the title *The Exploded Quack*, some person, we were tempted to say some blackguard, has made, in the May *Blackwood's*, an attack on Herbert Spencer, of which the knowledge, discrimination and decency are on a par with the title; and they are all on a par with the modesty which leads the writer to set up his individual judgment against those recorded from nearly every eminent man of science of the last half of the last century.

Spencer, like all other men dealing with large subjects, may have been mistaken in many ways, but to call him a quack is to be worse than mistaken, — shamelessly and shamefully mistaken: it is to perpetrate a crime — a criminal libel which could be proved such in court.

One is curious as to what manner of homunculus it can be who does this thing. The bitter animosity of the article suggests a seeking of revenge for a personal slight, while its general qualities suggest the *odium theologicum*. Yet it sounds more like the shriek of a hysterical woman. Whoever the perpetrator is, the gurgitation in itself is not worthy of notice, but the strange fact that it was permitted to appear in a publication that has had the reputation of *Blackwood's*, suggests that our readers might not suffer from being reminded of a few facts about Spencer.

Darwin himself, on March 15, 1870, wrote to Lankester:

> It has pleased me to see how thoroughly you appreciate (and I do not think that this is general with the men of science) H. Spencer; I suspect that hereafter he will be looked at as by far the greatest living philosopher in England; perhaps equal to any that ever lived.

And he wrote to Spencer (June 10, 1872):

Everyone with eyes to see and ears to hear (the number, I fear, are not many) ought to bow the knee to you, and I for one do.

When, in 1866, Spencer issued a notice that the publication of the instalments of his philosophy was to be suspended for lack of support, Lubbock, Mill, Tyndall, Huxley and Busk issued a circular seeking subscribers to "join the undersigned in taking additional copies."

In 1896 upon the publication of the last volume of the *Synthetic Philosophy*, Spencer was presented with a congratulatory address signed by virtually the eighty names in England that could give such a testimonial most weight, and asking that Spencer "permit us to employ some eminent artist to take your portrait with a view to its being deposited in one of our national collections."

There has been nothing discovered to prove these great men mistaken, yet Homunculus sets up his judgment against them all. The testimonial drives him into wild and uncouth antics which he attributes to "satisfaction" that there were lacking among these signers, Peter Guthrie Tait, William Thomson and John Cook Wilson, whoever he may have been. The absence of the first two names from a list of over eighty is no more than could be accounted for by the men being abroad, or some other accident. The third man probably was not invited to sign. Our ignorance regarding him may be shameful, but it appears to be shared by the editors of the *Britannica:* for an attempt to dissipate it by consulting their work has been vain. In the midst of Homunculus' antics, however, he shrieks:

Those who had the privilege of being pupils of that remarkable scholar, philosopher, and volunteer, will never forget how he used to pace up and down his room like the proverbial caged lion, while he tore to ribbons the flimsy fabric of the Spencerian ethics and metaphysics, or made game of certain excursionists from Cambridge into the domain of Aristotelian philosophy.

So it may have been John Cook Wilson "that remarkable scholar, philosopher, and volunteer," whom the *Britannica* knows not, from whom Homunculus learned to gyrate — and who was evidently not an Aristotelian.

Probably no other philosopher ever had such a vogue as Spencer had from about 1870 to 1890. Most preceding philosophers had presumably been mainly restricted to readers habitually given to the study of philosophy, but not only was Spencer considerably read and generally talked about by the whole intelligent world in England and America, but that world was wider than any that preceded it, and much of his work was translated into virtually all the civilized languages, including Russian and Japanese. When he visited New York in 1873 he was given a great public dinner. Some earlier philosophers may have had such an experience, but if so, knowledge of it never crossed our limited horizon.

Now the fact that Spencer is no longer talked about everywhere by everybody, although he is probably quoted many times as much as any other philosopher, has led even some of his disciples to think that his philosophy is in eclipse, and has led some of the heathen to rage like the Blackwood scribe, though none, so far as we have seen, with such foamings, writhings and indecent exposures.

The coming of Spencer into a popular prominence probably never reached by any other philosopher, and his recession from it, are easily accounted for, and the latter in no way reflects upon the importance of his work.

Of the three great laws — Universal Gravitation, Biologic Evolution and the Conservation of Energy, on which the Spencerian philosophy rests, the last two were discovered as Spencer's mind was flowering into maturity. With these three laws, the second of which included what we know of the laws of heredity, there really was at last a basis of universal fact for philosophy to go upon. But

before Newton, speculation, having no universal facts, wildly roamed the empyrean at will, and was a matter of hit or miss. Spencer's latest biographer, Mr. Elliot, seems to make out that Spencer independently deduced Conservation of Energy from the molar motions of matter, but this could not have covered the transmutations from molar motion through chemical reactions, heat, light, electricity, and organic function.

But the law of Biologic Evolution was not of universal application, it was not a philosophic law, under Spencer's clear-cut definition or under the definitions fumbled over by most of his predecessors, — if he was not too radically different from all who preceded him, to justify calling any of them predecessors. But the laws which Darwin had discovered in Biology, Laplace in Cosmogony, and Joule, Faraday and their coworkers in Physics, it was Spencer's peculiar function to extend into Psychology, Sociology and Ethics. This raised the law of Evolution not only into the dignity of a philosophic law — a law pervading all functions that we know, but into that of the first philosophic law ever discovered. Anaximander and, by a little stretch of the imagination it may be said, several others, had guessed at the law of evolution itself, at least in its cosmogenic and biologic aspects, but there had not even been a guess — at least one that at the moment, we remember coming across — at the law in its social, psychological and ethical aspects. Tracing it there seems to have been Spencer's unique and colossal glory.

Other philosophic laws had been guessed at. For instance, Schopenhauer's guess that behind all manifestations of energy there is will, and Plato's guess that all the shifting phenomena we know are but expressions of Ideas, which are eternal — as an architect's idea may exist in his plans or in a building, or in pictures of the building, or in no material shape whatever, and yet be given at will material shape of any one of many kinds. But neither of these guesses has been proved, or seems likely to be in

the present stage of our faculties, though some of the phenomena now under investigation in Psychical Research do point toward the guess of Plato, and its direct bearing on the immortality of the soul. Schopenhauer's guess would give aid and comfort to those who would reduce the source of the motive power of the Universe to human dimensions and characteristics. Previous to Spencer, what was called Philosophy was made up of endless guesses more or less like these in regard to the Universe, plus much more of the same kind in regard to mind and morals, with a comparatively few generalizations of fact in psychic processes. But before Spencer, there was but one philosophic law, as distinct from a guess — one law of universal application discovered and established. It was the law of the universal attraction of matter, and even this law is philosophical only when it is realized that matter is the vehicle or channel of mind — not necessarily, as some think, its source.

Well, Spencer came into productive life with everybody who thought at all, interested in Biological Evolution. It appealed in some respects more deeply and widely to human interests than any law of Nature that had before been discovered. The assertion that men were descended from monkeys or some such creatures was at least interesting, even if it was not at first attractive. The fact of progress upward has now, however, very satisfactorily replaced the superstition of regress downward. Not only was everybody interested in Biologic Evolution, but all the mechanical world who used their brains, were interested in the Transmutation of Forces — an aspect of the Conservation of Energy. Now Spencer took these two laws, with Newton's laws of motion, and worked out the law of Universal Evolution. In doing this, he performed an intellectual feat which the great men of his time — and no other time has known so many great men — agreed was the most tremendous since Aristotle, if indeed it did not surpass even Aristotle's

performance. And yet it was a feat of which the average man, the world over, was ready and eager to form some sort of comprehension. All these circumstances brought Spencer such a vogue during the generation to which his feat was announced, as probably no philosopher had ever had before.

Now why is that vogue gone, and why does a periodical of the traditions of *Blackwood* permit a virulent little homunculus to defile its pages with an ignorant and abusive article made up of ludicrous attempts to prove the great man an exploded quack?

The reasons given in the article are that the great man was a disagreeable selfish valetudinarian bachelor, that early in life he had read a sentence by Von Baer, that he gave some account in his autobiography of his physical peculiarities, took care of a couple of children for a while, showed several people (we have no doubt efficiently) how to do things, blamed the butcher who supplied the Athenaeum Club, for sending too much connective tissue in his meat; and corrected many misapprehensions of his doctrine.

No one of these arguments is germane, but on the first it seems worth while to make a few comments. Spencer probably was never, even in his lonely and suffering old age, as disagreeable as Diogenes or Schopenhauer, and in his middle life, as the present writer knows from the testimony of numerous friends, and from half a dozen intimate chats with Spencer himself — two covering entire days roaming in the country — he was a more than ordinarily agreeable and sympathetic man. He was popular at the Athenaeum Club and at the Army and Navy Club, where, during the Athenaeum's annual housecleanings, he was, among the military and naval men, "Our Philosopher." Disagreeable men are not elected to second terms on the management of clubs, as Spencer was at the Athenæum. A part of his alleged disagreeableness was laid, and

probably justly, to selfishness — to an aged valetudinarian's natural guarding against discomfort; but he became a valetudinarian through one of the greatest services ever rendered the human race.

That he was not selfish in the ordinary sense we know from two of his closest friends, who were in constant correspondence with him, and who were among our closest friends.

The following words were written soon after his death by one who knew him and his works well:

His position was not among the defective distorted ascetics, like Diogenes and others of unfragrant memory, but among the complete men — Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their kind, each of whom lived in his world, gave it of his best, and got its best in return; and . . . these complete men were the greatest.

Here are extracts from a diary written by one of his disciples in 1879:

There is very little "warmth" in his manner, yet no one would think of calling it cold — he is very gentle, kindly, and sincere. . . .

He takes a joke in the most sympathetic way. On his telling us [John Fiske and the diarist] that he had no memory whatever for dates, and little for personalities — that facts left his mind as soon as he was through with them for purposes of generalization, I pled guilty to the same weakness regarding dates; but Fiske said that he remembered, without conscious effort, nearly all dates that he read or experienced, and nearly all persons that he met. On this I said to Spencer: "Let us fall upon Fiske, and slay him!" And at this very temperate little joke Spencer laughed like a child.

At first glance his face appeared old-fogeyish, and not striking; but in conversation it lights up as few faces do, and his rather large, soft hazel eyes have a very sympathetic glance.

(Another writer has said that his eyes were blue. Probably they showed different colors in different lights, as we have known done by three pairs of eyes, all belonging to exceptional persons.) The diary continues:

S. is certainly one of the kindest and most translucent souls I ever met. Perhaps the same amount of kindliness in a smaller

man would impress me less. Of course, as shown from him to me, it impresses me very deeply. I don't say that he is a warm-hearted man exactly. His life has perhaps been too purely intellectual, and too little blessed with the exercise of the strong affections, to make him that. Though perhaps if he were more of that, his thinking and living would have been so involved with other things than thought, that the world would have had to wait longer for the *Synthetic Philosophy*.

Well, there was no such awful amount of disagreeableness, and if there had been, it would have had nothing effective to do with his philosophy.

Another subdivision of the entirely irrelevant disagreeableness charge is that he was conceited. The diary says:

Something led to a remark on differences in the royal accomplishment of remembering people. Spencer declared that he had none of it, and told us in illustration that one or two evenings before, he took down to dinner a lady who told him that exactly a year earlier she had gone down with him at that same house. "And there!" said Spencer, "she had remembered me, and I had not remembered her at all." Whereupon I said: "But Mr. Spencer, if meanwhile it had occurred to her to write the *Synthetic Philosophy*, perhaps you would have remembered her." He laughed! he evidently had not thought of that aspect to the case at all.

This was the man whom Homunculus calls conceited!

He was no fool, and did have some idea of the value of his work, even though some others have no idea at all. Here is some more from the diary:

With all Spencer's ingenuousness, he accepted the fact of his own greatness as he accepts sunshine, and his consciousness of the one seems no more obtrusive or persistent than of the others. He talked a little of himself, as he might have talked of somebody else. Touching on the limits imposed upon his work by the ratio of its magnitude to that of the life and strength of one man, he said that he looked with surprise at his having undertaken it, poor as he was in health and resources, and having carried it along while it was exhausting his little means year by year. But now, he said, he was prospering, his books being translated and read widely, etc., etc. Yet his statement of all this was so perfectly colorless that it awakened hardly any

more feeling than a glass of water awakens in the eye or tongue. Herbert Spencer seemed just the same to him that anybody else is — no more and no less.

There was not the slightest appearance of assumption in his treatment of us two disciples, even though we were some twenty years his juniors — no such expressions as "when you get to be as old as I am," or "that view is natural to your years," etc., etc. In all these particulars he is as thorough a gentleman as I ever met, perhaps the most thorough.

Yet, though he was not conceited, he took himself for granted, as he took any other natural phenomenon. For instance, in one of his books he alludes to Fiske as "an adherent of mine." No one would have admitted the truth of the characterization more readily than Fiske, and yet. . . .

Homunculus charges against Spencer that he was ignorant, because he did not read Kant. It may be suspected not only that he did not, but that he could not.

When at the very beginning of the *Critique*, he found a placing of *a priori* knowledge on an equal basis with experience, and a claim that phenomena conform themselves to mind, and a maze of contradictions involved in these propositions, his stopping there may be justified, even by some who do not endorse his philosophy. And yet his very principles admit something in the nature of *a priori* knowledge: for if acquired characteristics are inherited, knowledge being an acquired characteristic, must be to some extent inherited, and to that extent independent of individual experience. True, Spencer's latest biographer makes the most sweeping assertions against that inheritance, which his subject believed in, but the question is not yet settled, certainly not in the biographer's way.

While Kant devoted himself to facts more than most of his predecessors, he was still largely given to their speculations and their terminology. Now the mass of guesswork that makes up philosophy before Spencer, or perhaps it would be but a little too liberal to say before

Kant, and to some degree since either of them, is a queer conglomerate. It contained not only Anaximander's guess at Evolution, Pythagoras' guess at the harmonious working of Natural Law, Plato's guess (largely a statement of fact) of the permanency of ideas, and many other way-pointing guesses; but it also consists mainly of guesses that to many seem mere words, outside of anything in the compass of our minds. Take, for instance, the questions at the basis of what was called philosophy — the fundamental nature of knowing — its nature back of experience; and the fundamental nature of what is known — its nature back of phenomena. Now apparently all that our minds are capable of knowing of the external world are certain perceptions resulting from certain vibrations reaching certain organs, and all of the objects known consist of these vibrations; and what we know of the internal world consists of impressions and emotions from these vibrations, and groupings of these impressions and emotions; according to their resemblances and differences, and continuous groupings of successive groupings. What is under the perceptions — what we make the subject of our alleged science of Epistemology — behind Physics and Psychology, is, to human minds, simply nothing at all; and what is under the vibrations — what is the subject of our alleged science of Ontology — is, to human minds, simply nothing at all. And all the talk about both is mere word juggling and paradox.

In addition to Epistemology and Ontology, whatever they may be, philosophy before Spencer (and since) contains a vast amount of platitude dressed up in technical language, and so made to look to the undiscriminating as if it were important. Many men claim the presence of something else; and that many other men fail to see it because of sheer incapacity — an incapacity like that which, while it permits us to run cheerfully through elementary mathematics, brings many men up short at plane trigonometry, many more at analytics, most at the

calculus, nearly all at quaternions, and so on up, until a mathematics is reached which only a few men in the world understand, or even some mathematics understood by only the man with whom it originates. Now are Spencer and his followers simply incapable of understanding Epistemology and Ontology, as so many men are incapable of understanding the higher mathematics? The answer seems to be in the facts that the higher mathematics start in established facts, grow out of them by closely concatenated logic, and can be verified at every step, while Epistemology and Ontology start nowhere, a fact which is doubly proved by their getting nowhere.

Spencer was not the only man of exceptional knowledge who was content to remain "ignorant" of *them*.

The old division into Platonists and Aristotelians holds good today, but does not hold entirely good, and never did — any more than most, perhaps all, sharp-cut divisions do. But although there are minds at home in both regions, there are very few minds that cover both. John Fiske's did to a remarkable extent, but was comparatively indifferent on the Platonic side; James's did to some extent, though mainly Aristotelian; Royce's was mainly Platonist. Dear old John Porter, who of course was a Platonist, took a class through Spencer's *First Principles*, for the sake of guarding them against its dangerous influences; and every man of them came out a confirmed Spencerian according to his lights. Spencer's mind was almost exclusively Aristotelian; and if it had not been, it would have had to be superhuman (which it was very nearly), or he couldn't have done his job. Fiske, who was really fond of him, used to say that while he was an immense creature, he was strangely specialized for his work.

The world contains two sources of knowledge — (I) the facts of Nature, including mind, and generalizations of them, and (II) speculations and generalizations regardless of the facts of Nature. The second category in one aspect belongs in the first — all our speculations and gener-

alizations are facts of Nature; but the division is justifiable and from many points of view even necessary. Now Spencer had precisely the same universe from which to gather his philosophy, that his predecessors had, and vastly more of it than most of them had — so much more as to constitute almost a difference in kind: for even Kant, while he guessed at the law of planetary evolution, had no demonstration of it, had no law of biologic evolution, and none of the conservation of energy. Now did Spencer take from that universe all that the limitations of the human mind at his time permitted it to take, or did he neglect a valuable part taken by the whole Platonic school, — or is that part — the *a priori* speculation that fills so many volumes, not taken from the Universe accessible to our faculties, but simply a froth of words?

Spencer found all that even his gigantic intellect could handle, in the facts of Nature. And the intellect which handled them as they had never been handled before, was probably not shaped to handle the speculative field, even had he felt inclined. But on that account to call Spencer ignorant, is probably as ridiculous a thing as was ever done on this planet. In a long life, the present writer has known a good many learned men and men learned in many ways; and yet he never heard such a stream of knowledge, during a long and intimate acquaintance, even from John Fiske or William D. Whitney, as he heard during the hours he spent with Spencer.

Spencer himself, however, knew the stream was limited, and happened to give the diarist already quoted one aspect of his limitations. He and Fiske and the diarist spent a day walking around Windsor. Spencer being almost a resident, and a great storehouse of knowledge anyhow, and the place being one of unending historic associations, the diarist, being a stranger, naturally asked Spencer a good many questions. The diary says:

He answered amiably and readily, until once he stopped still in our walk, and answered: "I'm happy to say I don't know.

The mass of gossip of courts and camps usually called history has no interest for me. I care for facts only as sources of generalization. My mind will hold a pretty good mass of them until my generalization is made, and then they vanish utterly."

On two other occasions I heard him allude to the same peculiarity of his mind. It did not let go of the facts of Nature, however, as it did of those of History.

By the way, there's a good deal to be said (but there's not room for much of it here) about that distinction: it's full of paradoxes. Is Nature superior to man? Aren't man's proceedings, actuated by mind, superior to those of the inanimate world and the beasts? Or are man's works merely man-made, while God's works are God-made? But isn't man the noblest of God's works, so far as we know them? etc., etc.?

Homunculus was led to make the exhibition of himself by the appearance of a new book on Spencer by Mr. Hugh Elliot. Its author, with most exemplary candor, has set forth his subject's faults and the weaknesses, as they appeared to Mr. Elliot, of his philosophy. All of these, Homunculus has pitched upon with ghoulish glee; while to Mr. Elliot's exposition of the great features of his subject, Homunculus has paid no attention.

Mr. Elliot dwells on Spencer's old-bachelor-invalid side much more than on his genial-old-bachelor side, and even seems in some respects to lack appreciation of his great work. He says:

He perceived that all Nature was in a constant state of change or flux; and he endeavored to find some law which should describe the tendencies of such change — a law which should be equally applicable to the change of a nebula into a star or stellar system, and of a protozoan animal into a man. This law he called the law of Evolution.

The second fundamental conception of the Philosophy, and perhaps the more important, as it was certainly the larger section, is devoted to political and social thought. When Spencer was a very young man . . . he eagerly caught up the catchword of Liberty and proceeded to identify social progress with

the admission of every individual to the *maximum* freedom consistent with social order and security.

This, if we read it aright, implies that Spencer's service to the doctrine of evolution was merely to pick up Laplace's nebular hypothesis and Darwin's discussion in *The Origin of Species*, and give a name "Evolution" to a law which they suggested, and which he merely "endeavored" to find, which law, Mr. Elliot says,

Proposed (*sic*) to describe the various stages characteristic of all progress in all departments of Nature as the universe grows older. He believed that the outlines of such changes were similar throughout all varieties of the changing substance.

Now, as already said, what Spencer did was to *find* the law — to carry the conception of Evolution beyond Laplace's Cosmogony and Darwin's Biology into Psychology, Sociology and Ethics — in short into all human experience, and to prove its operation throughout. This was his distinctive original work, and it is all clearly stated in the *First Principles*.

Law throughout all Nature, and therefore the greatest thing in Nature, unless it be the manifest beneficence, Spencer has done more than all other men, not merely to guess at and poetize over, but to demonstrate. This will do more than anything else to fill the place, if anything does, of the decaying faiths. In the hours like those of Carlyle's *Everlasting Nay*, when waves of misfortune and skepticism roll up and overwhelm, and there is no apprehension of any God to help, one can at least cling to such a spar.

Spencer's latest biographer devotes much more space to the Applications of the Philosophy, in the *Biology*, *Psychology*, *Sociology* and *Ethics*, than he does to the Philosophy itself, in the *First Principles;* and yet, the Philosophy being furnished by the great original mind, hosts of men could have made those applications — are making them every day, most of the makers all uncon-

scious that they are doing it. Every nursemaid that confidently awaits a traversable gap between the automobiles on Fifth Avenue, is unconsciously recognizing the law of the Rhythm of Motion that Spencer recognized in the circulation of the blood and of the planets, in commerce and in wars, in the discoveries of the explorer and the philosopher, in the yearnings of the miser and the lover, in the motions of the ions and the stars. Every mother who confidently waits for her child's petty ailment to run its course, depends all unconsciously upon the law of Equilibration which Spencer followed into the subsidence of storms and earthquakes, of errors and passions, of competitions and wars, and of the motions of suns and systems.

As we ask *cui bono* of the philosophy based on ignorance, why should we not answer *cui bono* of the philosophy based on fact? Mr. Elliot says: "The whole of modern thought is founded, consciously or unconsciously, on Spencer's work." Every newspaper every day is protesting against some opinion — some forecast, because it is counter to Evolution, and approving some other because it is in conformity with Evolution. And yet in some corner of the same paper is apt to be some homunculus firing off his dirty little squirt gun to the effect that the colossal genius who first showed that the law of Evolution applied to all the topics that newspapers discuss — to politics and ethics and society's ways generally, is an "Exploded Quack."

There is another *bonum* perhaps worth mentioning. Great thoughts are of inestimable value, and on the slim chance of saving the souls of Homunculus & Co., it may be worth while to explain that thoughts including the Universe are great.

It seems to us far from true that, as Mr. Elliot says,

> The second fundamental conception of the Philosophy, and perhaps the more important, as it was certainly the larger section, is devoted to political and social thought.

On the contrary, what appears to us immeasurably the most original and important work outside of the *First Principles*, is the *Ethics*. This was Spencer's own opinion, and he published *The Data of Ethics* in advance of its turn in the system, to guard against the possibility of his dying or breaking down before completing it. The first little chapter of that little book does what the best thought of the ages had been struggling for in vain: it gives morality a clear and unquestionable sanction, and links it up with the rest of the movement of the universe.

The *Psychology* once for all brought that science out of the clouds and into the regions of correlation and prediction. But notwithstanding the *Psychology's* pioneer originality, it is still true that the *First Principles* and the *Ethics*, and perhaps it would be well to include with them the little *Study of Sociology*, are worth more than all the rest that Spencer wrote. It is true that the *Sociology* ("political and social thought") is the "larger section" of his system, probably because it was written after advancing years had attacked his power of condensed statement; but this reason and many others make it far from "the more important." The guiding clue of Evolution being supplied by Spencer, it seems possible that his other work could have been done by later men; but even with the clue supplied, the world might have waited generations for the revolutionary and epoch-making organization of Ethics under the Law of Evolution, had not Spencer given it.

Mr. Elliot also says (p. 81): "Evolution and Liberty are the two guiding Stars of Spencer's philosophy."

Evolution *is* Spencer's philosophy. The discovery that it pervaded all phenomena was his great original feat. More than one of the great leaders among his great contemporaries, and no man ever had so many, thought it the greatest feat ever accomplished by the human intellect. If he had died after he completed *First Principles*, his

great work would have been done. The rest was but detail. Although the *Psychology* and the *Ethics* were both epoch-making, they were of an order of work less exalted, and, as already intimated, *First Principles* being given by Spencer, the later works would in time have been virtually attained by somebody else. It is probably not too much to say that the atmosphere created by Spencer made James's great *Psychology* possible, although James inherited so much of his father's transcendentalism that perhaps he did not quite realize the atmosphere in which he worked.

Many students of Spencer will find it strangely incongruous to associate as coeval factors of equal importance in Spencer's work, his original development of the Law of Evolution, and the notion of Liberty, which for generations had been the shuttlecock of political speculations, and even the rallying cry of mobs. The importance of that notion, even in Spencer's minor work, (not, we make bold to say, his "more important," as Mr. Elliot calls it) is still farther diminished by the fact that his use of it there is the most conspicuous example in his writings, of his human fallibility: he carried it to extremes, some of which, however, he afterwards corrected himself.

Mr. Elliot seems to have judged the relative importance of the various departments of Spencer's work by their relative bulk. Thus to the *First Principles*, concentrated into one volume by the terse vigor of the author's best years, Mr. Elliot devotes fifteen pages, while to the *Principles of Sociology*, spread by the garrulity of declining years into three volumes, he gives fifty-three pages.

Perhaps such proceedings are to be expected from a mind capable of producing the following sentence (italics ours):

> In an essay on "Representative Government" published in 1857, he reached the conclusion that democratic forms are the best *of all others* for the purely industrial type of society; but that for the military type of society it is the worst *of all others;*

yet the sentence is far from characteristic of Mr. Elliot, and but for his general sense of relations in Spencer's works, would have aroused some surprise.

Here, we think, is a farther misapprehension:

> It cannot be seriously denied that, in the main, Spencer formed his theories *first* and established them by induction *afterwards*. (p. 86.)
>
> The whole of Spencer's Philosophy was worked out by the deductive method. It is probable that he would have objected to so sweeping a statement; but nevertheless it is true. (p. 84.)
>
> A generalization was at once formed; and all the rest of the universe was forced into the mould without further ado, whether it really fitted or not. (p. 247.)

Now the first of these passages contradicts the second, and despite that fact they are both incorrect — the first in a measure, and the second utterly. Spencer did have a probably unparalleled capacity in tracing threads of uniformity in masses of fact; and where he found one that was worth while, he did follow it up into more facts; but to say that his first detection of it was not among facts, but by the *a priori* method, is to go counter to the whole drift of his mind and spirit of his work, and even to them as set forth in Mr. Elliot's book. The fact is that when many of us get to treating of induction and deduction we are very apt to get the infants mixed.

Mr. Elliot does his great subject farther injustice when he says:

> In 1852 he wrote an article in order to show that Organic Evolution had arisen from the unique factor of the inheritance of acquired characters, for he could not think of any other factor. Here he was entirely mistaken. Writing now at a distance of much more than half a century from this essay — a half-century filled with the most intense biological speculation and spirit of inquiry — it may be stated that not one single fact has come to light which justifies that acquired characters are inherited.

The conflict over this question keeps swaying to and fro. We do not profess to be competent to an expert

opinion, but we will risk the statement that Weissman's assumption that the germ cells are not affected by influences which affect other cells, is on its face gratuitous and absurd, that it is so marked by more than one eminent biologist, and that Spencer's rejection of it at the outset will probably yet be recognized as one of the marks of his genius.

Mr. Elliot caps the climax by saying (p. 89) that "the theory of evolution was true. Spencer conceived the right principle, although he supported it on wrong grounds." Would it not have been better if Mr. Elliot had said: Although of course some of the grounds on which Spencer supported it have been shown by later knowledge to be untenable, as the doctrine is true, later knowledge has, equally of course, added more to its supports than it has taken away? Spencer's demonstration of evolution throughout both the physical and psychical universe being as new as it was immense, was of course imperfect in many ways; but these imperfections by no means destroyed the integrity or stability of the whole. The essentials are there, the details will be elaborated, and here and there substituted, by other workers. Mr. Elliot speaks (p. 310) of "the general deliquescence of his doctrines." This refers merely to some details. As to the doctrine of Evolution, one might almost as well speak of the deliquescence of the doctrine of Gravitation. This illustrates again what seems to us the surprising lack of sense of proportion which led Mr. Elliot to couple Evolution with Liberty. The things which have deliquesced are notions on comparatively minor matters: the one law throughout the two universes abides, and is gaining in definiteness and scope with every new discovery.

The impression made upon us by Mr. Elliot's book, which contains all that we know about him, is the old one that the minute and meticulous accuracies which are the fundamental virtues of the man of science, impede his comprehensive and sympathetic grasp of a philosophy.

Simon Newcomb once said to us of John Fiske: "He's a mere philosopher." It was a strange coincidence that a short time after, Fiske said to us of Newcomb: "He's a mere scientist."

The editor of the series (*Makers of the Nineteenth Century*) in which Mr. Elliot's book appears, says in his entirely superfluous preface: "As far as one can see, whether as a philosopher or a man of science, Spencer is not likely to live for future generations. If he lives at all, it will no doubt be as a political thinker." The concluding sentence shows the writer's competence to an opinion, and it is farther shown by his having included among his *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* Abdul Hamid and Diaz.

But we have not quoted this editor's opinion for the sake of these self-refutations, so much as to put it in contrast with his author's opinion already quoted from the same book, (p. 76) that "the whole of modern thought is founded consciously or unconsciously on Spencer's work" — an opinion in rather strange contrast with some others we have quoted, but, we venture to think, in absolute conformity with the dissent we have had to express from those quotations.

We are conscious of a certain appearance of arrogance in implying through much that precedes, that we have a better understanding of Spencer than some other writers have had, and we hope to be indulged in an explanation. It is not a claiming of more mind, but of a different mind, and it is a confession of a *new* mind — the mind of a *novus homo*, if you please. Spencer's philosophy is new, and presumably it would appeal, as on the whole it appears to have done, better to minds innocent of any heredity of "acquired characteristics" from previous philosophies — to John Fiske, or *longo intervallo* to the present scribe, the ancestors of both of whom were not given to philosophy, better than to William James, whose father was a saturated Swedenborgian.

Some people are now finding fault with Spencer's philosophy because it is not absolutely correct, consistent and comprehensive. Will some of them kindly show us a system that is? So far as we know, which is not very far, there is not one of them which — whatever good things it may contain, like plums in a pudding — in its totality, when it has a totality, is not plainly and seriously defective.

And there is excellent reason why this is so. If Philosophy deals with the laws which pervade all phenomena, before the discovery of the law of Biologic Evolution and the Transmutation and Indestructibility of Matter and Force, there was little or nothing with which to do real philosophizing, though some lopsided attempts were made at it in the realm of psychology. Spencer was the first philosopher to have to his hand such a work-worthy mass of really universal law, and to shape it into a systematic structure. Of course there are errors and imperfections and deficiencies, but these do not render the structure worthless, and they will be corrected by farther thought and discovery. But probably little material demolition will be needed to insert them: for the plan seems too faithfully conformed to Natural Law.

One of the principal reasons why Spencer's philosophy is not as generally accepted as it might be, is that he follows the universe, with all that it contains of beauty and emotion, into smash, and leaves it there. True, from the dust into which the systems are smashed, he (following Laplace) counts on new nebulæ and new systems. But with him the forward-looking speculations and emotions beyond the life we know, "the expectancy within the soul," as Sill puts it, has no place. His philosophy concerns itself solely with what has been, and with what *verifiable* conclusions that logically points to. Of Plato's Ideas behind phenomena he takes no account, farther than to admit that there *is* something there, and to call it Unknowable. If we remember rightly, he even

makes no allusion to the movement of the boundary into the Unknowable. The speculations regarding it he would not even admit into Philosophy. President Butler takes the directly opposite ground, but the difference is perhaps merely one of terminology. He says that Philosophy begins where Spencer stops. If so, God help Philosophy! We were tempted to write, instead of "help," another word of an opposite tendency, perhaps more often heard today in connection with the name of God, and perhaps better justified in this connection by reason, though not by convention. If Philosophy begins where phenomena end, what then are we to call Spencer's colossal generalizations of the facts of Science? They are certainly more than Science, and as they are statements of fact, they are, in one sense, less than speculation; while God only knows what speculation is, at least until verification catches up with it, which, with that large part which is mere logomachy, it never will.

Unless, with President Butler, we claim that only the baseless guesswork that starts where facts give out is Philosophy; or unless, with more catholicity, we admit the guesses at Evolution which preceded Spencer's demonstration of it, and all other guesses at the Universe, to be Philosophy, — unless we make those admissions — despite the great treasures of thought bestowed upon us by Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Kant and a few others, Spencer was the first man to give the world Philosophy. It had been the aspiration of the ages, but, as has been said elsewhere: his predecessors only dreamed of philosophy; he was the first to attain it. He found philosophy an ideal; he made it a fact.

"QUITE FROM THE MARK OF PAINTING"

Browning

THE screaming sensation of four years ago — modern art —" says Mr. Louis Weinberg, in *The Sun* for Sunday, September 10, 1916, "is now accepted with a shrug of the shoulders." I should like to ask Mr. Weinberg, who is a lecturer in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and an instructor in the College of the City of New York, if the painters whom we distinguish from artists by calling them "moderns" are satisfied with a shrug of the shoulders by way of appreciation and, in case they are, if they really understand that shrug. It does not signify acceptance. Beneath its quiescence lies the same distaste that greeted the first "independents" with jeers and laughter. We do not scream long over anything in this twentieth century; there is too much matter for screaming; but we shrug our shoulders as the Capulets bit their thumbs, "which is a disgrace to them if they bear it."

The repulsive hideousness of much of the modern extremists' work and the inane futility of the rest may be trusted to limit it to the exhibition rooms of speculators in art, where it will die a noisy but beneficent death. Patience is the sure cure for the affliction of the last ten years, but a new and more subtle affliction is upon us. A school of ultra-moderns has arisen — men of tomorrow rather than of today — who claim to have reached the climax toward which art has been moving through the ages. They call themselves "Synchromists," and declare the object of their efforts to be the expression of spiritual emotion through the beauty of pure form in pure color. Their theory of art is insinuating because of the magic power of the word "beauty," but it is a fallacy, nevertheless, and a fallacy which carries a threat. The magic word has often been made to disguise immorality; here it

is invoked to conceal a disease; pernicious anæmia. "Beauty," for the Synchromist, has no red blood — it is an ephemeral presence which pleases only the eyes. The first manifestation of quick consumption is a crimson cheek and a sparkling eye.

That the laws of visual æsthetics are the sole criterion of a picture's worth, we must believe if we take the word of several of the modern critics. Clive Bell asserts that the one quality common to all great art, and therefore the one quality indispensable to a great picture, is what he calls "significant form." Just what he means by this — what constitutes "significance" in form — we are left to guess. By Willard Huntington Wright we are apprised that the *sine qua non* of great painting is "æsthetic organization": the opposition of line to line, the thrust of plane against plane, the balance of mass with mass, the push and pull and resultant equilibrium of various bodies: inferential movement so controlled by other movement that, in spite of omnipresent activity, nothing can fall out of the picture. And this is all: a harmless commotion among nondescript shapes.

The "significant forms" in "æsthetic organization" must be completely abstract. Chief among possible offences is "likeness." The construction and muscular functioning of the human body is the admitted archetype, but a genuine artist refers only in his secret preliminary processes to any acquired knowledge: on his canvas he copies nothing — depending solely on inspiration.

"Recognizability," says Mr. Wright, "precludes the highest æsthetic emotion. . . . Form and rhythm alone are the bases of æsthetic enjoyment: all else is superfluity;" and æsthetic enjoyment is the only effect a picture is entitled to have.

Mr. Andrew Dasburg tells us: "I differentiate the æsthetic reality from the illustrative reality. In the latter it is necessary to represent nature as a series of recognizable objects. But in the former we need have only the

sense or *emotion* of objectivity. That is why I eliminate the recognizable object." Yet the sense of objectivity, if not the emotion thereof, is just what we derive from clear representation of objects. Such sense and emotion as we derive from paintings with recognizable objects left out are too vague and uncertain to be valuable.

The desideratum must, moreover, be accomplished, according to the modern idea, by the use of unmixed color. There must be no suspicion of drawing in black and white, with color laid over like a becoming garment. The "simultaneity of form and color" is the thing to conjure with. Colors have intrinsic perspective, so to speak — unvarying relative distance from the eye. Some are bold, others shy.

"Color is form; and in my attainment of abstract form I use those colors which optically correspond to the spatial extension of the forms desired."

"Thus with him [McDonald Wright] a yellow, instead of meaning an intense light, represented an advanced plane, and a blue, while having all the sensation of shadow about it, receded to an infinity of subjective depth."

If an abstraction, then, is to show three dimensions, its nearest side must be yellow, and its farthest violet — unvaryingly. Intermediate planes must be orange-red-violet or green-blue-violet, though we die of ennui. Everything but "abstract form" thus produced by unmixed color is parasitic, enfeebling, anathema; and those who thus conceive and produce are the only men who have any just claim to the title of artist.

"Ancient painting sounded the depths of composition. Modern painting has sounded the depths of color. Research is at an end. It now remains only for artists to create. The era of pure creation begins with the present day. Cézanne took the first great step; Matisse the second; Cubism the next; and Synchromism the final one."

Is Synchromism indeed the final word in art? It may be — the word that commits to the grave. That those to

whom art expression is addressed, and whose approval is necessary to the survival of art, will never be satisfied with the output of the Synchromists is certain. Their so-called pictures do not get off of the canvas and out of the frame into our minds and hearts, where the immortals are cherished. The possible shiftings of colored shapes are not many, and looking for such variations is a game that soon loses interest. There is nothing else to look for — nothing that "takes us where we live." The Synchromists may "organize" to the demonstration of every rule of visual composition, they may lay on their colors with incontrovertible propriety of sequence and relation: they achieve only unbearable monotony. They may have eliminated the unessential, but they have at the same time omitted the essential.

To narrow art to the one appeal — the æsthetic — is to cramp and dwarf it pitifully. It is like condemning a splendid woman, capable of motherhood and of citizenship, to spend her days as a *mannequin*. The spell of a great picture is not so simple, though it is more direct and sure.

The "modern" painter affirms that to awaken emotion a picture need only express emotion, and that the emotions of an artist can be expressed only by geometrical, vortiginous or other preferred abstraction. The second claim obviously annuls the first. The cubists, futurists, vorticists, what not, are fully expressing themselves after the manner of their choice, but they are failing as artists, because they are not communicating their emotions.

In their spoken and written utterances the modernists use the word "emotion," indeed, in a fashion as strained as their use of pigment; and thereby involve themselves in contradictions and paradoxes. We have quoted "the emotion of objectivity:" they talk about the emotion of size, the emotion of distance — of any sense-perception. Since they disavow any remote consciousness of objective reality, these forms of speech cannot be taken to mean

the physical experience of seeing the dimensions or the position of things: they must, then, mean the feeling of pleasure or displeasure accompanying such perception: but size and distance are attributive, accidental, unimportant, having no power whatever, in themselves, of arousing emotion. Why not, for the sake of mutual understanding, be guided by an emotion of reasonableness?

The pictures that move us to gayety or to tears touch us by *depicting* the expression of emotion, or by showing us replicas of the objects that awakened emotion in their painters, without reference to the question whether or not they may themselves be a means of self-expression. A picture of a smiling child, of a grieving woman — a statue of a man in triumph or despair — these move us, through human fellowship, to rejoice or to suffer. Abstract forms, in any number of dimensions, produced by the most expert manipulation of abstract color, do nothing of the kind, though the painter may have seethed with æsthetic exaltation. Their utmost possibility is a suggestion of beauty adaptable to some decorative scheme or other — a very faint emotion compared with the effect of a masterpiece of art.

Is the charm of *The Song of the Lark* its dark bulk against a light space, beautiful as this may be, or is it the cool breath of morning and the entrancing bird-song which the girl's face makes us realize? Does the power of Hawthorne's *The Trousseau* lie in the balanced shapes on either side of the upright shaft of the maidenly body, admirable as these are, or in the young bride's wistful gaze into the unknown and vaguely feared future? Schreyfogel's *The Fight for Water* would doubtless bear analysis by the most punctilious æsthete: suppose he render the composition "abstractly" — withdraw from the picture all its likenesses; the terrible horse and its thirst-mad rider, the fallen one, shot through, no doubt, and the desperate companion who was so near the goal — would their shapes, denatured and filled with flat or self-modelled

violet-indigo-blue-green-yellow-orange-red, bring a flutter of excitement to one man in ten thousand? and is it really, as the "modern" painters and critics maintain, a loftier accomplishment to afford that ten-thousandth man his little æsthetic thrill, than to make the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine draw a deep breath of human sympathy?

It is argued, in condemnation of such pictures as *The Fight for Water*, that they are as much drama as picture. Well, why not? The acted drama is largely picture; why should not a picture be partly drama? That means, simply, that the canvas tells a truth which includes beauty — that it reaches, with stirring effect, not merely a little group of "pure" æsthetes, but the world of thinking, feeling, living human beings. As Professor Mather says:

> It is, perhaps, the supreme value of Greek art to have proved how the vision of the artist and that of the common man need vary but by hairs' breadths, and yet give sufficient play for genius.

It goes without saying that the dramatic picture is only for the great galleries. One would not hang anything that suggested struggle on the quiet walls of the home. Neither does one wish that one's intimate associates should be continually experiencing the climaxes of tragedy — but that is no reason why the drama should be reduced to the wooden posing of mutes draped in the spectrum colors. Is it sane to discard the richest element of picture-making — human interest — for a triviality like the exploitation of one's little ego through ineffectual abstractions?

The attitude of indifference to the judgment of the public assumed by the "modern" painters, is a manifest affectation. They all betray awareness of the fact, though vehemently denying it, that it takes more than one to make a picture. No man painteth to himself alone. There

is no self-expression that does not aim, consciously or unconsciously, at impression somewhere outside of self. Even Max Weber, who is guilty of such self-deliverance as this:

> How grand and how all is the unknown! The unknown of the unborn is I feel infinitely more than the known of the born. . . . I am rich, I am exuberant, I am spirited when I infer the beyond, the inherent unknown — infinite, spaceless, timeless, matterless. In such overwhelming, breathless moments, I embrace the entirety of the unknown. I am then a self-more, more with more of the measureless dimensions,

and who endeavors to paint his states of mind, declares, in the same set of essays, that "art is nothing if it does not stir or kindle the art consciousness in a people."

The withdrawn-ones descend, at odd moments, to such sordidness as is implied in this paragraph from the "Explanation" (!) of the "Forum Exhibition," at the Anderson Galleries, a while ago:

"No more genuine art-service can be rendered, either to yourself or to the cause of serious art-effort in America, than by the purchase of these works."

It should never be forgotten, in discussing the new men, that they are not appealing to us as decorative designers, though this would be a natural inference from some of the comment upon them. Mr. Weinberg says:

> They have attempted to record that beauty in the quality of the line, color and pattern. They are willing that their work should live or die through this inherent beauty of material and language and not because of any association with any other categories.

Again he speaks of "that almost complete abstraction and purity of pattern (free from objects) which is the logical goal of the cubist."

As patterns — units for repetition in textile design — they are quite too formless for anything but "all-overs" — some of the productions of the later men might be tolerable; but these gentlemen pretend to be makers of pic-

tures, not of patterns, as their titles bear witness. Between the two arts there has been, hitherto, and should always be a firm distinction. A picture is an effort to relate. To the primitive man his drawings were the alphabet of his literature. It is true that, in prehistoric time, men also decorated with line and space and, later, with color arrangement, and that, from an undatable beginning and by imperceptible degrees, the principles of the purely æsthetic art have become engrafted on the representative art, so that now we demand sensuous beauty in a picture as if it were essential; which, in ultimate analysis, it is not. We have not learned to make pictures because we have æsthetic taste — we have applied our æsthetic taste to the making of pictures. The *prime* essential of a great picture is still the great subject: to its successful presentation beauty is a mighty aid, because of its allurement. Between the picture which is gripping in its meaning, powerful and beautiful in its execution, and the little canvas which is merely pretty, there is a long gradation of possibilities of not unworthy work; but even the parlor-picture, which is pleasing chiefly to the eyes — neither very striking nor deeply significant in subject — must have some meaning on its very surface. That which we apprehend through the eye must be of the visible world — familiar enough, at least, not to put a breaking strain upon our sense of possibility. The new men are assuming — nay, really striving — to paint the unpaintable. Impatient of the common highway, they are rushing up an impasse — trying to reach our souls through our eyes by addresses which our eyes cannot receive.

Such a thing as "abstract form" in three dimensions does not exist, for us, visibly. As strictly decorative pattern, conventionalized form in two dimensions may be most agreeable, but solidity is inseparable from entity — from recognizability — or it is repellent. We fear and loathe the mere shape, because we see it only in nightmares: if we are not subject to nightmare, we dismiss it with contempt.

The condemnation of likeness as a thing too trivial for an artist's attention, a chafing fetter on his imagination, is a fatal error. There is no escaping likeness. The veriest abstraction a wild dreamer in paint can conceive, inevitably looks like something: in pigment daubed on canvas it generally looks like something ridiculous. Such ideas as may be liberated in "pure" form and spectrum colors — ideas of ornament — would be far more effective worked out in some other medium — glass or silks, for example. Pigment and canvas are not lovely in themselves: if from them we receive nothing that makes us forget them, they are unattractive, if not ugly.

The modern painters seek, above all things, they say, to suggest; but the canvas and pigment are always more strongly in evidence than any mental concept.

"The chapter on Suggestion in their psychology interests them most," says Mr. Weinberg. "They know that a man's emotional nature may sooner be stirred by suggestion than by literal statement."

This is better in theory than in the practise of the painters. A visual suggestion, to be potent, must have some thread of connection with visible actuality — otherwise it is more apt than not to go astray. Mere patterns may give much pleasure, but they are powerless to suggest anything — surely — but the designer's taste in patterns. The man who wishes me to share his joy in a friendly world must show me something more than a square of calico: I do not get the suggestion intended.

The devotees of abstract form in pure color dwell much upon the analogies of music with painting. Pure, unimitative sound is the medium of the musician, through which he develops musical harmony and form: it follows that pure color is the painter's medium, through which he should develop visual harmony and form. The content of music is exclusively emotional, therefore the content of the allied art must be exclusively emotional: so they argue.

The reasoning is invalid. Given brothers, it does not follow that they must be *bessons* — twins whose own mother cannot tell them apart. We should not have needed two senses if the same appeal reached both. The eye seeks information of the dimensions of objects and their position in space; the ear of thought and feeling: the one of physical, the other of mental things. That the provinces of sight and hearing overlap somewhat, does not make them identical. The man who is guided by intuition, and not by sophistry, offers to the eye those statements only which it receives naturally and therefore easily. He reproduces the visible facts which have stirred his sensibilities, in the hope that they may have the same effect upon others, and so enlarge experience and enrich life. His emotion itself he cannot render in color, because emotion does not express itself in color. Form has some power of suggestion — there is analogy between gesture and line, between shape of mass and pose — but color has little to do with emotion. Under stimulation we sing, we shout, we laugh, we weep, we may gesticulate or dance; we never emit color. The "change of color" so often attributed to us is insignificant because it merely indicates emotion, but does not express it. Under the same excitement one nervous organization will blush while another will turn pale — but the flush and the pallor may result from mere physical change quite unaccompanied by emotion.

Attempts have been made to attach color to sound. They are meaningless because associations cannot be fixed. A shrill trumpet-note is to one man yellow, to another red, to a third green, to a fourth white. The suggestion may almost always be traced to some early objective connection; so nearly always that it is safe to attribute all such ideas to accidental objective experience. The association of the so-called warm colors with cheerfulness and excitement is due to our long dependence upon fires which are ruddy. We forget, because it is not a daily observation, that the hottest fires are white or

blue — colors which we call cold — and that ice-bergs flash out reds and oranges glowing as flames. No man can tell from the momentary hues of the sky whether a new day is dawning or an old one dying. So far as pure color is concerned, sadness and gladness are indistinguishable.

Sentiments and color play together in some minds, but the affinities differ with different temperaments. The dye of mourning garments varies with nations. The English wear black, the Chinese white, the Turks violet, the Egyptians yellow. To me, if joy have a color, it is a slightly modified high-light blue — borrowed, of course, from the clear sky. My friend tells me that a certain green is her most joyous color — an acid, cutting green it is to my eyes. My neighbor, when she wishes to make us all happy, wears a luscious pink, always a little nauseating to me — probably because of over-indulgence, at an early age, in pink ice-cream.

How can nature be symbolized, or emotion be conveyed, by signs that mean everything, and therefore nothing?

The case with music is quite different. Inarticulate sound is the instinctive, involuntary utterance of emotion, and strikes home to the understanding of the listener infallibly. It is impossible to mistake a minor third for a cry of elation, or a major arpeggio for a wail of woe. We ascribe emotion to the notes of insects, to the wind in the trees, to the ripple of waters, even to mechanical noises, because feeling is, in our minds, inseparably joined with sound. Music is formulated inarticulate speech; emotional expressions multiplied, repeated, intermingled according to their satisfying consonances and stirring dissonances. We respond emotionally to the most involved, highly organized music of the great orchestras, whether or not we know a chorale from a toccata, because the most composite and abstruse of musical utterances is still natural — a logical development of commingling and interchanging human voices that modulate while we are listening to

them, and pass, as our words and our sighs pass, with the time needed for utterance.

McDonald Wright claims that this last quality is attained in a picture by such composition as induces the eye to follow certain sequences — deliberately blinding itself to the rest of the canvas which remains all the time distinctly and — in Mr. Wright's organizations, at least — insistently visible. Something akin to musical movement might be given by a canvas on a reel — but see how Mr. Wright goes about it.

Later, recognizing that painting may extend itself into time, as well as being a simultaneous presentation, I saw the necessity for a formal climax which, though being ever in mind as the final point of consummation, would serve as a *point d'appui* from which the eye would make its excursions into the ordered complexities of the picture's rhythms.

This is about as enlivening as a demonstration in geometry.

Clive Bell maintains that the only life — the only reality — is form. Form for form's sake is his credo.

The emotion that the artist felt in his moment of inspiration, he did not feel for objects seen as means, but for objects seen as pure forms — that is as ends in themselves. . . . Who has not, once at least in his life, had a sudden vision of landscape as pure form? For once, instead of seeing it as fields and cottages, he has felt it as lines and colors. . . . May we go on to say that, having seen it as pure form, having freed it from all casual and adventitious interest, from all that it may have acquired from its commerce with human beings, . . . he has felt its significance as an end in itself? . . . Shall I be altogether fantastic in suggesting that the significance of the thing in itself is the sign of Reality?

This reality — this line and color — are what make life worth living to him — or so he tells us. Believe it who can!

Why should artists bother about the fate of humanity? If art does not justify itself, æsthetic rapture does. . . . Rapture suffices.

What kind of a mind is this — that sees commerce with human beings as casual and adventitious in comparison with line and color? Heaven help the painter who never sees his subject as line and color: he may paint till he is blue in the face, and never find himself hung — but Heaven help him, also, who fails to show his public, in his lines and colors, the fields and cottages and the people of their love: for he may paint till he is black in the face, and never win the grateful admiration of a fellow-man. Fancy "gazing on the happy autumn fields" merely to notice how the masses bulge and recede, whether the verticals be duly crossed by horizontals, whether the leftward curves be counteracted by rightward swerves, and whether or not any violet thing have forgotten the decencies of color and fastened itself upon a prominence!

If these patchwork-quilt painters touch life at all it is only at the surface of the æsthetic sense — as if one should have a great golden harp to play upon, and sit forever pick-picking on high C.

There may be a world where life is not living, but only an æsthetic tingle — where dwell a few supernal creatures whose nerves vibrate only to the spectrum colors arranged between an assortment of lines — but it is not humanity's world, and never will be; and it seems great pity that any young artists should be led away to it by alluring and deceiving phrases. If the new "immaculate" art is enough for the "moderns," why do they not confine their abstracted selves to their studios, and live on the lonely rapture of self-expression? On the contrary, they give every evidence of wishing to draw the public after them. They have drawn us — a little way — through our curiosity. If they keep us (and it means extinction for them if they do not) they will have, I am sure, to return to the ways of the older men in the matter of intelligibility: if we are to enter into their experiences, they must make them recognizable.

THE YOUTHFUL SPINSTER

THE other day, as I was poking in a neglected drawer stored with the "souvenirs" which children lay up for solace of the arid wastes ahead — frayed paper napkins once sacred to the memory of colored ice, laced valentines of a richness not to be found nowadays, — I turned up from a dark corner the yellowed manuscript of a story which I must have written long ago. A quite forgotten thing once cherished, freshly discovered, has always a haunting attraction. But as I read, I felt that I had come upon a deposit interesting for its own sake. It was a romance, — for I was probably seven at the time of its composition, — and concerned the notable adventures of two fair heroines, Gwendolen and Genevieve. The tale must once have been regarded as a masterpiece, for it was carefully tied up with beautiful red cord, and illustrated with unique drawings of Gwendolen and Genevieve in Assyrian perspective, splendidly provided with bustles and dolmans of the latest mode. And after these years of eclipse the document still preserves one excellence, which even in the initial pride of authorship I fancy I did not suspect, — an unashamed candor, a singular absence of guile. The last sentence alone is sufficiently telling. It ended: "And so they were both married, and had good rich husbands."

Here is conciseness perhaps crudely abrupt, but the phrases ring true with a sincerity hard to get at a later age. It is the plain expression of childhood's ideal and definite intention. For children, we notice, strangely compounded of matter-of-fact and fancy, take marriage as much for granted as bread and butter. Scant tolerance would be theirs for the fairy tale if it failed of its right conclusion, if the prince by a reversal of nature's laws should neglect to wed Cinderella. And in the cycle of

their recurring games the children are consistently devoted to Hymen. They circle the ring-around-the-rosy in a rhythmic rehearsal of coquetry and wooing, and count daisy petals to a chant of love's experience. They are noisiest, we admit, in their ubiquitous dramatization of "Teacher," — teacher, poor thing, an old maid ogress promiscuously shaking little children. But there is a special unction and solemn relish in their style whenever they play at being married.

It is plain too that they pity the poor creature who can no longer join the wedding game with conviction, for they treat her with an elaborate delicacy suitable to her disappointments. The coarse term, old maid, would surely stick in the throat even of the untutored. They never use it in our presence, though I have heard "aunt maid" as a gentle euphemism. If they must mention before us our unhappy state, they hurry on with the same nonchalance which conveys to a cross-eyed or bewigged visitor the assurance that the anomaly really does not show. The "aunt maid" must want a husband, they are persuaded, but they do their best to spare her feelings by a careful affectation that they have not found her out.

The grown-up world used to hold jocundly the same opinion. In the old frank days of merry England Chaucer's Hen spoke up confidently for all women, saying:

> Whatso any woman sayth,
> We all desiren, if it might bee,
> To han housbondes hardy, wise, and free.

And being once reminded of Chaucer, we find it hard to ignore the Wife of Bath and her tale of a knight who quested for a year and a day that he might report to Queen Guinevere what thing it is that women most desire. He had a lively search, but his answer proved at the time to be the right one: "My liege lady," said he, "generally women desire to have mastery over husbands and lovers."

> In al the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde, ne
> Wydwe, that contraried that he sayde.

That was a long time ago. To-day the audacious youth would not get off so easily before any gathering in the "regne of femynye." Still as in Jane Austen's period, "it is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife." But the single woman is no longer conversely in need of the "good rich husband." The world has grown cheerfully to accept without smile or hint at a ceremony called "nolo episcopari," our protestations of content. We may flaunt without ridicule our praises of independence void of "followers" or encumbrances, the joys of unhampered freedom. It is so convenient to walk in the middle of the path, to sit directly under the lamp, to reflect on the superior system and firmness with which we could bring up the children of others. And spite of Dante, it is not so bad to "go up and down another's stairs" with no responsibility for rolls of dust accumulating in the corners. We are believed.

Still the children are in one way right. Through some convention of society it is not the thing for us to appear genuinely old, though the married may age as fast as they will. Oh, to have lived in the days of Charlotte Brontë, when one woman could write to another, "At twenty-three you can hardly call yourself young"! In that good time by twenty-five we should have sat restfully down for the remainder of our days, emancipated and relieved.

Not so to-day. On the head of our married sister gray hairs are venerable, badge of acceptable service, but we have to devise new ways to turn our hair inside outside to bring the white on the under side. The married may amble leisurely along the way or stroll quietly in pleasant by-paths; we have to step off brisk and pert to show how much strength and oil there is still left in our poor old bones. The married can survey with complacence a moderate increment of plumpness; but we dare not risk a penny-in-the-slot at the station scales, fearful of mortification in case they begin suddenly to play a tune. It is permitted to

the married to seek the fellowship of wise folk older than themselves, to acquire the mellowness of their more assured repose; we are perforce ambitious for the society of the "old young girls;" we must seek for special familiar some pretty young thing without a gray hair in her head.

Some time ago a newly married friend sent me her book-plate, very unpretentious for a book-plate,—just a little cut of her library. I suppose there were shelves and books in the picture. I remember only two central features, a pug-nosed dog and a cordial fire-place. Here no doubt on snug winter evenings there are two more present with the tutelary dog, carelessly whiling the hours in receptive fire-side chairs. And for all I know, they put their feet up on the fender. With me it is different. I too should like to sit by the register in my boarding house and doze at my ease. But no, I am young, and I must go out and play bridge or something more youthfully inconsequent. Or if the thermometer is way below zero, I stagger half a mile through the drifts in the company of my active friends, the lads of eighteen, to witness a basket-ball game. I am so fond of athletics, like all young people.

And yet what should be in this youth, that we cling to it so tightly? It was a busy time disquieted by heavy problems. So many abstruse speculations, including axioms and platitudes and unimaginable mysteries, had to be settled out of hand, as if the weight of the future depended upon our immediate decision. What are the comparative merits of Shakespeare and Browning? Where is the border between spirit and matter? What is the relation of tragedy to comedy? Is the human will free? I remember that once in college days, as I was lounging with a book, a class-mate suddenly leaned over my shoulder and began, "Say, I never happened to ask you, but do you consider life worth living?" She felt that she must know before night. I had a glib answer in a minute, and we dealt ably with the matter. I should not feel equal to it now.

Then there was the worse responsibility of youth's privilege, the persuasion that we must make the most of our choice susceptibilities before the torpor of middle age should dull our keenness. We had to be so exquisite and so sensitive, to thrill our utmost with all fine subtleties and nice emotion. A young girl once confided to me her impatience that she could not go immediately to Europe while she still had left some bit of sensibility, some remaining shred of æsthetic appreciation. And we were all like her, as eager to miss no slight vibration of experience as was the man who could never learn how to shiver.

Well, we have had our experience, and it has brought a freedom at which we should once have shuddered. We have been to Europe in the good times so short a while ago, and spent happy hours not alone in the Alps or in galleries, but in the shops, absorbed in bargaining for coral pins. In our off moments of musical levity we may dare to prefer "Tipperary" on the hurdy-gurdy to the Götterdämmerung. We may read an occasional silly novel without scruple lest we shorten thereby "the stature of our souls." We may venture sometimes to be interested in dinner, be frankly pleased with asparagus. A fat and slippered middle age is a very comfortable thing, I'm told.

Could we not then dare by a bold originality to accept the relief of avowed old-maidenhood, to find solace in the enfranchisement which comes with gray hairs and plumpness and the good custom of mature fellowship? Why suffer the patronage of pity when we are so consciously able to pity in our turn the anxious follies of the more radiant age. As for me, my own way appears more clear at last. I have half a mind to free myself from the thraldom of my youth. I have pretty nearly decided to be thirty-five. If I could be eighteen again, I could not accept the condition any more profoundly, or settle eternal questions in time to catch an earlier train. Even the children, with all their sympathy, would not advise us to cherish illusions. And when I finally discard my juvenile nimbleness for the

mild comatose pleasures of middle life, I shall take as excuse enough the wise words of a small boy.

We had been reading together the old legend of Hawthorne's, in which a doctor who has discovered the water of life invites a few aged friends to share a private demonstration of its powers. They drink long draughts and are temporarily restored to youth; but, becoming too frisky, tip over the beaker and allow the precious liquor to flow away. When we had finished, I asked my little friend for his interpretation of the story. Children dislike generalities, and for a long time I hinted and coaxed in vain. Finally a light dawned in his eyes. The words were slow in coming, but at last he stammered, "Why, I think it means that even if you should become young again, you'd be just as foolish as ever." He was a polite little fellow and meant no offence. With the indefinite use of the pronoun "you" in the speech of the rising generation I was quite familiar. But I had my lesson.

CODDLING MURDER

THE newspapers of the adjoining cities used to indulge a few years ago in a recurrent jest that the sure way to longevity was to go to Chicago and commit murder. The charge was only too true, for the immunity of Chicago's criminals was notorious throughout the country. The deplorable conditions that occasioned the witticism still exist there unchanged. The average number of homicides in the city district is still far over 200 a year, and shows no sign of falling off. But Chicago is not alone in this matter and, bad as her record is, she is not appreciably worse than the rest of the country. There is no section that should dare to cast the first stone. St. Louis with less than one-third of Chicago's population reported 92 homicides for 1913. For last year, New York city had 299, a rate five times as great as that of London; 10,000 murders, it is estimated, are committed in this country every year, more than the aggregate for any other ten civilized nations, excluding Russia. In the United States as a whole, we are told that crimes of this nature have increased over 60% in the last three decades. Naturally the statistics on the subject are on some points incomplete or conflicting, but after making all allowances for inaccuracies, the most cursory examination will bring out two startling facts. First, America has more homicides per capita than any other country in the world; second, the proportion is increasing.

These facts are fairly well agreed upon, but on their cause there exists a wide divergence of opinion. Critics are not wanting to complain that, as a people, we are naturally lawless and prone to violence, and that no other results could be expected. This explanation, for which the exaggerated accounts of mob outrages are largely responsible, does not appear to us to be correct. To com-

pare the morality of different peoples, or of the same people at different periods, is always a venturesome undertaking. There is the constant danger of relying too much on limited sources of information, of mistaking the special for the general, of deciding that because some individuals have certain characteristics, a whole nation is similarly afflicted. It is unfair to base our ideas of the Italian social life of the 14th century on a perusal of the *Decameron*, and to infer that the men of Boccaccio's age were all either cuckolds or rakes, the women either fools or debauchees; just as it would be unfair in our day to regard the works of Mr. Robert W. Chambers as representative, and to believe that all 20th century American society is made up of fascinating parasites, young men with inherited alcoholic tastes, young women with a penchant for clandestine midnight rendezvous and frank discussions of sex hygiene. It is unfair after reading of a semi-political attack on a medieval sect, to think that all the devotion of that time was a mixture of superstition and cruelty; and it is equally unfair for our present-day critic, after reflecting on the Frank affair or some Western mêlée, to conclude that the American people are naturally turbulent and bloodthirsty. There is always a tendency to sing the praises of past times and to sigh in vain for the virtues of an elder race. But Americans, on the whole, are as much as ever a peace-loving nation. They hold human life every bit as sacred as their ancestors fifty years back, or the Europeans of to-day.

The prevalence of serious crimes in this country is largely due, it is submitted, not to any innate depravity of our national character, but to the comparative facility with which criminals go unpunished. The statistics of the country show a woful condition in this respect, it being estimated by as high an authority as ex-president Taft, that with regard to crimes of violence, the proportion of offenders who are never tried, or being tried escape punishment, is a good deal more than 50%. Now it is

elementary that the chief, if not the only aim of punishment, is exemplary, to deter others. It is equally plain that for punishment to have this salutary effect, it must be swift, certain, terrible. These are simple truths admitted by everybody, fools and sob sisters excepted. If Smith tries to rob Brown, and kills him in resisting, hanging Smith will not be of much advantage, it is true, to Brown's widow and orphaned children. But if done swiftly and strikingly it will serve as a powerful warning, and the thought of what is in store for him will go far toward keeping a second Smith from shooting his victim. To act as a deterrent, however, it is necessary that this punishment be both swift and certain. Under present conditions, for reasons soon to be considered, it is neither. This is the real cause of the spread of violent crimes.

It may be objected that no matter how sure or swift the retribution, some crimes would have been committed. Booth would have shot Lincoln though he realized a firing squad would have him up against the wall an hour later. The misguided Irish patriots who believed Dr. Cronin to be an English spy would have killed him though the gallows were certain to follow. But such cases are exceptions and are generally of a political nature. With the majority of criminals, the uncertainty and delays of punishment are the big factors on which they stake their gamble. The reasoning of a band of youngsters who some years ago set up as bandits in one of our big cities, bears out our contention. If these youths had felt that they were certain of paying the penalty, that even in four cases out of five, they would have to pay, they would still be working at the factories they left for the easier gains of crime. But over 50% of such offenders go unpunished — their hopes of escape were better than an even chance. It was a good risk, as they admitted and they took it — with disastrous effect on the lives of some fellow-citizens. Does anyone suppose that a certain millionaire degenerate would have been so punctilious about

his wife's damaged honor, if it was not extremely probable that in the long run he would go free? Or would the Hotel Metropole have ever witnessed that tragic tableau on the early July morning, if "Whitey" Lewis and "Gyp the Blood" had felt sure of the electric chair?

If this explanation is correct, and if the prevalence of crime is to be attributed, in large part, to the immunity of our criminals, the question narrows down to a consideration of the things that make for this lack of punishment. The cause is doubtless twofold — partly the inefficiency of the police, partly the inefficiency of the administration of justice. It is not the purpose here to discuss the police departments' inability to catch so many offenders. The most enthusiastic defenders of the American systems will admit that in ability and enterprise, our detectives do not compare with Poe's Dupin or Conan Doyle's creation. Most of us are more severe and feel that they are not up to Prefect G—, or Scotland Yard — possibly not even up to poor Doctor Watson. It is sufficient for their condemnation to remark that only 25% of our criminals are ever caught, that the offender's chances of escape are estimated to be as high as 4 to 1. There are a great many improvements to be effected here but we pass on to the other cause.

The American administration of criminal justice is, we contend, grossly inefficient and to this even more than to poor police methods is due the regularity with which crime goes unpunished. This inability to convict offenders is merely the inevitable result of the protecting attitudes toward the criminal that our law and our public opinion seem to take.

The position of the law on crime and criminals cannot be better expressed than in the oft-quoted platitude, that the law would prefer nine guilty persons to go unpunished rather than let one innocent be wrongly convicted. This statement has been highly lauded as illustrating the wisdom and benevolence of our jurisprudence. In reality,

if it is analyzed it indicates no such thing. It is based on a supposition — a false supposition — that the law is sometimes put in a dilemma and forced to choose between two evils. It must either punish the nine guilty and at the same time the one innocent, or else free the one innocent and at the same time the nine guilty. Granting that of the two evils the latter is preferable (though this is by no means certain) no proof has ever been offered that such a dilemma does or can exist. To punish the guilty it is evidently not necessary to punish the innocent; the two things have absolutely no connection. If anything, punishing the nine guilty tends to make the position of the one innocent — of all the innocent — just that much more secure; so many dangers to their lives and property have been disposed of. Careful students of the question have concluded that all precautions not clearly necessary for the innocent prisoner, are a dangerous shield to crime; they serve only to secure the guilty and should be abolished. The above maxim in its present import has practically come to mean that whether the defendant be innocent or guilty, the law prefers the chances to be nine to one against his conviction. Its application has resulted in hedging in the prisoner with protections that are unjust and unneeded, protections that justify Bentham's bitter complaint about a criminal prosecution being a game of fox and hounds, in which the accused is given a certain start and has the benefit of a number of rules to prevent his conviction and to interfere with the proof of his guilt.

The first of these artificial safeguards is the holy of holies of our bill of rights, the exemption from self-incrimination. This exemption, as everyone knows, means that the accused in a criminal trial cannot be compelled by the prosecution to take the stand and testify. It is a right guaranteed by the federal and state constitutions, and is so universally accepted in America that it is commonly regarded as a fundamental bulwark of the individual against official oppression. To attack such a pal-

ladium, to inquire whether it actually is all that is claimed for it, seems to be political heresy. Yet what does the exemption mean and just whom does it protect? Crimes are generally, from their very nature, rather secret occurrences. This is particularly true of homicides; the victim is dead and the parties with information about the deed are few, their knowledge incomplete. Who is a more logical witness than the accused, the person on trial? In many cases, his testimony may be the only direct evidence; in all cases it is relevant evidence, evidence pertaining to facts in dispute. If he is innocent, it cannot affect him save to establish his innocence. If he is guilty it is to society's interest that his guilt be disclosed. Yet in spite of the almost self-evident necessity, the law allows him to refuse, even forbids any prejudicial inference to be drawn from this refusal. The result is that the prosecution must often build up a piecemeal story from indirect evidence and fit it together, only to have it picked to pieces by the clever attorneys for the accused. It is idle to say that making the defendant testify would lay him open to a brow-beating by the prosecutor and possibly entangle the innocent. The presiding judge could easily keep the state's representative within bounds; moreover innocence is not in such grave danger of entanglement.

From the veneration attached to the exemption, one would think it was a natural right of man, that its antiquity could be traced through past codes back to the laws of Alfred or the twelve tables of Rome, that it was recognized everywhere throughout the civilized world. Yet nothing could be further from the truth. The protection is, in fact, not a right at all but a privilege — and a privilege, too, of recent growth and limited application. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently, in express terms, declared it not to be a fundamental right. It was not recognized in England till the last two centuries. Even to-day it is not in force on the Continent, where criminal justice is vastly more certain than in our country.

Another illustration of the peculiar attitude of the law, is found in the strange duties that legal ethics regards a lawyer as owing to a criminal client, as distinguished from the duties he owes a civil client. It is universally agreed that a lawyer who knows of the injustice of a civil case is not bound to take it, is obliged to refuse it. Otherwise he would be acting, the framers of our ethical code rightly hold, as an instrument of injustice. His client's wrong would be his. It would seem proper to apply a similar rule in criminal cases, and require a lawyer who not merely suspects his client's guilt but is certain of it, to enter a plea of guilty and do what he reasonably can to mitigate the punishment. Yet he is permitted, even instructed, not to do so. No matter how strong his convictions, no matter if the client confesses to him, he is to plead not guilty, and put up any and every defence. The advocate who gets off an admittedly guilty client is not regarded as a scheming trickster, but is admired by the rest of the bar as an example of professional skill. The oftener he defeats criminal justice the greater is his reputation. Logically he would seem to be working an injury upon society, to be committing as much of a wrong as the lawyer who sues a railroad company on a faked-up accident. But the legal casuists step in with their theory of the criminal trial, and say no. A criminal trial, in their eyes must not be an even battle between the state and the prisoner, in which each side is to rest solely on its merits. The accused must be given certain protections whether innocent or guilty. It is not for the lawyer to decide his client's liability; there may be extenuating circumstances that mitigate the latter's conduct. The answer to this of course is to have the client plead guilty and let the judge make any necessary allowances for the conditions of the misdeed. That is what a judge should be for, and he is certainly better able to decide than the defendant's counsel, who is paid for getting the prisoner off. The glaring failures of justice that might

have been expected from this strange attitude of the bar, have naturally occurred. It is small wonder that some disgusted observers feel with Shakespeare's character, that the first step to social justice would be to hang all the lawyers!

But perhaps nowhere do we find the absurd state of the law better shown than in the present system of appeal. In the early common law, on which our law is largely based, there was no appeal in a criminal case. The jury's verdict settled the matter, and whether that verdict was given for the state or for the accused, there was nothing further to be done. This simple impartial rule has been changed for some time. At present both in England and in this country, an appeal is allowed, but — and here lies the absurdity — for the defendant alone. In England it is granted for substantial reasons only, a situation unfair enough, but in America things are worse. Our states universally permit an appeal not only for grave errors, but for the slightest technicalities, this right being given, as stated above, solely to the accused. As a mere mathematical proposition, the injustice of granting this to the defendant and denying it to the prosecution, is plain. The state must stake its all on the one trial, it has but one chance to win. The prisoner has not only a chance to win at this trial, but if beaten there, he has a variety of other refuges and appeals, so that his chances of final victory are at the outset of the trial as high as 3 or 4 to 1. The unavoidable consequences have followed. The defendant's lawyer watches for the least slip on the part of the prosecution, the slightest mistake that will furnish him with a technicality sufficient to go up. Indeed it is a common practice for experienced attorneys purposely to conduct themselves so as to rouse the state's attorney or the judge to hasty remarks, with a view to "putting error in the record" and taking an appeal on account of the harm done their client's constitutional rights by the outbursts their own conduct has provoked. The state

has absolutely no corresponding recourse, and no matter what displays of passion or prejudice the defendant's counsel may make, no appeal can be taken. This situation is manifestly unjust to society, as it minimizes the offender's risk of ultimate punishment. Either the right of appeal should be denied the accused, or if such right seems occasionally necessary, it should be granted equally to both parties, subject to the court's decision that there has been a substantial error.

There are many other points to be corrected, which flow more or less directly from the wrong basic attitude of the law in the protection it gives to crime. Space allows reference to only a few. The silly useless formalities that so many states still require in their indictments, should be done away with, and twentieth century English substituted for the archaisms of Henry Eighth. No sensible person believes that the omission of these antique phrases is going to put the accused off his guard and imperil his innocence. The substance only of the charge should be important; and if this were followed, we might be spared the spectacle of seeing the supreme court of a great state quash an indictment — for a serious offence against a woman — because the article "the" was omitted. It is hard to realize that a decision like this could be given in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight, and not in conservative New England either, but in supposedly free and progressive Missouri (State vs. Bruce Campell, 210 Missouri, 202). Equally senseless reversals occur all through the country, making the technicalities of our criminal justice a byword. Mr. Francis J. Heney in the celebrated prosecution he conducted some time ago against the California graft ring, ran into a particularly stupid decision. He had Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco convicted of corruption in the trial court, only to have the upper court reverse the judgment on the ground that the indictment failed to declare that Schmitz was mayor of San Francisco at the time the alleged extortion was commit-

ted; this too notwithstanding the penal code of California expressly stated that no matter should be alleged in an indictment of which the court would take judicial notice, *i. e.*, of which it would be naturally informed. The chief justice, in a defence of the court's decision, gravely stated that the court could not take judicial notice of who was mayor of San Francisco! The French philosopher who would not admit his own existence till he had proved it, would feel right at home in the California Supreme Court.

Insanity of prisoners should, it is believed, be made a matter of defence throughout, as all men are presumed sane, and if any offender wants to be freed on this ground, it should be up to him to establish the fact of his insanity. This would place the burden on the defence to prove the prisoner's derangement, in place of forcing the state, as in most of our jurisdictions, to prove his soundness of mind — a task naturally difficult.

Judges should be allowed and encouraged to follow more closely the conduct of the case. Like their English brothers they should have the power to comment on the evidence and indicate to the jurors their opinion as to its weight. This does not mean abolishing our jury system; it merely means giving the inexperienced jurors the benefit of the judge's training and knowledge. The men on our benches should be more like ministers of justice, and less like the detached personalities we seem to have at present, men who, as Mr. Taft puts it, resemble the harmless moderators of a religious assembly. The picking of our jurors, too, is open to criticism, as it is notorious that this takes much longer in America than in Europe. Counsel's examination of jurors ought to be much restricted by the court, and only grave objections ought to be sufficient to disqualify a venireman. It is a peculiar feature of our present criminal trials, that the defendants seem to be under less suspicion than the jurors.

The injustice of the hot-house protections with which the law shields the accused, will be plain to anyone who gives them thought, if he will but recall the real purpose of government. They all evidently tend to prevent the conviction of the guilty, and in this way are incentives to further crime. Now opinions about the origin and scope of government may, and do, differ widely. We have the orthodox explanation of the Testament that civil society grew up imperceptibly from the patriarchal nucleus; and we have the Frenchman's theory that it is only the result of voluntary mutual concessions, made long ago in a great social contract between the peoples. About the scope of government there is likewise much dispute, one group extending its power to embrace all the individual's concerns, and another being satisfied with a minimum of regulation. But there is no doubt about a government's duty and purpose on one point. A man may believe with Rousseau that society is a mere compact between the individuals making it up; or he may believe with Aquinas that it is from God. A man may believe with the Prussian bureaucrat that the state should order a man's whole existence; or he may believe with Jefferson that the less government, the better. But in every case he believes the government should protect his life. It is all very well to speak about the social and sympathetic advantages to be derived from civil society. The main reason why men formed a government was to protect from violence first their persons, and second their property. This protection is the real test of the efficiency of a government, and no government that fails in it is living up to its design. A state may be ever so advanced in the intellectual and sanitary care it takes of its citizens, in its library and school and health systems. But as long as it allows violence to go unpunished, as long as the basic principles of its law tend to encourage violence by preventing the conviction of the criminal, that state is at fault. It may be refined, it may

be polished — but it is not efficient. It has failed on a vital point.

And yet after all, the artificial protections of the law do not cause any more miscarriages of justice, than the artificial frame of mind our people assume when considering crime. The citizen's sympathies, with a few exceptions, seem invariably to be with the offender. Especially is this true in homicide cases. To their romantic imagination he is but one atom against the colossal power of the commonwealth that is seeking to destroy him, and they feel for him the sympathy that Americans always feel for the under-dog. This feeling is well illustrated by the favor shown a certain type of crook-plays, in great vogue of late years. Night after night our best people applaud the efforts of the harassed burglar to elude the clutches of the law, and are highly pleased when the final curtain shows that lawlessness is triumphant and the brutal police are baffled. This tendency, we suspect, is in some respects a result of our democratic government. Our democracies have a fear of state oppression that runs back beyond the time of the Revolution, and their natural inclination is to favor the individual in any conflict with the state. But the notion of the criminal as the under-dog is wholly wrong. The under-dog in a fight is the one that is weaker, the one with the smaller chance of success. After what has been said, it should be clear that in American prosecutions, the offender with his exemptions and his rights of appeal, has a good deal better than an even chance. If anybody is the under-dog it is society. It is not true to say that the criminal is defenceless against the state; it is nearer the truth to say that the state is defenceless against the criminal.

As might be expected, the women lead in this sentimental weakness. A large number of our feminine population seem to feel that no matter how uninteresting or inane a man may be before he has killed somebody, he acquires

a subtle charm after it. The more atrocious the murder, the greater appears to be the worship with which this impressionable class regards him. Again and again we hear of prisoners who have committed the most shocking crimes, being deluged in their cells with flowers and candy sent in by sympathetic and apparently refined women. They even carry their efforts further by engaging lawyers and alienists, and if the offender is finally convicted, they besiege the executive for a pardon. We confess that the psychology of it all is beyond us, that we cannot see why the same woman who berates her husband for kicking the cat, will weep over some brute who has strangled his mistress with a curtain-rope!

A similar disposition, though in a saner form, characterizes many of our male citizens, as witness their views on the death penalty. Talking with men of all classes and occupations, it is surprising how many can be found to confess that they are unalterably opposed to capital punishment, that they would under no circumstances inflict it, even if they were jurors. Such men have generally a strong aversion to crime in the abstract, but in concrete cases their good nature is apt to be too strong for their sense of justice. The news of every fresh murder fills them with maledictions on our inefficient police, and yet they themselves adopt a spineless, snivelling attitude that is more responsible for the spread of murder than all the blunders of our detectives. This is not the place to enter into any extended discussion of the merits or demerits of capital punishment. It is a subject on which there has been a good deal of rant and bombast. The existence of the death penalty, it is submitted, and its regular exercise, are the only things that will deter some persons from homicide. The argument of those who oppose capital punishment, put briefly, is that the state in executing the murderer is guilty of the same crime of taking human life for which it punishes him. They forget that the taking of human

life is not essentially wrong, that under some circumstances it is highly justifiable for one individual to kill another. And what the individual can do in self-defence, society certainly can do, murder being as much an attack upon the life of society as on the life of the visible victim. Another and more common objection is that if capital punishment has such a good effect, why has it not stopped homicide in the past. The answer of course is that capital punishment in this country is like Christianity in Europe — it has never been tried. For our 10,000 homicides of last year there were less than 100 legal executions, about 1 execution to every 100 murders. In most of the states, it is true, there is capital punishment in name, that is, the right to inflict it is given to the state. But the actual exercise of the power, except in rare cases, is wanting; and it is not the abstract power but the concrete exercise of it that constitutes the deterrent. It was remarked above that punishment to be effectual must be certain. The mere possibility that a murder may eventually result in an execution, is not a sufficient check. The governor of Illinois delivered a very strong address on this whole subject at a recent governors' meeting, inveighing against the death penalty as an obsolete useless barbarity. The impression he left on his hearers was that Illinois had been systematically inflicting capital punishment all these years and still her crime rate was increasing. The facts are quite the reverse. The records of the entire state are not available, but in Chicago during the last 40 years there have been 3,047 homicides with but 42 legal executions. This is less than 1 execution to every 70 killings, and could not be expected to act as much of a deterrent.

But even putting aside the intrinsic value of the death penalty, the jurors who refuse to apply it are still in the wrong. Irrespective of their personal opinions, it should be sufficient for them that it is the law (in most of our states), the law which they as jurors have sworn to follow. If it is a bad law, change it; but as long as it is the law it

should be rigorously applied, independently of what they think about it. They are to decide simply if the accused has actually committed the act with which he is charged, and that is their sole responsibility: the sentence rests with society. We admit, however, that the distinction is a good deal to ask of the average jury man. If they have conscientious scruples against even deciding on such a fact, it is their duty to state them and be excused from entering the jury box. Once they have decided in the affirmative nothing remains but to apply the law's penalty, even if that be death.

Much criticism has been made, as far back as the Dred Scott decision, that our courts declare legislation unconstitutional, not because it really conflicts with the basic law, but because the individual judges regard it as bad. If a legislature passes a ten-hour law for women, it is undoubtedly wrong for a court to declare that law void and refuse to give it effect merely because it offends the judges' theories of economics. But it is certainly every bit as wrong for a juryman to refuse to impose the death penalty, because it happens to contravene his personal opinions. Jury-made law is just as undesirable as judge-made law, the private beliefs of both should be subordinated to the law of the land. There are, it is true, some jurisdictions where, in a criminal trial, the jury is judge both of the law and fact. Experience, however, shows this to be a poor delegation of power. Illinois is one of the principal states where it exists, and the kind of criminal verdicts that Illinois juries have rendered does not commend the practice for imitation, nor does the record of murders in the state.

Towards women offenders the jury's attitude is especially deplorable, being a strange mixture of pseudo-chivalry and bathos. Every man of sensibilities will regret that we have female criminals, just as he will regret that we have criminals at all. But when he is on a jury, he should not let this regret interfere with his duty. The

position juries take toward erring women is in marked contrast to that taken by the social world. In conventional life women receive infinitely less mercy than the other sex. A man's peccadillos and intrigues are glossed over; everything is construed in his favor. Even when his guilt is certain, his standing is little affected. One little slip though, will damn a woman irrevocably; there is small chance for defence — every presumption is against her. In a seeming effort to make up for this unfair treatment of the sexes' shortcomings, our juries go to the other extreme. They make every allowance for female offenders, so that the conviction, much more the execution of a woman murderer, is an extraordinary occurrence. Both the above views are foolish and illogical, as the offences of the sexes should be punished equally and impartially. It is unreasonable, not to hold an unfaithful husband in the same disgrace as an unfaithful wife. But it is surely just as unreasonable that the wife who kills her husband should not be punished with the same severity as the husband who kills his wife. Yet the statistics show that small as the proportion of male executions has been, the proportion of female executions has been much smaller. A disgusted state's attorney of a populous territory has openly declared that in his district, no matter how conclusive the evidence, it was impossible to convict a woman of murder.

The remedy for the undue leniency with which crime is treated, must come from a change in our public opinion, from a realization by our national conscience that coddling murder is not curing murder. The people will have to appreciate that in the punishment of crime, sentiment must have no part, that the foundation of government, in the fine phrase of President Wilson's inaugural speech, is justice, not pity. An appreciation of this will make them look on homicide for what it is, not merely an offence against the individual victim but against the whole structure of society. Men must look on jury duty not as

something to be shirked but as a privilege of citizenship; the law, even if it be a penalty repugnant to the juror's private opinion, must be faithfully applied, as long as it is the law. The other improvements in our administration of criminal justice are a little more complicated to make, but they will speedily follow once the ideas of the people have been changed. The reason our law shields offenders so much, the reason our bar is authorized to defend the admittedly guilty, is because our lawmakers and our lawyers feel with justice that the public desire this laxity, that there is no insistent demand for rigorous punishment. Individual legislators or individual attorneys can at present do little. Once our public opinion adjusts its viewpoint and looks things squarely in the face, our bar and our public assemblies will do likewise.

It is not desired to make criminal justice too severe, so as to leave no loophole for the unfortunate accused. Though Draconian legislation has ever been found ineffective, there are some few, we are aware, who in their disgust at the present order of things, would rush to the opposite evil and take away even the necessary safeguards of the prisoner. But any form of Jedwood justice, of hanging first and judging afterward must be worse than the prevailing system with all its faults. These extremists fail to realize that there is such a thing as making punishment too summary and sweeping. They recall the Arabian Nights story about the zealous sultan. A fair lady, runs the tale, had been robbed by a porter, and his majesty, unable to find the culprit, and determined that justice must be done the petitioner, commanded all the porters in the city to be hanged! He would have carried it out too, had not the damsel confessed she was fibbing. Neither are we opposed to the benevolent changes for the benefit of the accused that have lately been recommended. The bitter irony of the law is that while it unduly favors the criminals who can hire costly legal talent, it is equally harsh on the petty offender. This,

though, is an ancient condition: for we find Solon complaining twenty-five hundred years ago, that laws are like spiders' webs that catch the small flies but through which the great flies break. The unjustified arrests that mar our police administration could well be stopped; in many parts of the country jailing conditions should be improved. It might even be advisable to supply in all states, as is done in some, paid public defenders for the poor prisoners. Above all, we must better the economic conditions that cause so many of the smaller crimes.

But for murder, the only check will have to be the deterrent of swift, certain punishment. Such swift, certain punishment, as being the characteristic of an efficient state, this country must earnestly try to insure. And it can be insured in no other way than by having strict, impartial laws, supported and executed — here is the root of the solution — by a strict, impartial public opinion.

A PSYCHIC MISCELLANY

THE attention this REVIEW has given to Psychical Research has brought us considerable material not yet published, in which the growing portion of our readers who care for the topic may be interested.

We wish, however, before giving some extracts from that material, to call attention to a circumstance that well illustrates the growing realization of the importance of the subject. There was lately published a work on it that was at least the bulkiest that had appeared in many years. Its author expected ridicule and even contumely. But the book was reviewed by some two dozen of the leading critical organs, *and not one but treated the subject with respect.* The same seems to be true regarding the recent much smaller but perhaps more important work of Sir Oliver Lodge. The change in authoritative opinion which this marks is not less than a revolution. When this REVIEW was started nearly four years ago, we received an occasional remonstrance against the moderate attention we paid the topic. Of late we have received none. It looks as if the immense importance of the subject were at last becoming realized.

For many years after the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research, a generation ago, it was thought necessary to accompany reports of the mysterious phenomena it investigated, with corroboration from additional witnesses, with testimonials to the character of all the witnesses, and even with affidavits sworn to in such legal form as to make untruth subject to the penalties of perjury. But now there has accumulated such a vast mass of verified testimony regarding all classes of the phenomena, that the presumption is in favor of any testimony regarding them offered by a respectable witness,

and we present such without any more hesitation than we should feel if it were on ordinary subjects. Should any of it be false, there is probably on record enough authenticated testimony regarding similar phenomena to uphold any conclusions that may be drawn.

Telepsychic Telekinesis, with a Veridical Dream

The jaw-breaking name has been applied to any apparent molecular change, (usually indicated by sound or light) manifesting intelligence outside of the observer, and apparently due to a force exercised without contact by the observer or some other agent, often difficult or impossible to identify. There is latent in the human system, apparently much more in some systems than in others, a mysterious power of producing motion in inorganic bodies, and sounds and probably lights from them, without the exercise of muscular force. To the force in question students have applied the name Telekinesis. The records abound in accounts of such occurrences, the most frequent being "raps" of various qualities and degrees of loudness, principally in wood, and naturally therefore most often in doors and furniture, though there is a case where it has been manifested in the railing of a pier; one, in the stick of an umbrella; one in an iron fence railing; one in a letter containing bad news, which was lying on a mantelpiece. Our personal observation leads us to put faith in the general occurrences indicated, and in the first three of those specified. In regard to the last, our judgment is in suspense. The witnesses seem entirely honest, but the story is so contrary to general experience that it arouses suspicion of some sort of hallucination. On the other hand, it is nearly enough akin to the established stories to raise considerable presumption in its favor.

The force that causes these strange phenomena has already been correlated with the well known modes of force, to the extent that generally its exercise tends to produce

fatigue in the person exercising it, and that it is seldom, if ever, manifested unless there is present somebody with whom the experience is recurrent, and generally somebody with susceptibilities to various other experiences that are apt to impose upon the person undergoing them the name of "medium."

The converse, however, has not been so often observed. So far as we know, the celebrated medium for telepsychic phenomena, Mrs. Piper, has had no telekinetic experiences, and the same is true of the marvelous involuntary writer known as "Mrs. Holland," and perhaps with most involuntary writers.

Veridical dreams are probably more frequent than the phenomena with the jaw-breaking name. The following account of both has been sent us by Mrs. Kate Wade Hampton, a daughter-in-law of the famous Confederate general.

I was spending the summer at a small watering-place in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, three miles from the railroad and reached only by stage. It was September, and I stayed on after all the guests had gone. Telegraph, telephone, and stage connection were discontinued.

I occupied a two room cottage, not far from the Manager's house.

One night as I sat reading, the lamp on a small table, I heard the sound of tapping, several quick little raps in succession, on the head of the bed. It was very gentle, as if made by the rubber end of a pencil. But it kept up incessantly. I felt annoyed. I thought it was made by some insect.

It kept up so persistently that I got up and looked to see what it could be. I found nothing, and sat down again. I had no sooner taken my seat than the tapping came on the table, quick little taps just as had been on the bed. I did not feel in the least alarmed. I looked all about the table, a small affair with one drawer, but I felt worried, and took the lamp and went into the adjoining room.

I had no sooner taken my seat than the taps came on that table — quick and persistent!

I had never had any experience of this sort, except through old Dr. S. But I did not connect the tapping, very strange to

say, with anything occult. It interfered with my reading, and I went to bed.

That night I dreamed that I saw a little nephew of mine standing on a cliff in the midst of flowers. There was a chasm between us, and I was on the other side. It was a place I had never seen before. I got the impression that it was the site of an old mill, or in some way connected with machinery. He was a little chap about nine years old, and was looking at me with the sweetest smile.

I was wondering why he was there, when he said, in the brightest way, "Auntie, Auntie, I'm not dead — I'm not dead — they think I am —" And then said something I could not hear. And while I was still wondering, he said, in his quick little impulsive way, — "But I must go now!" And disappeared in the flowers about him.

I awoke feeling terribly depressed, and the feeling followed me all next day. He was my Sister's only son, and I had not heard from her in several weeks, but this often happened, and it gave me no unusual concern.

Three nights after the dream, I was awakened by a knock on the door, and the Manager said he had a telegram for me.

It said, — "Your little nephew died suddenly at three o'clock this afternoon."

Of course I thought it meant *that* afternoon. I read the telegram over several times, and at the last reading I looked at the date — It was dated four days back! The very day I had heard the rapping!

It had been sent to a wrong address, delayed at the station and sent me through the mail.

I left next morning to go to my Sister. I found that my little nephew had been killed by a cable car. There had been only a small abrasion on his breast. My Sister had cried and insisted, "He's not dead! He's not dead!" [Note the correspondence with the child's utterance in the dream. Ed.]

My stepmother had been stricken with paralysis, and lingered several weeks. We lived in different towns, and I was kept advised from time to time of her condition.

I was awakened one night by the most frightful noise. It continued, and I thought — "How inconsiderate of the people next door to arouse any one at this time of night!"

It grew so loud that I got up and lighted the gas.

The rooms were separated by a folding door, and on each side was a large open alcove. As I listened, the crash came from a

chiffonier where I stood. I call it a crash because it was just as if a giant were crushing that chiffonier in his hands.

I looked everywhere, but there was nothing to account for it.

It came again and again, as I stood there — Then the thought changed to — "What must those people next door think of me!"

I went back to bed, but turned the gas low. I lay there and listened to that terrifying noise. During the night it grew less and less violent, coming at longer intervals.

At ten o'clock in the morning the maid came to clean the room. There was one loud convulsion of noise from the chiffonier. She started and said; "Oh, what's that? I don't like noises." I said, "It's been going on like that all night. I was afraid it would disturb the people next door." I made no other explanation.

I never heard the noise after that. I was terribly depressed during the day, and would not go out of my room.

That afternoon I received a telegram telling of my stepmother's death. There had always been a very close bond between us. It was through her that I had first heard of Spiritualism. And the interest had become in later years, mutual.

Mrs. Wade Hampton says that after each of the experiences with the raps she felt depressed. At first we attributed this to some telepathic impression of the deaths, but reflection brings a conjecture that there was also fatigue from (unconsciously) producing the raps. As remarked above, persons subject to telepsychic experiences are generally subject to telekinetic ones.

A Dream Locates Lost Property

THIS too is from Mrs. Wade Hampton.

In New York I was moving from one house to another. In packing I discovered the loss of a very handsome long black cloak that I valued. I was quite confident I had used it at the house from which I was about to move. So I was forced to the belief that it had been taken.

When I reached the new house, the lady of the house went with me to my room. It was a much larger room than I had engaged. She said, "Your room will not be ready for a day or two, and I will put you in here until then." She then laughed

and said: "I hope you are not afraid of ghosts!" "Oh, no," I said, "I would like to see one!"

I found that she was much interested in things psychic. She said: "There is a little circle of four in this house — perhaps we may let you in! One of them is a trance psychic, a rich woman, who will never see strangers." And as she left the room she waved her hand and said, "Well, I hope you are not afraid of ghosts — This is where we hold our seances, and I never rent it."

That night, after being in bed, I thought how comfy I would be if only I had not lost my cloak.

In the night I was awakened by a voice right at my ear, a thin, high, clear voice, saying, — "Your cloak is not lost — It is at ——," naming the number of a house where I had not been in four months.

I was really startled, and mentally said to myself, "That's absurd" — But over and over came that clear little high voice — "Your cloak is not lost — It is at ——."

Then I seemed to realize that it was something unnatural, and overcome by that same instinctive fear of the supernatural, I covered my head! I wouldn't have gotten up and lighted the gas for anything in the world! I simply lay there after the voice stopped, and waited for daylight.

At the first peep of day, I jumped up and wrote a note to Miss R—— at the number my uncanny night visitor had named. I had not seen nor heard from her in the four months I had been away. I felt ridiculous even to ask her so absurd a thing. But I waited for her answer!

It came — "Dear Mrs. ——, The maid found your cloak hanging in the closet of the room you occupied. I will keep it for you!"

I was really quite overcome. I was an utter stranger to Miss R——, except for occupying her room for a short time four months before, and the lady of the present house had never heard of my existence.

Now, what was this? Since then, some adepts have told me it was the voice of the subconscious mind.

Probably that is just what it was — a buried memory of having left the cloak there — there are innumerable such. But what is "the subconscious mind?" Evidence seems accumulating that it is the Universal Mind — that mind is, like force and matter, one of the fundamental

elements of the universe, and constantly flowing through us as they do. Language is of course very inadequate for the conception, and the conception itself is of course a vague groping. A man at sixty, if he has led an effective life, knows many times as much as he did at thirty, but his brain is not many times as large. Which then, seems more probable — that his brain holds the vastly increased knowledge, or that its channels, so to speak, have become more complex, so as to permit a vastly greater flow, and that the rearrangement having been effected by the passing of his peculiar experiences, the channels are adapted for the passage of each such experience again in the form of memory? That a mental experience never actually dies has been increasing in probability at a tremendous rate under Psychical Research: for under the various forms of hypnotism, including, if you please, the apparent autohypnotism of the mediums, innumerable things have been brought out which were supposed to have lapsed into oblivion.

There's another queer thing about mind which is illustrated by Mrs. Wade Hampton's experience in the room where the sittings had been held, and which goes to indicate its universality and pervasiveness. *Telepathic power seems to hang around localities* — to "haunt" places where it produces the visions called "ghosts." Of course there's a suggestion in the above case of the "rich woman's" influence being in the room and causing the revelation.

Another Patience Worth Book

UNDER the title *A Sorry Tale* there has lately been published a long story indicated on the Ouija board by Mrs. John Curran, as the involuntary amanuensis of the personality calling itself Patience Worth, and professing to be independent of Mrs. Curran, and to have lived and died in the seventeenth century.

This book adds a few points and justifies a few remarks

in addition to those we have already given regarding the Patience Worth mystery.

The book is about three times as long as the average novel, and must have been written in at least a hundred and fifty instalments. Now we are told that never once was there, as in ordinary writing, a comparison with the ending of the preceding instalment, or any apparent deliberation over the fresh start. And this despite the book containing about a hundred characters to keep distinct, and a very complex plot to keep out of tangle. Moreover, the main thread of the book is the biography of one of the thieves crucified beside Christ, and the costumes, scenery, architecture, utensils, usages, modes of thought have been pronounced by some respectable authorities true to time and place; yet Mrs. Curran, in whom a large and intelligent circle of friends place complete confidence, says she has made no study of them.

With almost negligible exceptions, the critics have received the book with great respect, and not a few with enthusiasm. There can be no question of its ranking among the important literary productions of the day.

Now before this Ouija business Mrs. Curran had never written anything more "literary" than her letters to her friends.

What does it all mean? It will probably be a good while before anybody knows. Meanwhile it's everybody's business to guess.

The gentleman who writes as "Hamlet's Father" in the Chicago *News* guesses that the work results from the aggregate abilities of Mrs. Curran and her friends, hypnotically connected. But there's only one at a time with her at the Ouija board, the company is seldom the same on any two evenings, and not seldom is restricted to Mrs. Curran, one companion at the board, and the recorder.

Our own gropings keep coming up against indications suggesting the old notion of inspiration, but with the supplements (I) that all mental action is inspiration — that,

as we said above, mind is constantly flowing through us, as matter and motion are; (II) that the channels through which it flows in each of us are different from those in others, hence our individualities; (III) That this flow can be stimulated by hypnosis, including auto-hypnosis, and that probably Ouija, Planchette and all that, help a concentration which merges into hypnosis, as we suspect even pen and paper sometimes do; (IV) That flow from another consciousness can be combined with it, presumably with the aid of hypnosis even in an imperceptible degree; (V) It begins to look mightily as if the other consciousness might under favoring conditions be a postcarnate one. But so far there are obstacles to this view which have held back many investigators, of whom James was chief, but have been surmounted by Barret, Myers, Hodgson, Lodge and many of equal eminence.

Now as supporting this hypothesis, including the little hypnotic element which seems to us important, Mrs. Curran at the Ouija board, though quite herself, is a little different from herself: although she freely interrupts the board by conversation with those around her, her usually mobile features and sympathetic eyes take on a certain set look, suggestive of her being under hypnotic influence — auto-hypnotic, if you please.

Then as to her being a natural channel for the hypothetical story-telling power stored up in the hypothetical Cosmic Mind, the suspicion is growing that every story teller is that, and the notion of inspiration from the muse is at least as old as the first line of the *Iliad*. Mrs. Curran is such a likely channel that some time ago, after receiving a couple of remarkable letters from her, we told her that they went far to increase our suspicion that she may be Patience Worth. Not that we have ever believed that she intended to be, or realized that she is, if she is.

Lately we happened on another interesting fact which seems to have some bearing on the subject. An old friend of Mrs. Curran's tells us that she is a marvelous story

teller — so marvelous that this friend would give up almost any other pleasure for the sake of hearing her tell a story, especially of the Ozark people, of her intimacy with whose dialect so much has been made by some adverse critics. The friend quoted says, however, that there's no resemblance at all between the Ozark dialect and Patience Worth's.

The probabilities seem to us to be growing that Mrs. Curran does all this "out of her own head," or rather that it's done through her head, as Homer invoked the goddess to do it through his. And that leaves us about where we started, with the same things to be accounted for. We won't any of us believe that Homer (even if there was but one of him) picked up his thread after each interruption, without any examination of what had gone before, or deliberation of what was to come; that he needed any bothersome contraption like a Ouija board to set him going or keep him going; that his goddess was an ostensible lady who professed to have lived three hundred years before, and now acted as an intimate friend in his home life (if he had a home); that her utterances to him and his friends, through the contraption, were mainly in forms of the language prevailing at the earlier time when she professed to have lived; that even the *Iliad* was originally delivered in these and other queer forms (and necessarily worked over by Homer into the present hexameters, whose relations of dialect the grammarians are not yet quite agreed upon) and, and, and — all the other things whose parallels still puzzle us about Patience Worth. A woman able to produce *The Sorry Tale* — a work that eminent critics praise, and that at least one editor sane in other particulars says he must after careful deliberation pronounce the greatest novel ever written — a woman able to produce this certainly would not, if she could help it, deliberately bother herself and us with all these encumbrances involved in producing it as Patience Worth.

Well?

Some Veridical Dreams

THE following is sent us by a young matron of New York whom we know well and trust.

The term veridical (truth-telling) seems perhaps to claim a little too much for these dreams, as they tell nothing exact, like the dream (if it was a dream) a few pages back which located the cloak. The dreams we give now could better be designated by some such term as suggestive or indicative or appropriate. If you know or are inspired with a good term, pray let us have it.

One night, I cannot remember the exact date, but it was between the 15th and 20th of June, 1912, I was spending a week with my aunt, and I dreamt that S. D. came to me and said "E., I want you to come up stairs and see my brother-in-law. He is dead." I said that I would not, as I had never seen a dead man, and it terrified me. He tried to persuade me, and finally took me by the wrist, and dragged me up two flights of narrow dark stairs. We came into a small square room without any windows, and lighted by two candles standing on the mantel piece. There was no furniture in the room but a long couch, on which the body of S's brother-in-law was lying covered by a sheet. I remember vaguely that there were two other women in the room, one was the dead man's wife, and the other S's youngest sister. But what was very vivid, was a sheet hung on the opposite wall as if to dry, as it was drenched with blood. Then I woke, and I thought nothing more of the dream, except how strange it was that I should dream about S's brother-in-law, as I didn't know the man, and had quite forgotten his name. I knew that M. D. had been married in the autumn, and had thought no more of them.

The next day nothing happened, but the day after, my mother had a letter from father who was in N. Y., and it in he said, "Isn't it pitifully sad about M. D.?" Mother had no idea what he was referring to, so she got the papers of the day before, as she thought maybe there was something in them about the D. girl, and she read that her husband had been run over in London by an automobile bus while he was crossing the street, and instantly killed. I read the account also, and it instantly recalled my dream of two nights previous, and which, I figured out according to London time and U. S. time, I must have dreamt at very nearly the same time that it happened.

The winter my father was so ill, and my last year at boarding school, I had three dreams exactly alike, in which I went through his funeral service. It was all very vivid in regard to detail, especially the part where after the service here at our house, we all got into the carriages and drove down to the Grand Central to take the train for —— where he was buried. I remember especially that we started driving down Madison Ave. and then on account of the trolley cars delaying us we drove over to Park Ave., and continued there the rest of the way. All three dreams were exactly alike. The first night I had one was on November 16, 1912. I was at boarding school, and the next day I had a telegram from mother, asking me to come home. It was the first knowledge I had that father was desperately ill. I knew he had not been well, but mother had not told us before that he would never be better. I stayed home a few days and then returned to school. The night of February 12, 1913, I had the same dream. The next day my aunt telegraphed me to come to N. Y. and spend a few days with her, as my father was worse, and she thought that I had better be in N. Y. in case he died. He and mother were on the house boat in Florida at the time. The third and last time I had the dream, was on April 20, and the next day I was sent for, as they told me father was worse. When I got to N. Y. I found that he was dead.

A Striking Case of Superusual Knowledge

We have received the following from a friend who was the sitter at the seance. He is an eminent member of a liberal profession, and well known to us.

Sitting of October 22nd, 1915.

Present: Medium "Mrs. Chenoweth," Dr. Hyslop.

Mr. X. Sitter. G. P. speaks. He is an ostensible control who, for many years and through many mediums, professes to communicate for new arrivals in the postcarnate world, and to help them communicate themselves.

(G. P.) Do you know anything about a young man who went away suddenly from your life, and who was in a position to make so much of his life if death had not claimed him?

(Dr. H.) Yes, and if you say exactly how he came, we should now know whom you are talking about.

(G. P.) You mean how he came to spirit?

(Dr. H.) Yes.

(G. P.) It looks like an accident or sudden death, like one being hurled into the next life without warning but without expectation. I will help to get the rest as soon as I can. I am George Pelham. [Pseudonym. Ed.]

(Dr. Hyslop. All right, George.)

(G. P.) but I have been trying to help the boy because I know somewhat of the kind of transition, and the wave of grief which follows the sudden taking off of a brilliant young man, and I would say so much out of my own experience; but we felt it best for him to do what he could for himself, because it would help him in the future when he makes another effort.

Do you know anything about a watch which he carried?

(X shook his head.)

(G. P.) It is stopped at a certain hour, and I see the hands at four, as if it were four twenty; perhaps that may mean something.

That was why he wrote backwards. The momentum of his passing seemed to upset him as he recalled it; but it was an accident, not planned, you know.

(Dr. Yes, and what was it?)

(G. P.) Smash-up came.

(X) (I shook my head because the watch incident was as yet not in my knowledge. By subsequent inquiry of my niece, I confirmed it as a fact.)

Mr. X says:

My nephew, about a twelvemonth previously, had been killed in a trolley accident. At the time of his tragic death he was on the car with his older brother, who, uninjured himself, rescued the remains. In order to identify my nephew G. P. said: "I am trying to help the boy because I know somewhat of the kind of transition, and the wave of grief which follows the sudden taking off of a brilliant young man, and I would say so much out of my own experience." This allusion of G. P. to himself was all the more astonishing to me because of the fact that he himself had had a sudden death and was commonly regarded as a very brilliant young man. His allusion therefore to my nephew's death as similar in its circumstances to his own, was to me, who knew G. P., an evidence of his personality and presence that was singularly effective — almost as much so as what he proceeded to say about my nephew. Yet the force of this particular evidence was at that time for me alone: Neither Dr. Hyslop nor Mrs. Chenoweth knew anything about it so as to

appreciate its weight; and I did not notice this aspect of the force of it until December, 1916, when I was reperusing the record a year and more afterwards; whereupon I mentioned it to my secretary to whom I was dictating this paper.

After thus describing the accident itself, George Pelham referred back to the previous sitting, at which my nephew purported to communicate himself in person, and Pelham explained that the reason why my nephew at that sitting began by writing backwards, and throughout the sitting exhibited such signs of confusion, was because his recollection of the event disturbed him.

Now to me the striking thing in all this was that I myself did not know the particulars of the accident, nor the hour nor the fact that he wore a watch which stopped at the moment of the accident; and as I did not know these facts at all, so also neither did Dr. Hyslop nor the sensitive know them, nor could they have got them by telepathy from my mind. As yet this evidence of the watch carried no weight even with me, until on my return from Boston to New York two or three days later I found that a sister of my dead nephew happened to have arrived in my home for a little visit. Thereupon without her knowing that I was having sittings in Boston at all, and without my telling her why I wished the information, I asked her whether she knew at what day and hour my nephew was killed, and what other circumstances about it she was aware of; whether he had a watch on, and whether it was stopped by the concussion, etc. She replied that she could only tell me at that moment that he died on a certain Saturday afternoon, and that his older brother was with him, and that he certainly carried a watch. But in a few days my niece returned to her home, and ascertained that the watch was found stopped at the very hour mentioned by G. P. When I requested my niece to obtain this information for me exactly, if she could, I not only did not reveal to her why I wanted the information, but I charged her not to tell anyone that it was I who was seeking to obtain it; so that none of the other living members of our family were aware why it was asked for, and only my niece knew that I asked for it.

So much by way of explaining how it was that, after taking every scientific precaution, I received this circumstantial evidence. After I had thus verified it, it was declared by Dr. Hyslop to be scientifically credible. Of course this single bit of decisive evidence imparted credibility to the evidence throughout the sittings which tended cumulatively to identify to me, who had

known them in the flesh, the other personalities who purported to communicate with me in these sittings.

But perhaps unfortunately for our friend's confidence, knowledge of the time when the watch stopped was in the mind of its owner's brother and probably in other incarnate intelligences, and those who refuse to accept the spiritistic hypothesis for these phenomena find it easier to believe that such knowledge comes to mediums by teloteropathy (the conveyance of psychic experience from a remote or unknown source) from an incarnate intelligence rather than from a postcarnate one. And it seems strange that Dr. Hyslop should have taken no note of this fact. If the watch had disappeared, say, down a man-hole, and been found *after the medium's communication*, to have stopped at twenty minutes past four, the case would have had the quality ascribed to it. But we cannot recall any such case, though there may be some. And yet in saying this, we are not asserting that to us, it is easier to attribute the immense mass of accurate knowledge received through mediums, to teloteropathy from incarnate intelligence than from postcarnate ones. In the former alternative, all the dramatic power that enacts the professed postcarnate communicator — that has through various mediums enacted hundreds, often with a fidelity and vividness worthy of the highest histrionic genius — all this has to be accounted for. Is it easier to accept the teloteropathic solution burdened with the necessity of accounting for this, or to accept the spiritistic solution with this accounted for? The answer, we suspect, depends mainly on temperament. But, as there is constant occasion to remark, such communications cannot, at the present stage of our faculties, be verified unless knowledge of the facts is in possession of some incarnate intelligence, and therefore the knowledge *may* be conveyed by teloteropathy. — Veritable cases of such pathy exist without serious question, while all cases of

alleged postcarnate communication through mediums are still widely questioned.

It may be remarked in passing, that the superusual knowledge coming through the mediums does not, so far as we know, include cases of prophecy that have been so clear-cut, so unmistakably fulfilled, and so far beyond any reasonable interpretation by coincidence, as to satisfy average intelligence. In short, while there is very strong reason to hope that our facilities of interchanging what knowledge we have, are undergoing rapid enlargement, there is little indication that the knowledge itself is to be increased by any agency but the old educating and developing one of the sweat of our brows.

As to the backward or "mirror" writing, we have never seen it accounted for. It is not infrequent with mediums and, we believe, with secondary personalities developed by injury or disease. We do not remember ever before seeing it attributed to emotion or confusion on the part of a control.

We feel that we ought to throw in the fact, as bearing on the alleged spirit world, that some years before the experiences recounted in the foregoing communication, G. P., through Mrs. Piper, Imperator and his gang assisting, had with quite elaborate leave-takings to those with whom he had been habitually communicating here, and with a first class diploma from Imperator, started off for a "higher stage," whence he would communicate no more. He having been in life a friend of ours, we were quite sorry at the prospect of no more of his alleged utterances, and pleasantly surprised to learn that he had come back — except that his doing so, after the elaborate departure that seemed to profess to be final, added one more to the puzzles of this bewildering subject.

CORRESPONDENCE

Ourselves as Others See Us

THIS letter puzzles us: it seems in so many respects to come from a vessel open to the outpouring of the true spirit:

To be perfectly frank with you, I am afraid I am not sufficiently intellectual, or as you please to call it, hibrow, to appreciate the REVIEW. One or two of the articles in the past year have seemed to me to be really serious, but the rest seem to be a weak attempt at something akin to humor or occasionally psychological introspection. Probably you don't know what this means. I am not sure I do myself. Boiled down to a fine point, the little verse about Dr. Fell stands strongly out. I don't like it and I am sorry, because as the Irishman remarked, "There's one thing I don't like and that's radishes, and I'm glad I don't, because if I liked 'em I'd ate them, and I hate them."

But perhaps this one helps resolve the puzzle, the answer being that it takes all sorts of people (and periodicals) to make a world.

My interest in reading had been on the decline during the last two months, perhaps owing to overwork and various anxieties. The last few weeks I had not even been reading *The Nation* with the same relish as I had been wont. The last number of the *Atlantic* lay almost untouched. It was a state of affairs almost unprecedented in my past life, and I began to think seriously over the matter. Then along came the UNPOP. By sheer force of habit I dived into the *Casserole*, but even that did not taste right. Then I went to work, urged by a sense of duty, at the 75mm and 42cm articles. And behold! after I had read only a few paragraphs my erstwhile avidity for reading had regained its full hold on me. Then I made a clean-up, not only with the UNPOP, but with the *Atlantic* and several numbers of the *Nation* and even a few books besides. I feel sound and healthy again. Thanks!

The first of these critics is a lawyer; the editor was trained to the law, and the lawyer does not like the RE-

VIEW. The other critic is a clergyman; the editor had grave doubts of the REVIEW being approved by that profession, and the clergyman likes it; and, stranger still, that profession has all along been among its best friends.

Yet more remarkable, this particular clergyman is racially a German, and pastor in Brazil of a colony "of about a thousand families of German Russians who emigrated from Volhynia and Poland just in the nick of time to escape the present terrible fate of the relatives they left behind."

We printed a letter from him in No. 12, and the *Atlantic* printed one in a recent number. The scrap quoted in this number's *Casserole* regarding *The "Nation of Sharpers"* is by him.

Some Human Documents

The "letter-head" of the following communication was so abominably printed that it was very difficult to decipher. Here it is:

TO THE PERSON RECEIVING THIS LETTER:

DO NOT COME TO VISIT PRISONERS EXCEPT ON FRIDAY. YOU WILL NOT BE ADMITTED.

Persons corresponding with prisoners must observe the following rules, viz.: Write plainly. Confine yourselves strictly to business and family matters. In directing letters, put the prisoner's name plainly on envelope, care ——, —— ——, ——. Nothing sent to prisoners will be admitted, except letters and photographs. Money sent to prisoners will be placed to their credit, and such articles as are allowed will be bought for them. No newspapers or periodicals will be received unless sent direct from publishers. There is no limit to the number of letters prisoners are allowed to receive. They are allowed to write one letter a week, and can see their friends not oftener than once a week.

TO THE PRISONER: Do not interline. Put one line on each ruled line. Letters addressed "General Delivery" in large cities will not be mailed.

May 21, 1917.

Dear Sir: — To a few hours of complete mental absorption in a copy of your splendidly sane publication, the UNPOPULAR REVIEW, may be ascribed the inspiration for this letter. It is a long call from the neighborhood of Fifth Ave. and Thirty-second St. to the wrong side of these gray walls in the snow-capped Rockies, but no further than a fool will travel to learn that which has been under his nose since the birth of reason.

The combination of a wife expectant of motherhood, and an empty purse, with the consequent imminence of actual want proved too strong for my sense of "mine and thine" so I find myself paying the penalty as prescribed by law upon him that forges the name of another to a cheque.

I am making an earnest effort during my stay here, by the work of my hand and brain, not only to contribute something toward the support of my loyal wife and infant daughter, but toward the end that upon my release, I shall have enough money to purchase suitable clothing and transportation for we three to some far place where we can start life anew, better and cleaner for our ordeal, burying this episode in the oblivion of forgetfulness, and keeping fresh only the lesson involved. Wasn't it Benjamin Franklin who said, "Wise men learn from the experience of others, but even fools may learn from their own?" This letter is addressed to you, Sir, in an appeal not for charity, but for that better form of help which helps a man to help himself.

For the last 3 months I have put in all of my spare time in the manufacture, entirely by hand of a horse-hair riding bridle. Many thousand strands of differently colored hair enter into its construction cunningly woven and plaited into various attractive designs and unique patterns and the finished product, while durable enough for actual use derives its chief value from the fact of its beauty, and the infinite patience required to complete it. With its bright tassels and rosettes it is a highly desirable ornament to any den, smoking-room, gun-room etc. With your permission I will send you the bridle at my expense, to be disposed of either by sale or raffle, or failing either, to be returned at my expense and risk. Deploring limitation of space and assuring grateful appreciation, am,

Yours Very Respectfully

We wrote to the warden of the prison, who answered June 13, that he had

an inmate of the name, for the crime of forgery. He was received here on March 28, '17, from one to three years. . . He has a wife who seems to be a very fine lady. She is a nurse in the city.

On June 19, we wrote the prisoner,

Yours of May 21st was duly received, and is under the editor's consideration. He has had some notion of printing it, without

names or identifying marks, of course. But the REVIEW is too crowded to make that probable.

He will mention your bridle to anyone he thinks a possible customer.

With good wishes,

The prisoner answered:

June 24,

Dear Sir: — Your kind letter reached me to-day, and bears, to me, a value entirely out of proportion to its secretarial brevity. The mixed sensations of triumph and awe with which I received your communication — please do not suspect this of being an attempt at persiflage — may be ascribed to the fact that my previous letter to you was the tenth one of its kind that I have sent, and the only one that has borne the fruit of a reply. The rules here permit of but four letters a month so that the use of a follow-up system is obviously out of the question.

Having some slight conception of the vast amount of really important matter that must come before you, seeking publication, I realize the improbability of your being able to put into execution your kindly impulse to give my appeal publicity. Should you, however, be able to devote a few lines to this purpose, I shall be very grateful, realizing as I do, the vast power of the printed word when it has a name and a circulation department behind it.

As for the bridle, it still adorns my diminutive apartment, representing a complete tie-up of my working capital. I have made, using the residue of material, left over from the bridle, two belts, one for a lady, the other for a gentleman. These latter give a good idea of the work. May I submit them for your approval, subject to return without question in the event that you do not desire to keep them?

Once more thanking you for your kindly interest, and assuring you that the present experience has most thoroughly throttled my predatory instinct, making me realize the inestimable boon of being permitted to labor for those one has undertaken to "Love, Honor and Cherish," I am, Sir,

Yours Very Respectfully

We sent for the belts. One we have given to a young lady who is charmed with it.

Now if anybody who wants a bridle (for den decora-

tion or out-of-town use?) will let us know, we will put him on the track of it. That, however, we need hardly say, has not been our leading motive in printing the correspondence.

In this connection, we venture to refer to *Criminology Old and New* in our No. 15, *Some Fundamentals of Prison Reform* in No. 11, *The New View of the Criminal* in No. 6.

EN CASSEROLE

A Proposition of Mutual Help

We have been much touched by several letters saying that their writers had saved their pennies or made various sacrifices to enable them to subscribe to the Review, or worse still, wanted to subscribe but could not at once for lack of funds. This has led us to determine to help out such friends by offering to give until farther notice a free subscription to any one who will send us, accompanied by the money, the name and address of a new subscriber — one who has never taken the Review before.

We began our work with the realization that our possible subscribers were a peculiar and scattered people, among whom the Review would have to find its own way, without help from the advertising which appeals to the general public. Our principal reliance, almost our only one, must be on such spontaneous good words as our works may lead you to speak for us; and we have felt a certain reluctance, which you will understand, in offering any lower stimulus. We hope you will take even the one we have presented as coming mainly from sympathy in the sacrifices with which some of you have honored us. While we must confess a suspicion that our offer may help us, we hope it may help some of you.

The Basis of Optimism

The subject invites serious study in these times.

One good working definition of what is commonly regarded as an optimist, is a man who doesn't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to him. In a lecture on *The Happy Life* President-emeritus Eliot said: "A tiger springs upon an antelope, picks out the daintiest bits from the carcass, and leaves the rest to the jackals. We say, Poor little antelope! We forget to

say, Happy tiger! Fortunate jackals, who were seeking their meat from God and found it!" So the optimist is on the side of the tiger — and the jackals. Commenting on this gem of Dr. Eliot's, President Hyde of Bowdoin College says: "The survivor is conscious of his joy, while the vanquished has at most but a moment of physical pain." So, in the optimistic philosophy, the sum total of happiness is increased every time a tiger eats an antelope.

There is the optimism of good fortune, and the optimism of good nature. Calverley observed that

> There be they on whom mishap
> Or never, or so rarely comes,
> That when they think thereof they snap
> Derisive thumbs.
>
> And there be they that lightly lose
> Their all, yet feel no aching void;
> Should aught annoy them, they refuse
> To be annoyed.

Persons possessing this disposition believe it to be a virtue which they have acquired by superior merit. But that isn't true; they were just born so. Sir Robertson Nicoll's advice not to chew your pill is perfectly futile; you can as easily add a cubit to your stature as swallow your pill whole if you were born to chew it.

You can't get much fight out of a soldier, no matter how secure and comfortable he is, if he is convinced that the cause he has enlisted in is lost. But he may swear at his rations, and swear more at the lack of them, and complain vociferously of the frosts and blasts of Valley Forge, and yet fight till he dies, and die without a murmur, because he believes his cause will triumph, whatever may become of him. In the philosophy of Robert G. Ingersoll there was no future, and therefore it is natural enough that several persons who found their present disagreeable have snuffed out their existence with Ingersoll's dissertation on suicide in their pockets.

Browning recognized the logic of life:

> Take the hope therein away,
> All we have to do is surely not endure another day.

The joy of labor and struggle for their own sake we hear of from those to whom labor and struggle have brought visible rewards, and from those young enough to hope that they will. A university president has told us that a man who wields a pickaxe or a spade ten hours a day ought to find his reward in the work itself; he ought to be indifferent to wages.

> Let me but do my work from day to day,
> In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
> In roaring market place or tranquil room;
> Let me but find it in my heart to say,
> When vagrant wishes beckon me stray;
> This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
> Of all who live I am the one by whom
> This work can best be done in the right way.

But Henry Van Dyke's work has been done at his desk in a tranquil room. He never tried the forest, field or loom. His work has brought him greater distinction in four fields of highly stimulating activity than any considerable number of men attain in one. The demon of drudgery cannot be exorcised by beautiful fairy tales, or trying the imagination of children. It is impossible to live our lives through on a lie, and it is not true of the man who is digging post holes, and the woman who is tending a dozen automatic looms, that, of all who live, they are the ones by whom the work can best be done in the right way.

Job was an optimist, even when he was not having a good time. He suffered every loss except the one that might possibly have been a relief. He was oppressed by the prevailing theology, and he was not sustained by any clear belief in a future existence. But he believed in the ultimate vindication of right and truth. With magnificent effrontery he defied the Almighty, and

protested that if his sufferings were punishment, he was the victim of injustice. But he could not, and would not, believe this. He believed that right ruled the universe:

> I know that my Vindicator liveth,
> And at last he will stand up upon the earth:
> And after my skin, even this body, is destroyed,
> Then, without my flesh, shall I see God.

The lesson of Job is not, as some eminent scholars have inferred, that righteousness is disinterested; then would the book have ended in the second chapter, when Job said: "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" What silenced Job was the Voice out of the Whirlwind, which explained nothing at all, but taught him that the universe is governed by something other than infinite power. Caliban realized the power when he was reflecting upon Setebos; when he stoned the twenty-first crab that passed him, wrenched off the pincer of the one that had purple spots, and bestowed two worms upon the one whose nippers ended in red; all because he had the power to do it, and it amused him to use his power. The Voice out of the Whirlwind taught Job that the universe is governed by infinite wisdom and care for all creatures. And this is the lesson that Browning learned: for it was in his middle life that Rabbi Ben Ezra says — notice the change of tense —

> I, who saw power, see now Love perfect, too.

The War and the Colleges

To turn my mind from the War I took down a book. On the third page I read: "On the ninth of the calends of April the Huns, who were still pagans, began to ravage France, Burgundy, and Aquitaine with fire and sword." I reached for another book: "After each of these wars there followed a frightful famine."

But our possible famine is not always fought wisely: the obsession produced by the War is not innocent. A striking phase of it is shown in state-supported institutions. In one state the governor ordered all male students in state-supported institutions, with negligible exceptions, to leave for work on farms, or for other labor connected with the War. Leaving their studies within a month of the end of the school year involved serious sacrifice. One student of gentle birth and quite unused to physical labor, who left for the farm, found himself on a small holding, in the rôle of a hired man, expected to do all the work from half-past four in the morning until nine o'clock at night. Exhausted at the end of the week, with two dollars and a half to his credit, he left. No good can come from forcing men into false positions, or from pretending that students, without careful training, are capable of hard labor.

The draft will separate those who are fit to fight, from those who are not. The unfit, including philosophers and teachers, have a grave responsibility to the men who must fight their battles. The stay-at-home, if he be sensitive and imaginative, will find life less tolerable after the fighting men have gone. Craving activity which shall help the great cause, he will seem to fold his hands, complete his daily task, and, most difficult of all, control his mind.

In many places intercollegiate athletics have been abandoned. "It goes against my grain," said one distinguished professor, "to see boys disporting themselves on athletic fields when our country is at war."

All this is natural and inevitable, perhaps, in the early months of our experience. But with a long look ahead the question becomes: What is best for the fighting men, and for those who will be eligible for service later?

The question, thus stated, is one for the schools. No teacher can escape it. Shall the schools disregard a fundamental law of psychology and of mental health, and be a

party to forces of the enemy seeking to create fear, anxiety, and obsessions? Fixed ideas are subtle, pervasive and enduring. They find their greatest activity in periods of rest and relaxation. They seize upon suggestions, the more authoritative the more harmful.

What then should be the attitude of educational institutions to the War? They are the single means of securing healthy activity of mind and body. Whatever causes anxiety, subjective states of mind, stimulation of what one might call the "war imagination," should be reduced to a minimum. Objective studies, — sciences, mathematics, literature, linguistics, art, history, with wholesome examination of dull records, — anything, in short, that will take the student out of himself and away from present imaginings, should be cultivated as never before. Sharp discipline in exacting tasks will do no harm. Save in military instruction, the ulterior aims of the soldier should be taboo. To impose upon young men from eighteen to twenty-one the doubts, anxieties, theories, or even the enthusiasms, of older men, is not so well as complete concentration in the subject of study. Patriotism in a teacher is really more subtle than enthusiasm. To arouse interest in the unheard of, to fasten attention upon processes of thought removed from the accidents of daily life: this is the kind of patriotism making for health of mind, for the independent power to think, without which service can be merely impulsive.

Nor can anything be said for the counsel of age that would deprive boys — men, we had better call them — of play. While professors eliminate athletics at home, our marines play baseball before grateful crowds of Englishmen. If philosophers forget that the Civil War was won by boys, we may blunder by philosophy of preparation. Neither the President nor his counsellors in military affairs advise the elimination of intercollegiate athletics; they urge their retention.

The teacher, then, should keep his obsessions to himself.

He should not pretend that adolescence or young manhood can endure high seriousness for long periods, or forego play, without danger. He should help students to think right and play right; only thus will he give a truly patriotic support to those at the front, and prepare students for their part, if needed later on.

The "Nation of Sharpers" Once More

SOME of our readers will remember a little story *As to Scraps of Paper* in the *Casserole* of No. 11, in which a German said that his people had become "a nation of sharpers"; and the good letter in No. 12 which tried to show that the charge was absurd. Our German-Brazilian parson (*Cf. ante*) writes us apropos of that subject: (By a strange coincidence, the incident took place in Brazil, though we did not say so.)

One side issue here in Brazil in case Germany wins is this, that the arrogance of the elements that Germany has cast out on the shores of Brazil will hardly be bearable. It is not only we German-Americans that suffer under it even now. This very week there were a few real German gentlemen here to ask me for assistance in making a public disavowal of their having any part in the activities of certain German braggadocios, who betake themselves as though they owned the whole state of Rio Grande do Sul, thereby bringing down the enmity of the Brazilians on all Germans.

So far as my acquaintance goes, the Deutschland-über-Alles criers are in the majority among immigrant Germans. But though I had not heard of the incident related in your *Casserole* of No. 11, I could mention quite a number of businessmen [*sic*] who take the same point of view as your host.

Perhaps the "good side of Germany" that I was at pains to become acquainted with has by this time become an illusion. I must confess that the German who is both educated and gentlemanly is a *rara avis*. That German businessmen are to a great extent sharpers is quite clear to anyone living in this state long enough to look about him.

Worldly Wise if not Wisely Worldly

THERE was a man. He was very well. He wished to be better. He took medicine. He died.

This suggests the experience of all fellow-mortals who are incapable of realizing when they are well off. Many of us are perhaps no wiser than he. Too many of us may have attempted to carry a victorious army to Moscow, or to drive the horses of the sun.

There are cases where one is satisfied with his condition, but gets into trouble through the innocent interference of another. For instance, he is asked by some well-meaning friend a careless question as to some age-long conviction, in which he had heretofore dwelt in happy serenity, and in trying to give a simple answer has reasoned himself into vacuity. And yet the friend is as blameless as the toad when he questioned his many-footed traveling acquaintance in the old rhyme:

> A centipede was happy quite
> Until a toad in fun,
> Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"
> That worked her mind to such a pitch
> She lay distracted in a ditch,
> Considering how to run!

All that the centipede needed for managing those hundred legs was to go ahead, and they would work in harmony with the music of the spheres. The last sentence is for young centipedes only; for a mortal blindly to "go ahead" either in trying to manage a hundred legs or in the making of other music, unless Nature and Inheritance are chaperoning him, as they are chaperoning the centipede children, may not always be wise.

The faculties of the poor centipede were atrophied through no fault of her own, and no fault of Mother Nature: but because of the demands of society for analysis. Of what value is anything to-day, religion, love, service,

food, that cannot be analyzed to its foundation stones! Not what we believe in, but why we believe in it; not what is of value, but why it is of value; not whom he loves, but, after analyzing her mind, character, and hygiene, is there reason for him to love her? The maiden of the twentieth century, and very properly too, analyzes her enjoyments. She does not swallow them whole for mere pleasure, like the fatuous maiden of the nineteenth century, who voiced her rapture over moonlit Venice: "Last night I glided down the Grand Canal and drank it all in." Like all others possessed of the higher education to-day, I have now reached the stage where I cannot wander out of a summer evening and see between the branches of my pine tree a great white star just risen above the mountain top, and be thrilled by the beauty of it all, as my great-grandmother used to be: that is, not until I have convinced myself whether it is star or planet, and assured myself of its name, of exactly what gases go to its composition, of its dimensions, of its distance, and of how many million years it has been where it is before I could have seen it. Then am I prepared to begin to enjoy it. This is only one of the daily mental processes that make us wofully happy. Is the old-time advice outgrown, "Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise"?

It is recorded that "Thales, as he looked upon the stars, fell into the water; wherefore it was said that if he had looked into the water he might have seen the stars, but looking up to the stars he could not see the water." I of course knew enough to avoid falling into the water, and yet see the star. Thales very likely preferred to fall into the water and see the real star, Sirius, rather than look down into the water to see only the simulated star — see, as it were, only the Æsop's-dog-reflection of the dog-star. The data are not sufficient to show whether the philosopher was at the time in an analytical or poetical mood.

Thales was but one of seven. To-day we are all wise men, and the wisdom of this age which regulates our as-

pirations, our mental attitudes, our religions, does not restrict itself to these, but controls our physical life no less, and determines what food we are to take — how much protein we need and how much carbohydrate (sometimes called candy). We are told that if we are too stout, we must take this or that to decrease our obesity, regardless of the fact that he who is too thin is having the selfsame remedy given him for his thinness. Why not? for to a certain extent the same food may have different effects on different digestive powers. Perchance, though we never hear the codfish complain, he too may feel himself very well, but still wish to be better, and take what he regards as medicine. From Dr. Grenfell's experiences we learn of a codfish of his acquaintance whose *menu* consisted of: a book in three volumes; scissors; oil-cans; old boots; keys; two full-grown ducks; an entire partridge; a whole hare; six dogfish; an entire turnip; a guillemot (beak, claws and all); a tallow candle; stones; lobsters, crabs, whelk shells and the like swallowed *au naturel;* — and its own brothers and sisters and cousins.

He too died.

Home Ties

THESE invisible, but perfectly well-defined, and formerly much-admired articles of domesticity, seem to have disappeared along with whatnots, plush albums, hair flowers, wax fruit, double beds, and long flannel nighties.

"Home, Sweet Home" is still occasionally played at the end of a dance, but it always raises resentful thoughts in the minds of the dancers.

In these days of so much roaming mid pleasures and palaces — automobiles and cabarets — a charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, i. e. at home — if only we stay long enough to let it work, which we seldom do.

So, with the dulling of natural affections, and the disappearance of family shrines, has come the undoing of

home ties — a loosening process that accounts for much of the slipshod trend of the times.

In the average American family, immediately after the evening meal, Mary, a high-school pupil, announces that she has to go down to the library "to look up something." John, a plumber's apprentice, gets a telephone call from Tom, Dick, or Harry to "come on down." Father grabs his hat and overcoat, and mumbles something about "a meeting." Mother and the eight year old twins are left alone, to "tidy up" and — what? So, Mother bundles up the children good and warm, and down they go to the movies, where they witness a thrilling exposé of *Soiled, Yet Sinless.*

Mary, wonderful to relate, comes home at nine-fifteen — the library closes at nine — and finding the house dark, she goes over to see Jennie Joy. She is invited to stay all night, and accepts. Mother and the twins straggle homeward, arriving a little after ten. Father comes in at a quarter after twelve. John takes the last car home from Hell-Knows-Where, and is snoring by one. Mary dutifully telephones or, at least, Mrs. Joy telephones to Mother, and says that "Mary and Jennie have just gone upstairs to bed," adding with a laugh, "Mary has made a great hit with one of my men roomers."

A jitney rolls by, in which a crowd of joy-riders, accompanied by a cracked accordion, are murdering "Home, Sweet Home."

On Being, and Letting, Alone

One may readily divide one's friends into those who crave solitude and those who crave a crowd. Any given individual of these classes may not be able to get what he wants, but he is to be classified by his desire, as to whether he is always secretly wishing to be alone, or always secretly fearing to be. There are persons who sicken for solitude as a plant fades for light. They do

not always know what is the matter with them, neither do their housemates, they are merely stifling for lack of stillness. It needs only an hour's, a day's, withdrawal to restore them to selfdom.

People who like to be alone favor different varieties of solitude: one of them may wish to be alone with sun or stars or shining hills; another may desire shut-in seclusion with a book; another longs for isolation with a piano or a palette; a few women who make a science of domesticity like to be left alone with their houses. Whatever it is with which any of these people desire to be secluded, it is always found to be something that has not a self. Out-of-doors, books, art, science, are enfranchising because they are spacious and impersonal, they do not impede the spirit by any personal clamor or criticism, either suspected or spoken. A desire for solitude is a desire often adroitly concealed, but we can always recognize among our friends those who love to be alone, when we find ourselves jealous of the subtle self-sufficiency of their retirement, not always perceiving that there is nothing that will make their eyes light with such appreciative comradeship as being discreetly left alone.

In sharp contrast are the people who never want to be by themselves. For some reason: they are often as garrulous as they are gregarious, while the solitary are always good listeners. The lovers of a crowd are reduced to tearful protest by a half hour of "lonesomeness," while the lovers of loneliness seem least lonely when most alone. The others find the most sociable woodland lonesome unless gay hotel guests swarm through it. They would not recognize a meadow if they met it out walking alone. They would perhaps not recognize themselves if separated from a throng of others of the same kind. There is nothing they are so afraid of as of the spacious and impersonal; and yet, with all their preoccupation with the personal, they do not seem to achieve very much personality.

Not all lovers of crowds, however, are shallow and silly.

There are others, nobler, finer, the noblest and finest perhaps that one could discover. These are big, busy people to whom hurry and hubbub never bring any pressure of pain. They love a crowded existence because it means ministry. They never seem to tire of incessant demands upon their time and sympathy, but rather to thrive upon them. Unless the sick and sad and sorry throng their path, they cannot find their own way upon it. They are people with brains, brains bent always on the executive and immediate, not the kind of brains that require room to soar and dive and dig. Practical people these, unselfish, noble. Yet they are never people one could picture as alone with a mountain, a book, their own souls. They would endure such communion with fortitude, but not with pleasure.

By a curious anomaly, those who flee solitude, and those who crave it, are not thereby to be classified as social and anti-social — lovers of their kind versus haters of it. The lovers of loneliness are often the warmest-hearted people in the world, and socially most gracious and considerate, taught by their own sensitiveness to contacts how to avoid bumping into the idiosyncrasies of their fellows. They so conscientiously support their ideal of sympathy that often those who most love solitude are exactly those who would be least suspected of such a yearning. So gracefully does a hostess bend a listening ear to her guests that no one would dream that what she inwardly most desires is to be swinging at the heart of the farthest pine-wood, while a lonely moon rides overhead, and a lonely wind pipes at her ear. The group of the solitary-souled is often delightful in company, alluring by its very suggestion of retirement — of a humorous peeping forth at the world from recesses it vastly prefers.

On the contrary, the lovers of crowds are by no means always socially successful. The superficial class is often banal, or caustic and gossipy and vacuous in conversation. As for the other nobler ones, busy and philanthropic,

they are not, not always, so very interesting, however admirable.

To be interesting one must have thoughts that wander up and down, to and fro. Such thoughts require space and silence and freedom from impact. People who love to be alone are always people who think. Thoughts are invisible, but possibly not imponderable, possibly they require room, room actual and material, where they can wheel and dart and discover. Thinkers therefore instinctively avoid a crowd — a crowd, that is, of people who know the thinker familiarly, people whose conjectured attention and comment occasions that sense of repression precisely most opposed to the free flights of individuality. A crowd of strangers on the other hand, absorbed, indifferent, often provides the most inspiring kind of solitude. Whether their seclusion be found indoors or out, in the silent study or noisy street, people who love to be alone will always be found to be people whose thoughts, flying far and free from touch or taint of other people, are building for them that spacious possession called a personality.

With the Why-Nots

One intention * in creating people so different was that some of us might have the fun of classifying all the rest. The pleasure of pigeon-holes is their possibilities of rearrangement. But there is one compartment whence those who enter never return; it is the little limbo of the Why-nots. Once a Why-not, always a Why-not; but there is no cruelty in the Why-not's creation or his classification; for his is the most comfortably cushioned character of all humanity. If you seek to describe a Why-not, you will find first that he is a person you never ask to play with you. Why-nots cannot play. True, they have their gambollings of elephantine mirth, but if you join, you are likely to be a little shoved or trampled; for they have

* How do you know, dear Contributor?—Ed.

never learned either in jest or earnest that graceful veering away from impact which makes the aerial dance of genuine conversation. The Why-nots are always talkative, they are never conversational. One reason that the Why-nots always talk is that one always lets them; it is easier than argument, especially when, by definition, the Why-nots possess a plane of intercourse where argument cannot enter. Their most distinguishing characteristic is their panoply of logic.

I find that my Why-nots, when women, are likely to be frumpy in costume. They are flat-heeled and fearless. They are capable of wearing a three-year-old suit, and yet walking Fifth Avenue as if they owned New York — Why not? What conceivable argument has our craven following of fashion to support it? I have even known Why-not women who practiced bare feet within their home precincts, and were obviously healthier for it. Why not? By what possible reasoning could one have asked them to sacrifice vigor to custom? I was once walking with a Why-not lady along a steep street surmounted by a telegraph pole; my companion was a woman of sixty, silver-haired, comfortably bonneted, splendidly athletic. She gravely proposed to climb the pole for the view, and did, with agility. Why not? Why should I have stood at the bottom, thanking Heaven for deserted windows and doorways and the remoteness of a policeman? If the policeman had appeared, I have no doubt she could have given him withering proof of her sanity, together with an alarming revelation of her knowledge of her civic rights. Yet why should he have thought her insane? The view was glorious, and she could climb. Why not? The great trouble with the Why-nots is that they are so insanely sane.

One's chief grievance against the band is that one's conscience is always cudgelling one to account for one's animosity, since the Why-nots are good folk. They pay their bills and keep the commandments, if not the con-

ventions. Not all good people are Why-nots, but all Why-nots are good people. Our graceless levity sometimes prevents our seeing that it is the Why-nots who have made the world the orderly place it is, for the Why-not is the stuff out of which our reformers are created. The Why-not follows the light that is within him, and rights the universe by means of its rays, never deviating from his course because of a curiosity to examine other persons' smoky little lamps. He marches straight to his mark because he never sees other people's toes in his path. He has the reformer's singleness of eye untroubled by the twofold vision of his natural enemy the humorist. Obviously you can sweep away the dirt much better if you never see any golden motes in the dust heap. The Why-nots walk through life without moving out of the way of other people's angles, while the humorist relishes as an adventure the sinuous course resulting from a constant avoidance of others' elbows, while preserving intact his own idiosyncrasies. Convention is a great protection of individuality. To follow all the external dictates of custom is a method of kicking a joyous dance through space while appearing to walk the circumspect street in the very latest shoes. This is saying no Why-not will understand. Only those will understand who have lived it.

I do not know whether it is by accident or by necessity of temperament that there has never been an artist in my group of Why-nots. The artist's alternate exaltation and depression would be impossible to the Why-not's equable complacency. Self-centred, self-opinionated, the artist may be; but he must possess the conception of another person's point of view, even if it is merely the view of some creature of his own imagination. No Why-not ever had an imagination.

There are male Why-nots who have been great voyagers, and who tell long travel-tales of blood-curdling encounters and audacious achievements; but they tell them in a way to put one to sleep: for all the adventure in the world can

not make a Why-not anything but stodgy. The Why-nots may be adventurers by land or sea, but they are never adventurers in other people's souls: for in that strange land you must learn the language before you can go about safely, and a Why-not never speaks any language but his own.

With all my study I come no nearer to exact definition. The Why-nots elude each adjective I clap upon them. Call them unconventional, so are some of the most delicious people I know unconventional, and yet these retain a comradely consideration for other people's toes. After all what need of a definition, for if you are not a Why-not you will always recognize the species, and if you are a Why-not you will never know it?

"Nor Anything That Is His" (An Author's Confession)

A FEW days ago, I walked into the Post Office to mail a small MS., whose rejection had cost me well over the dollar mark in postage; and there I received the temptation of my life to break the last of the ten commandments. Oh, it's a pretty common failing: for there's your neighbor's wife, (likewise husband, I presume), his house; his servants; and so on; but my special fit of covetousness came under the category "nor anything that is his." You'll conclude that I wanted his auto: not a bit of it. I like luxury, and riding: for I'm a devoted lover of nature; and I often hate to work. But none of these things impel me to covet: for you see I'm going to have them when I succeed! Of course this is all in the far distant prospective — a way ambition has of goading you on!

What overbalanced my mind? And I'll confess I still have the desire: but there! I'll tell it now.

As I took up my two times 6c. stamps (for the journey there and back; of the MS. I mean); an office boy came boldly up to the pigeon-hole. "Three thousand two-cent stamps," he demanded.

I gasped.

Three thousand! And I had to consider when I bought a dozen. What could I not do with them? Three thousand! Why, I could mail that fast accumulating pile of MS. here, there and everywhere. Some at least would find a home; and another step or two the nearer my goal!

I wanted them; I still think of what I could do with them; and the sight still lingers. "Three thousand 2c. postage stamps!" Oh yes, I saw them go; and to me they are included in "nor anything that is his."

A Dissertation on Sour Grapes

WHEN we are willing to give a little of our thought to such a poor subject for an immortal soul as Money, we can but marvel that so many people are willing to forego being poor. Refer to St. Francis.

Troubles for lack of poverty begin in one's tender youth. When we are boys, and the other boys are battling with the three-foot drifts, knocking each other into the snow with yells of delight, how humiliating to be ignominiously wrapped in furs in grandfather's sleigh, and deposited at the school house door like a girl!

While crossing the Elbe in Dresden, have we not often wept over Saxony's princess who wistfully wailed: "Oh, if I could *once*, only just *once*, walk over the bridge alone, all alone!" The weariness of being waited upon entailed by being rich! Why must one's brightest criticisms come where they must wait until the butler has left the room, and by that time they are no longer *à propos*, and the chance to say them has gone? Yet misguided Johnson could say: "Riches exclude only one inconvenience, — that is, poverty." Lincoln called wealth "a superfluity of the things one does not want."

The Greeks regarded riches as a kind of inelegant excess. Mr. Stoughton Holborn speaking of the Greek gentleman says: "To have too much money was to show a lack of

decent restraint, and was on a par with too much dinner or too much drink or any other vulgar exhibition of lack of self-control." Euripides makes a character in *Elektra* assert,

> Small aid is wealth
> For daily gladness; once a man be done
> With hunger, rich and poor are both as one.

Blessed be nothing! Think of the time saved in having no money to worry over. No need to be concerned with the ups and downs of the stock market, or to spend sleepless nights regretting some hasty investment. Our wealthy friend must exhaust his genius upon such things, while his poor brother, not having these distracting matters to consider, can bend his energies upon something more worth while. We lovers of our Lady Poverty are uplifted at hearing the voice of Jean Paul in his dreams amid the clash of dishpans in his mother's kitchen: "Wealth bears heavier on talent than poverty. Under gold-mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried." Goethe says that nobody should be rich save only him who understands it.

Then again what an advantage it is to have no philanthropic responsibilities! We are spared having the good minister, the good doctor, the good deacon, come to us begging money for this, that and the other: for they all say *cui bono?* We may eat our dinner of boiled rice without entailment of indigestion caused by worry as to the ultimate destination of money we might have given. We may feel that we can draw our nightcaps over our heads and lay our heads upon the pillow without a tear for the man who has to go to bed without a nightcap.

Once upon a time the wife of a neighbor who had met with financial reverses came in with lugubrious face, and asked: "Have you not found it very hard to go down with the wheel of fortune?" The Light of the Household lifted a silver head with the merry answer: "I never was up!"

Our Lady Poverty's watchdog Pride is apt to be close at her heels. Olivia, poor soul, exclaims:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one prefers to be rich, he has but to suit his wishes to his means, and then he can have what he wants, and what more can anyone ask. Carlyle calls attention to the fact that unity divided by nothing equals infinity ($\frac{1}{0} = \infty$) which is merely one of the paradoxes among which floats our little island of knowledge.

We are saved the inconsistency of our well-to-do friend who, every morning when he approaches his mail with its elephantiasis of applications from this society and that society for his money or his name, says to himself: "I no longer give anything or sign anything," and then makes out a check for some peculiarly poignant call.

He who is poor has the better chance for the aristocracy of individuality. We were about to say the individuality of aristocracy, but transposed the words thinking it made better sense, much as our brother on his western ranch served his pudding. When at home on a visit he borrowed from us the receipt for a pudding which had entrapped his fancy. He returned to his ranch, made the pudding with his own hands (Fred the cook happening to have one of his not infrequent moments of "blowing it in") and wrote that his gelatine pudding did not jell, while the sauce thoughtlessly did jell, so he transposed them, using the sauce for the pudding and the pudding for the sauce, and the boys rapturously pronounced the pudding "skookum." They never dreamed how near they had been to shipwreck.

But alas, poverty has fangs which she has bared and claws which she has unsheathed. Dickens understood this when he said: "When a man's affairs are at the lowest ebb, he has a strange temptation, which he does not resist, to indulge in oysters." On the day when the outlay for our

annual gown comes due, we invariably select, with disastrous results to either our purse or our aesthetic sense, among the dollar-a-yard fabrics on the counter, as the only material we want, the one which turns out to be priced at four dollars and a half a yard, and which has accidentally strayed to that counter.

By this time perhaps you have guessed the subtle purpose underlying this little disquisition. It is a very very moderate contribution to preparedness. It looks as if we were all soon to be hard up. Let us then cultivate all the philosophy that will help us make the best of it. If you want better help in the same direction, read Emil Souvestre's *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, which somebody translated over fifty years ago, through a good but misleading pun, which it would be superfluous to explain to the likes of you, into *The Attic Philosopher*.

LOAVES FROM THE FALL BAKING

Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book. — Ruskin.

With the threat of wheat famine before us, we turn ever more eagerly to the loaves in shelves. Mindful of this need, the Yale University Press has made preparation, offering the following from its fall "baking" with the conviction that they will be found to be both savory and full of substance.

THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE TO COME

By CHARLES S. BROOKS. With illustrations by Theodore Diedricksen, Jr.

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[This is interesting and very suggestive. It is really our intention to stand up for most of the "conventional morality and conventional taste." But we confess that many a "point of view" from which they have hitherto been mapped seems to us no longer tenable, and we often try to base our surveys upon new ones. EDITOR]

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EARLIER COMMENTS FROM OUR READERS

It had the look of a good half-hour morsel before bed-time — and it postponed bed-time by just over three hours. Inasmuch as the copy you sent me is imprinted "No. 12" there is nothing to do (if you would have me content) but to send me Nos. 1–11 and to see that I get No. 13 and subsequent issues. . .

The copy that I received had the most intelligent treatment of the suffrage question I have ever seen, just exactly as I would put it myself, if I knew *how* to *put*, and I would like all my fool sisters to be so enlightened, if that were possible.

. . . Hence the inadvertent failure to renew. But, God bless you, here is your $2.50 at last.

I am a business person with a taste for literature, and your publication comes nearer satisfying that appetite than any other magazine I know.

Can't keep house without this now.

Although the date was more than a year back, the articles are of such permanent value that the magazine seemed only superficially a "back number."

The publication is unique, in that the editor and contributors have managed to steer clear of those particular characteristics that have made similar magazines so contemptible in this country . . . sorely needed in a country which is chiefly remarkable for the mental rigidity, and the standardized conventionalities of opinion which prevail amongst the educated classes.

I've loaned [my sample] to several fellow preachers. Best thing in its line I've ever read.

I cannot refrain from telling you how thoroughly I enjoy your publication. I have read it through from cover to cover since the issuance of the first number. In my opinion, it is easily the ablest review of a general nature we have in this country. It has afforded me genuine pleasure to call it to the attention of my friends . . . and I have been the means of inducing a number to subscribe. — *From a Judge of a State Supreme Court.*

This quarterly oasis in the desert of undigested facts and harebrained theories.

I had not before known that such a periodical was in existence. I now hope it will never pass out of print. . . It should leave its mark in our national life.

It is pleasing indeed to find, at least in one magazine, so apparent a desire to declare the truth and — of necessity — be named "unpopular."

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[No danger! The number of clergy among our contributors and subscribers forefends that, let alone our own fervent belief in the essentials of religion. Editor.]

Its careful English is a real delight in these slip-shod days.

A breath from the heights of Parnassus. I hope to take it in for the rest of my life.

The Unpopular Review reached its high position at a bound. It has writers without bigotry, and essayists who know their subjects. — *From a Bishop.*

The Unpopular Review has so far belied its name here that I have never been able to catch up with it since I let one member of our faculty take it to look over.

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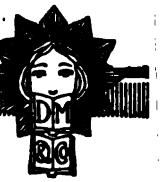

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PRECEDING ISSUE

Where an official position is ascribed to a contributor in the table of contents opposite, farther account is not usually given on this page.

Mr. Merritt is a leading expert, perhaps the leading expert, on the controversies between Enterprise and Labor. There are articles by him in our Numbers 15, 13, 10 and 8.

Mr. Olgin has been for the last seventeen years in the very throes of new Russia. First a student in the University of Kiev, and a participant in the students' political movements; then sent to the army "for correction," a leading revolutionary writer, editor, and correspondent. Sometime a political prisoner, finally he was exiled.

Miss van Waters is a Ph.D. of Clark University. Special Agent for Boston Children's Aid Society. Supt., Juvenile Court Detention Home, first at Portland, Oregon, then at Los Angeles County, California. She confesses to having written "free verse" and having published some more or less free, as well as technical matter relating to her occupation. She also confesses to "an incurable love of delinquent youngsters that keeps me from seriously plunging into literature; a corroding love of writing that haunts my job; and, for the rest, the joy of Pacific seas and forests (if traversed while in knickerbockers)."

Mr. Colton is librarian of the University Club, author of several volumes of fiction and poetry, and a favorite contributor to this review.

Miss Clark writes:

"It seems hardly relevant to mention that I have been for twenty-two years Assistant Secretary of the [N. Y.] State Charities Aid Association, for I have not picked up the ideas that I expressed in your magazine in the office of the Association, nor in my visits to institutions for the feeble-minded and the insane. Perhaps there are those, however, who would think that a rational explanation of their source. I was born and brought up in Springfield, Mass., educated in private schools and at Vassar and Radcliffe Colleges (perhaps this purely feminine education might help to explain the views I have expressed)."

Mr. Lewis was born in Indianapolis in 1886, was graduated at Harvard with distinction in Economics, and the Harvard Law School; has practiced law in Indianapolis until he entered the Officers Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. He was a Progressivist, a member of the American Rights League, and was invited to express Western opinion at the Carnegie Hall Mass meeting on March 5th, but was unable to attend; is a Civil Service Reformer; and active generally in the promotion of good causes — not that *The Unpopular Review* regards the first of those named as good!

Mrs. Lyon was born and still lives in Texas. A few months after she left college, her mother died, and our contributor, being the oldest unmarried daughter, became chatelaine for an old-fashioned family consisting of four generations, thirteen individuals — and "company." In 1902 she married. She has no children, but has reared five. She has published some juvenile literature. Regarding "Earth's Supreme Moment" she says: "I will admit that I wrote it to shock my brothers, and succeeded."

In the biographical notice of Mrs. Gilmore which preceded her contribution, mention should have been made of her having been the wife of the Mr. Gilmore, who, under the *nom de guerre* of Edmund Kirke was quite a well-known author in the third quarter of the last century.

For Early Publication

Except as crowded out by topics connected with the war, the following articles are expected to appear in early numbers of this Review:

Latin America and the Monroe Doctrine

Federal Incorporation: A Remedy

Poverty and the Modern Spirit

Immortality in Literature

The Job and the Outsider

Dream or Voodoo

The Next Step in Railway Legislation

The Passing of Prince Charming

The Art of Making New Words

Machine and Man

Freedom and Family Life

The Athletic Habit of Mind

The Quest of the Lost Digamma

On the Luxury of Being Ill

The Obscurity of Philosophers

Pickwickian Religion

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